

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A SOLDIER'S SECRET.

I.

WHEN the Indian summer haze is hovering over the bluffs along the Pawnee in these dreamy, sunshiny afternoons of late November there is a languorous spell even in soldier life, and the troopers love to loiter about the wide porches of the barracks during their brief leisure moments, or while waiting the trumpet call for stables. There is scarcely a breath of air astir. The broad, fertile valley under the bluffs, forest-fringed along the stream, gives forth a faint, pungent, smoky odor, and the eye wanders across its soft undulations, its vistas of alternate glade, grove, and shadowy pool, and sees it all as through some filmy, intangible veil. The sharp outlines so characteristic of the frontier at other seasons, giving to the ridge to the northwest that razor-back guise that inspired the original explorers, Kentuckians and Missourians, to refer to the range as "Hawg Buttes," are mellowed into softer curves. There is an echo sprite abroad in the autumn skies, for the distant whistle of the trains, the puff and pant of engines miles away, the rumble of the express as it flies across the wooden truss at Big Bend far down the valley, the lowing of cattle and the tinkle of their bells at the farms beyond the reservation lines, the shout and laughter of village children scouring the stream banks for the last of the year's crop of beech- or butternut, the soft laughter of the ladies gathered in the veranda of the major's quarters, all come floating through the pulseless air to the listening ears of the sentry dawdling here along the post at the western gate, and distracting his attention from the purely military functions which he is called upon to perform. Over at the guard-house many of the men are drowsing in the afternoon sunshine. Among the stables the horses are standing at the picket-line, with drooped heads and lazily-swishing tails. The officer of the guard, knowing the colonel to be away on a late shooting-excursion and the major held at home by the demands of hospitality, has dropped into a doze while sitting bolt upright at his wooden desk. Scores of the garrison proper seem inclined to follow his example, and the tall, dark-faced, black-bearded soldier—a handsome fellow—leaning on the breast-high wall over at the east end midway between the hospital at the edge of the bluff and the junior surgeon's quarters, his chin on his arms, his cap pulled well down over his eyes, seems to have been stricken by the general somnolence. It is only the ladies who are wide awake and alert, for this is Nita Guthrie's last appearance, so to speak. She has been paying a brief visit to Dr. and Mrs. Holden, kinsfolk of hers, but is to take the East-bound train this very night. Mrs. Holden goes too, leaving her lord, the junior medical officer of the station, to the mercy of the other women, and of all the families of some thirty married officers stationed in this big garrison not one is unrepresented at Major Berrien's to-day, for Nita Guthrie has won

all hearts. But this, say those who have known her long, is an old, old story with Nita; she has been doing the same thing for years.

There is tang of suggestiveness about this statement; moreover, it is true: Miss Guthrie is not in the first bloom of youth. "Why, she must be nearly thirty," say some of the younger girls and younger matrons, who envy her none the less the freshness, the grace, the winsomeness, that hover about her mobile face; but those who are in position to know and have no reason to feel the faintest jealousy assert very positively that Nita is not more than twenty-five.

"Well, why hasn't she married?" is the instant query of Mrs. Vance, to whose benighted mind it ever appears that because a woman hasn't she cannot.

"Simply because the right man is yet to come," is Mrs. Harper's equally prompt reply. "Nita Guthrie has had more offers in six years than any woman I ever heard of."

"Then there must be something back of it all," responds Mrs. Vance, whose theories are not to be lightly shaken. "Was there some early affair?"

"My dear Mrs. Vance, I have no doubt I could tell you a dozen stories, all plausible, all in active circulation when last I visited St. Louis and saw her in society there, and all as near the truth, probably, as any we could invent here. Nobody knows but Nita, and she won't tell."

Now as the autumn sun, all red burnished gold, is sinking to the horizon on this final day of a charming and memorable visit, Nita Guthrie is bidding adieu with laughing, kindly cordiality to the little coterie gathered in her honor. To one and all she has the same frank, gracious manner. Over all she throws the same odd magnetic spell, seeming to impress each and every one in turn with the same idea: "Now, you are just the most thoroughly delightful creature I have ever met, and I cannot bear to say good-by to you." There is the lingering hand-clasp, and yet not the faintest sentimentality. Nita's blue eyes—very blue—gaze straight into those of her friends. She seems to advance a step or two, as though eager to meet and take by the hand each new-comer. Even the elders among the women find it hard to go; and as for the girls, they linger spell-bound; they cluster about her, watching the sunshine in her face, the play of her features, the sparkle of her eyes, drinking in her winsome words, her rippling laughter.

"It's just the only chance we've had to ourselves, Miss Nita," protests Winifred Berrien. "You've been surrounded by men all the rest of the time, and we couldn't see you now if it weren't that they had to be in stables. Oh, if you only *didn't* have to go to-night!"

"Indeed, Winnie, I don't want to go. It seems to me nothing can be more delightful than life in an army post like this. Certainly no girl ever had a better time anywhere than you have given me here, and it is so unlike what I fancied it might be."

"It is entirely unlike what life on the frontier used to be, Miss Guthrie," answers her hostess, the major's wife, in her calm, placid way. "Any one contrasting our beatitude of to-day with our life here, there, and everywhere over the West during the Indian campaigns in which the regiment was incessantly engaged, can only wonder how we found it possible to exist in those days. Social conditions have changed, too, and in the gathering of our troops in larger garrisons a great many of the unpleasant features of the old life have been eliminated entirely. Indeed, I wish you might stay and see more of us. But you are coming again, are you not?"

"If wishing will bring it about, I shall be with you again with the coming summer or early in the spring. I have promised Mrs. Holden that I will return to her, if only for a fortnight."

The enthusiasm excited among the girls, and apparently shared by all the women present, when this announcement is made, ought certainly to convince Miss Guthrie that they most reluctantly part with her now and most pleasantly anticipate her future coming. The clamor of voices is such that for a time no one is conscious of the fact that out on the parade the regimental line has formed, and that the band is already trooping down the front. Berrien had taken his position as commanding officer. Several subalterns, whose heads were kept rigidly straight to the front, found their eyes wandering furtively over towards the major's quarters. In couples and groups, a number of the ladies come sauntering forth, gather-

ing opposite the centre nearer the colonel's house, from which point they generally watched the closing ceremony of the day. But, still oblivious to any music but that of her voice, a dozen of their number hover about Miss Guthrie. Even gun-fire fails to distract their attention. It is not until the major himself returns, tossing off his helmet and tugging at his waist-belt, that they realize that parade is over and dinner waiting.

"Now, you *will* come back next spring?"—"You *will* write?"—"You *won't* forget to send me the photograph,—mind, cabinet size,—Miss Nita?"—"Indeed, if ever I get anywhere near St. Louis you'll be the first soul I shall come in search of."

It is a little flock of enthusiastic army girls surrounding her, maidens whose early lives had been spent wandering from river to mountain, from the Gulf to the Columbia, to whom city life was almost a revelation, and city belles, beings from another world. Winifred Berrien is the leader of the coterie, a girl whose eyes are as dark as Nita's are blue, and they are ready to brim over at this very instant.

"Here comes Captain Rolfe for you now, and we've got to let you go; but we'll all be down to see you off at train-time."

The man who enters at the moment and stands just within the heavy Navajo portière, smilingly looking upon the group and quite unconscious of the almost vengeful glances in the eyes of the young girls, is a cavalry officer about thirty-five years of age. He is a tall fellow, somewhat heavily built, yet well proportioned and athletic. His face is tanned by long exposure to the sun and wind of the wide frontier. His brown hair, close-cropped, has a suspicion of gray just silvering the temples. His eyebrows are thick and strongly marked. The eyes beneath are deep-set and fringed with heavy lashes. The moustache, sweeping from his upper lip, is of a lighter brown than his hair, but equally thick, heavy, and curling. Otherwise his face is smoothly shaved, and is one which impresses those who look upon it, even carelessly, as strong and resolute. He still wears the double-breasted coat, with shoulder-knots and *foutragère*, just as he had come off parade, though he has exchanged helmet for forage-cap, which latter head-gear at this moment is being dandled in one hand, while the fingers of the other beat rapid tattoo upon the visor. Comrades of Rolfe would tell you this is a sign that he is nervous; yet to look at him there, smiling upon the group, quite as though remarking what a pretty picture they make, no one else would be apt to think of such a thing.

"Ready in a moment, Rolfe," shouts the major from an inner room. "You ready, Berengaria?"

"I am always ready, Richard, as you well know," is Mrs. Berrien's placid response. "I think I never kept you waiting so much as a moment."

"Promptest woman in the army or out of it," booms the major from his sanctum, his jovial voice resounding through the rooms of the bright garrison home. "Never knew anything like it, Miss Guthrie. Why, do you know, even when I wasn't half proposing she never let me finish the sentence! 'Twasn't at all what I was going to ask her,—that day, at least. Meant to eventually, of course, if I ever could muster up courage, but this time I had only found grit enough to ask for her picture, and I was engaged in less than ten seconds."

Winnie Berrien rushes from the parlor into the paternal den, voluble with protestation against such scandalous stories at mamma's expense; but Mrs. Berrien, slowly fanning herself, remains calmly seated, as though impervious to these damaging shots, at which everybody else is laughing merrily.

"Possibly you don't believe me," again booms the major, his jolly red face aglow, as he is dragged forth from the den, still struggling with the sleeve-links of his cuff. "Winifred, my child, unhand me. You'll never bring your old father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave by such unwomanly precipitancy, unless it's a civilian with ten thousand a year: will you, dearest?—Miss Guthrie, I never expect to be a rich man. I hadn't as many dollars when I fell in love with Miss De Lancy as I had buttons, and we only wore single-breasted coats in those days, and I was the junior captain. I pledge you my word I never would have had the cheek to offer myself. 'Twas the woman did it. I was going away for a week, and I said, 'You can give me one thing, if you will.' I only meant to beg for that picture, and, by Jove! she slipped her hand into mine. I was shaking all

over. 'I—b-beg pardon,' I stammered, 'I was only going to—beg for your p-p-p—' 'My promise?' said Berengaria, sweetly, looking up into my eyes. 'You have it, Richard.' Prompt? Why, she just jumped at me. Splendid arrangement, though, Miss Guthrie. She furnished the quarters and all the money, and I the vivacity and beauty of the household, until Winnie came: she contributes a little towards it now. But we're a model couple, aren't we, Berengaria?" And the major bends with playful tenderness, the fun sparkling in his eyes meanwhile, and kisses his handsome helpmeet's rosy cheek.

"We have few crosses, certainly," replies Mrs. Berrien, whose own name is anything but Berengaria, that being, as she is frequently called upon to explain, some of the major's historical nonsense. "We have few crosses, and those, of course, I bear. But now," she continues, with much decision of manner, "if you are partially restored to sanity we will go, or keep dinner longer waiting.—Miss Guthrie, do they allow lunatics at large in the streets of St. Louis? Major Berrien spoke of getting a month's leave this winter and going thither."

"Oh, send him by all means, and he shall be treated at our own asylum. Father would rejoice in him,—as I do, Mrs. Berrien."

"And shall I get the colonel to detail Rolfe here to conduct me thither and turn me over to the asylum authorities?" queries the major, with a knowing cock of the head. "Rolfe hates city life as a general thing, but he would accept that duty, I fancy."

"Captain Rolfe will be very welcome. Indeed, I only wish you might bring the whole regiment, major. Just think what a good time the girls could have this winter if that were only possible."

"Berengaria says," bursts in the major again, "that if I only show you proper attention on this visit you'll be sure to send us invitations to bring the whole family and spend six weeks at least."

"Father! you outrageous fibber!" gasps Winifred, rushing at him and placing one slim hand upon his mouth, while twining the other, with its soft white arm, about his neck.—"Indeed, Miss Guthrie, you must be told that father is perpetually poking fun at mother, making her say all manner of things she never thought of. It is all well enough in the regiment, where people understand it and are prepared for his nonsense, but many strangers are completely deceived at times, and mamma never so much as remonstrates."

Evidently mamma does not consider it worth while.

"It would be wasted time, Miss Guthrie, and we are wasting time as it is.—Captain Hazlett will never forgive you, Major Berrien, if you keep dinner waiting another minute.—Captain Rolfe, will you escort Miss Guthrie?—Come, Richard, march!"

"After you, Rolfe," says the major, with a bow of extra ceremony. "After you."

"Before them, if you please, you blind goose!" whispers his better half. "Haven't you sense enough to see he wants to speak with her and that this may be the only opportunity?"

"What! Rolfe wants to talk with her? Why, Miss Guthrie," he booms aloud, "I hadn't the faintest idea—" But here the wife of his bosom lays firm hand upon his sunburnt ear and fairly marches him forth upon the veranda. Miss Guthrie would indeed have been glad to lead, but Rolfe's hand, trembling slightly, as she cannot but note, is laid upon her wrist, restraining her.

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted to talk with Rolfe, Miss Guthrie?" queries the major, over his shoulder, with every appearance of concern. "I could have fixed it all for you."

"Silence, Dick!" sternly murmurs Mrs. Berrien. "There is no fun in this affair, and I warn you—not another word."

Twilight has fallen upon the garrison as they stroll across the parade. The men have vanished from the scene, but the tinkle of guitar and banjo tells where they have gathered. Most of the officers are at dinner. One or two couples are just entering the gateway of Hazlett's quarters, guests invited to meet the fair visitor on this the last evening of her stay. Dr. and Mrs. Holden can be seen among them, Mrs. Holden gazing somewhat anxiously at Nita and her escort, for it is plain that Rolfe seeks to detain the woman to whom he has paid such unusual and devoted attention ever

since the hour of her arrival. Silence and peace have spread their wings abroad, hovering with the twilight over the broad reservation, and the Berriens, walking rapidly now as the energetic lady can lead her expostulating spouse, come suddenly upon the sight of the great golden moon rising above the distant bluffs and peering in upon the garrison through the wide space that interposes between the surgeon's quarters and the barracks at the east end.

"Now, *there* is something Miss Guthrie really must see!" says Berrien, halting short. "As one of her admirers and entertainers, I feel bound to call her attention to it."

"Dick!—stupid!—move on at once. You must not speak to her now. Can't you see?"

"See? Of course I see; and I want her to see: that's why I stop." Again half teasingly he attempts to turn, as though bent on looking back. She promptly whirls him about and faces him in the proper direction. "Oh," he persists, "if it is something about her you wanted me to see, can't you understand that I have no eyes in the back of my head, and that therefore I should be allowed to look about?"

"You see, sir, and understand the situation perfectly well as it is. You're simply bent on mischief. You know that Rolfe has been her shadow all day long, hanging about her to say his say. He knows this to be his last chance. Everybody will be there the moment dinner is over. Everybody will surround her, and unless he speaks now he must let her go without a word."

"Berengaria, you amaze me! Are you conniving at his capture? Didn't you tell me you knew she wouldn't have him?"

"I did; I know it now; but he is a man who wants to hear his fate from her own lips and plead his cause, too, like a man, unless I am very much mistaken in him. No, sir, don't you dare look back."

"Poor devil! Why couldn't he wait till after dinner? she might be in softer mood then. I always am. That's why you always wait till after dinner, I presume, when you have anything special to ask. Now, this will take his appetite away entirely."

"As if he had any in the first place! Positively, Richard, you have no soul above a dinner. When a man is as desperately in love as Rolfe, do you suppose he cares much what he eats?"

"Well, seems to me I was never off my feed," is Berrien's reply, with preternatural gravity, looking straight to the front now and refusing to meet his wife's dark eyes.

"You!" with fine scorn. "You! Why, Richard Berrien, with all your amiable qualities of heart and weaknesses of head, no one on earth would ever associate you and sentiment in the same breath. Of course you and your appetite are inseparable; but Rolfe is different: he is a lover."

"Well, what am I?"

"You are simply a goose to-night. Come, don't stop at the gate now; push right on into the house after the Holdens. I'll run up to Mrs. Hazlett's room with Nita."

A dozen of the fort people, only, have been bidden to dinner, for hardly a dining-room at the post is big enough for more, and on the porch, anxiously awaiting the coming of his guests, is Hazlett.

"Where are Rolfe and Miss Guthrie?" asks he, as men will ask. "All here now but them."

"Coming at once; only a few steps behind us," promptly answers Mrs. Berrien. "Run in, major: I'll wait for Nita." Berrien looks as though he meditated a mischievous remark, but something in her voice and manner tells him that instant obedience is expected. He gives one quick glance and steps into the hall.

Presently, while chatting with others of the arriving party, he is conscious of the swish of skirts passing up the stairway. The door to the veranda is still open, and, glancing out, Berrien can see Rolfe alone, leaning against one of the wooden pillars, his head drooping as though plunged in deep thought.

"Poor old chap! he's got his *conge* to-night, and that's the end of his two years' romance. Odd about that girl. She fancies nobody."

Three hours later, the moon being well up in the heavens now, and the whole parade shining revealed almost as bright as day, both the verandas

and the parlor of Hazlett's cosy home are thronged with officers and ladies, chatting merrily together. The lights are still blazing in the barracks. The trumpeters in full force are grouped about the flag-staff, sounding the last notes of tattoo. The Holdens have borne Miss Guthrie away with them that the ladies might stow their evening gowns in the waiting Saratogas and then don their travelling garb while the quartermaster's big wagon trundles the luggage down to the railway-station. Presently this lumbering vehicle can be seen slowly rolling away from the Holdens' gate, and everybody at Hazlett's waits impatiently for the return of the party. Mrs. Holden is deservedly a favorite in the garrison, and Nita Guthrie, as has been said, has won golden opinions. The evening air is growing chill, however, and of the dozen ladies present only the younger, the girls, remain longer upon the veranda. About this pretty group, laughing and chatting, are four or five of the younger officers, Brewster, "the swell of the subs," keeping close to Winifred Berrien, and claiming more and more of the glances of her big dark eyes. Down at the gate, the moonlight glinting on his polished sabre, the officer of the day is exchanging a few low-toned words with Major Berrien. Rolfe, who, with silent and dogged resolution, had taken his place at Miss Guthrie's side as she came down the stairs and escorted her to the doctor's, has turned from there and gone slowly across the parade to his own quarters on the other side. Everybody seems to see and know what has happened, and many half-whispered comments are being made, not all in sympathy with the willowed lover. Everybody respects Rolfe, yet among the younger officers are several who feel no warmth of friendship for him, and, as between man and man, garrison girls can only side with the youngsters. Their story of their slight differences is sometimes told again and again; the elders' seldom, for theirs would hardly be believed.

Little by little the chat and laughter subside.

"Oh, why doesn't she come back?" pouts Miss Berrien. "The ambulances will be here in less than half an hour, and we won't see anything of her." A chorus of girlish voices echoes Winifred's views. Mrs. Berrien and Mrs. Parker at this moment come forth from the house and look expectantly up the road.

"How long they are!" says Winnie again. "What can keep them, mamma?"

"Packing, I doubt not, my child."

"But the wagon's gone, trunks and all. It can't be that."

"Still, I would not fret about it, Winnie. Has she not promised to come next spring and pay us a long visit?"

"Yes, but who knows where we may all be next spring, or what may happen meantime? Every paper we get is full of stories of the ghost-dances among the Sioux; and if there *should* be another Indian war—"

"Nonsense, Winifred! Don't think of such a thing! After all this regiment has had to suffer in Indian battle, you don't suppose we, of all others, would be sent from here to a winter campaign in the Northern Department? We've seen the last of such troubles, God be thanked!"

Major Berrien, his interview with the officer of the day ended, has just started to rejoin the group on the veranda, when he hears his wife's pious words. He whirls around sharply.

"Oh, captain, there's one thing I forgot to tell you." And the sabre of the officer of the day clanks against his leg as Captain Porter faces about. The younger officers go on with their blithe chat; but Mrs. Berrien has known her lord twenty long years, and no sooner has the officer of the day departed than she hastens to join him.

"Dick," she falters, "surely you do not believe that there is any chance of the Twelfth going, even if there should be trouble? Dick, tell me."

"Berengaria, beloved inquisitor," he begins, "I didn't even know there was a row anywhere."

But she rebukes him by a single glance.

"Tell me, Dick," she persists, and clings to his arm. "You don't think, after all we've been through, that, now that we are so happily settled here, there is a possibility of such a thing? It isn't only for myself now. It's—it would mean more to Winifred than either of us dreams of."

He looks at her in silence and amaze. Then—then comes sudden distraction. On the stillness of the night there rises a scream of terror,—a

woman's voice uplifted in the expression of an awful shock and agony. Then a dash towards Holden's quarters, every man joining.

"My God!" shouts Berrien, "it's Nita Guthrie."

Following the rush of soldiers' feet, half a dozen ladies, too, have hastened, Winifred Berrien foremost of the lot. At the head of the stairs on the landing of the second floor, dressed for her journey, lies the fair guest of the regiment, a senseless heap, with the blood flowing from underneath her pallid face.

II.

Indian summer was over and done with. The soft haze had gone. For three days the wind had been blowing hard from the northwest, and the air was as clear as an Arizona sky, the distant outlines sharp as the tooth of the prairie blast. Colonel Farquhar had suddenly broken off his shooting-trip, and, without saying why, returned to the post. Captain Rolfe had "cut" the club, once a favorite resort, and was much in Dr. Holden's company,—Holden, who was lonely enough, now that his wife and little ones were gone. Throughout the garrison there was one leading topic for conversation and conjecture,—Miss Guthrie's strange adventure the night of her intended departure, and her equally strange conduct thereafter. She had remained senseless but a few moments. Gentle hands had raised and borne her to the bed in the room she was evidently just about entering when suddenly halted by some mysterious cause. Here, when restored to consciousness, an almost hysterical attack of laughing and weeping had followed upon her prostration. She insisted on attempting to rise and go to the train as originally planned, but this Holden positively forbade. He had succeeded in stanching the flow of the blood from a jagged cut near the temple, and could suggest ready theory as to the cause thereof,—in falling she had probably struck the edge of the little wooden post at the top of the balusters,—but beyond this explanation there was absolutely nothing. Nita Guthrie would only account for her sudden terror by the half-nervous, half-laughing statement that she thought she saw a ghost, had played the coward, and turned to run.

But to the trained physician it was evident she had received a severe shock. Despite her pleadings, Dr. Holden had refused to allow her to attempt the journey until three days had elapsed, during which time, though she laughed at him and laughed at herself, her condition continued so nervous and excitable that he would not permit visitors to see her. This was pretty hard treatment, thought her many lady friends at the post, but he was wise and they could only obey. When the evening came for the departure, a large contingent, ladies and officers both, assembled to say farewell, and Nita, Mrs. Holden, each of the children, and even the nurse, could have had two or three escorts to the train. But no one had opportunity to say much to the central figure of all this sympathetic interest. Only at the last moment did she appear, and was ushered almost instantly to the waiting carriage by Holden, who had only summoned her when vigilant eyes had reported the head-light of the express visible far up the valley. But then down at the dark platform of the station faithful, sad-faced Rolfe was waiting, and in the minute or two that intervened before the huge train came glaring, hissing, and thundering alongside he managed to have a word or two with her. Mrs. Vance, had she been present, might have vowed that Nita shrank and clung to Holden's arm, but others who were there saw her extend her gloved hand cordially, saw that Rolfe clung to it an instant,—charitable others who could only wave adieu, for the party was hurried aboard, and away went the express, the tail-lights of the rear sleeper disappearing in the dripping gloom around the bend, for, as though in sympathy with the mourning of the post, a drizzling rain had begun to fall just after retreat. Rolfe, gazing after them to the last, wore that look seen on the face of many another man many another time. There can be few sensations more dismal than that of watching the disappearing lights of the train that bears away one's best beloved, especially in the eyes of him who stands rejected.

"Let me drive you home, Rolfe," said Holden, kindly. "Two of a

kind," was his mental addition. And Rolfe turned slowly away, neither man saying another word until once more they stood at the gate of the now deserted home.

"Come in and have a pipe."

"Thanks, not—now, doctor." A long, wistful pause, then—"Well, good-night."

"Good-night, old man. Come when you will; I'll be lonely now." And the doctor stood and gazed after him long and earnestly as the captain strode into the darkness out over the parade.

Within the days that followed, when he had leisure to think it all over, Holden felt his perplexities increase. Up to the very last Nita had persisted in her statement that nothing had happened to warrant the absurd exhibition she had made of herself. "I was overwrought, nervous, unstrung," she said. "I had not been feeling quite well. I had run up to the room for my gloves, which I had left upon the table. I had not reached the door, and it was just the waving of those white curtains in the draught from the side window. I must have thought I saw a ghost, and, like a fool, I screamed and tripped, and—*voilà tout*."

But Holden had known her for six years, and felt well assured she was not of the stuff that is easily stricken with terror. With every confidence in her veracity in general, he did not in the least believe her now. The more he studied the matter the more he felt that she was hiding something from them one and all, even from Jennie, whom she dearly loved and whom ordinarily she frankly trusted. It was evident that Jennie, too, believed, as did her husband, the doctor, that there was something behind it all. But Jennie was gone, and, except possibly Rolfe, there was no one to aid him in his search after the truth. Rolfe's heart was now so shrouded in its own gloom that any phase of tragedy seemed credible. Rolfe evidently wanted to know Holden's suspicions or surmises, and again and again led up to the subject; but of all men in the garrison, much as he esteemed him, Rolfe seemed hardly the man to make a confidant of now. Was he not Nita's avowed though rejected lover?

Of course no time had been lost in making investigation on the night of the occurrence. Even while the doctor and others were raising the unconscious girl from the floor, half a dozen officers were scouring the premises for signs of intruder, and had found absolutely nothing. The room occupied by Miss Guthrie in the doctor's house was immediately to the left at the head of the stairs. The hall was broad, the landing roomy. It was one of the oldest sets of quarters at the post, and an oddity in its way. Entering the door of the rear room on the east, three windows appeared, two opening at the back and one at the side. The two at the back looked out over the roof of the rear porch. It was perfectly practicable for any one with a ladder to have clambered to this roof, and, had the blinds been open, peered in the windows at the occupant. But there was no ladder. What was more, the blinds were tight shut and bolted on the inside. The shades within were drawn down, and the lace curtains looped over each. Between them stood a long old-fashioned mirror above the toilet-table, draped with lace curtains very much as were the windows themselves. No one from without could have been visible to any one within. No one within could have been seen by any one without. Moreover, the Holdens' cook—an indomitable Irishwoman—was on the back porch at the moment of Miss Guthrie's fright, saying good-night to Corporal Murphy, who had long been Kathleen's devoted admirer, and both stood ready to swear that nobody was on that roof. The rear windows thus disposed of, the doctor had turned his attention to the window at the side, and here there was possibility of explanation.

As has been said, the Holdens' house was one of the oldest at the old frontier fort, but so solidly and substantially had it been built that, when others were condemned and ordered replaced along the row, the authorities had decided to retain "Bayard Hall." It was originally a double set, with hall-way in common, intended for the use of four bachelor officers, each to have his two rooms, there being four rooms on the first and four on the second floor, while the kitchen and servants' rooms were placed in a wooden addition at the rear. The ground fell away rapidly from the front piazza, so that while the first-floor front was but a few steps higher than the walk, the rear porch was a full story above the ground, giving abundant space for

store-rooms, etc., under that part of the house, and necessitating a flight of a dozen steps to reach the porch or the kitchen door-way. Around the front and sides of the second story there ran originally a broad gallery, but this was before the days of the war of the rebellion, during which the post was little used, and when, after certain repairs and alterations, the house was declared assignable as family quarters, the old wooden gallery had been condemned and torn down. Nevertheless, the beams which were its support on the east were found solid and firm. They projected through the wall of rough-hewn stone, and an old-time quartermaster, selecting the house for his own use, had thrown a light gallery out upon them. It made such a convenient place for flower-pots, shrubs, bath-tubs, and things of that description, said he. Furthermore, it was a place where he could go in the warm evenings and smoke and sip his toddy with his chosen associates, and not have every garrison gabbler crowding in to disturb their chat and absorb his precious Monongahela. The gallery had no roof, was only five feet wide, and was inaccessible except through this one window, which the unsociable major had had cut down level with the floor. "Robbers' Roost" the disdainful subalterns used to call it in the days when bluff old Blitz had occupied the quarters and barred out all but his chums, and by the same name was it known when Holden moved in with his wife and olive-branches and took up his abode there a few years before the opening of this story. When the Eleventh marched out and the Twelfth came in, Colonel Farquhar, finding the doctor in possession, decided that the Holdens should not be disturbed,—that there was abundant room for others in the new quarters. The Holdens entertained a great deal. Pleasant people were visiting them month after month, and everybody in the Twelfth blessed them for the brightness and gayety their presence lent to the garrison. A sterling fellow was Holden, one of the best men in one of the very best corps, personally and professionally, in our little army; and as for his wife, an accomplished society woman, a St. Louis belle, still in the heyday of youthful womanhood, everybody in the garrison delighted in her friendship and kindness. There was no more popular parlor than Holdens', and night after night the young officers gathered there. But "Robbers' Roost" had fallen into disuse. The glass door was generally shut, and the venetian blinds with which old Blitz had decorated it were ordinarily closed except when this, one of their two guest-chambers, was occupied. Shades and lace curtains similar to those at the rear windows draped it within, so that from the interior this side door presented almost the same appearance as the windows themselves, and it stood directly opposite the hall door. But Miss Guthrie had become enthusiastic over the lovely view down the Pawnee Valley from that side gallery. She was frequently to be seen there. She had gone out for one farewell look as the valley lay flooded in the light of the full moon, and this was immediately after changing her dress. She was exclaiming over its beauty as, arrayed for her journey, she came dancing down the stairs to join her hostess and the excited children in the parlor. She suddenly missed her gloves, remembered that she had left them in her room, had scurried up the stairs, had reached the landing at the top, but never entered her room at all, when there was heard that awful shriek of terror and a heavy fall. Holden at the instant was in his own room, the rear room on the opposite side of the house, and was changing his best uniform into something more suitable for a run down to the railway. This had delayed him a second or two, so that Brewster and Randolph, two of the most active of the junior officers, were foremost at his heels as he flew up the stairs. His first care was for Nita, but the youngsters had bounded into the room and out on the gallery, as though expecting to overtake some intruder there. The side door was wide open, the shade up, the lace curtains drawn apart. If any one had been in the room, escape to the gallery was easy enough, but from there there was practically none except by a leap of fifteen or twenty feet to the hard ground below. No one had run out, either front or back, for Murphy and the Irish cook were at the rear on the east side, the rushing swarm of officers at the front. If any one had hidden there, escape unobserved was well-nigh impossible. No one was found,—no trace of any one. Indeed, when Nita was permitted to talk she vowed that no one had been there. She herself had left the blinds, door, and curtains open as she came in from the moonlit gallery, had turned out her lamp and descended the stairs. The gallery door-way could not be seen

from where she fell, and, as all was darkness in the room itself, how could she have seen any one?

Out on the gallery, of course, any one would have been revealed, thanks to the brilliancy of the full moon, almost as in the broad glare of day; but one had to be at the hall door or in the square room itself in order to see the gallery at all, and Nita declared, as before, that she had not reached the door. What she fancied was a ghost, bathed in a pale, cold light, was probably the white curtains of the rear windows. But the light,—whence came that?

The possibility of any one having been in the room was not entertained. Prompt and thorough search had been made in every nook and corner of the upper story. The rooms of the nurse and children were on the westward side of the hall, and the nurse was in one of them, putting on her hat, at the very moment. The front room on the east was unoccupied. Nita had chosen the other because of that gallery and its lovely view. Then there was the rear slope of the main roof above the gallery. That, thought Holden, might have offered a way of escape, because it was out of sight from the parade. But Brewster and Randolph had both essayed to reach the eaves, and, even when standing on the railing, could barely touch them with the tips of their fingers. Then, again, a sentry walked along the edge of the slope leading to the river-bottom south of the long row of officers' quarters and close behind the rear fence, but he was at the eventful moment well down the row beyond Hazlett's house, whereas Dr. Holden's was at the eastern end of the line. The moon shone full against the back fence, said the sentry, and he was sure he would have seen anybody who ran out of the gate of the doctor's yard, and the first who appeared were the searching officers, Corporal Murphy with them. Several men had then come running from the direction of the laundresses' quarters to the west, and after them Sergeant Ellis. Indeed, it was Ellis who first suggested a search of the roof by means of a ladder. He was sergeant in charge of the fire-apparatus kept in that long, low building at the east end, and had the keys of the door. It was by his aid that some of the junior officers made a thorough examination of the roof and the front porch. No more signs there than had hitherto been found. No, the sentry on the south post was confident that no man came out of Holden's yard until he got to the gate, whither he had run the instant he heard the cry. He thought it might be a lamp-explosion or a fire, and he was watching with eager eyes. He had been on post nearly two hours when the alarm came, and, except Corporal Murphy and the quartermaster's men who took the trunks, he had not seen or heard a man about the premises. Kathleen, the nurse-maid, and the children had been home all the evening, and they had neither seen nor heard anybody.

Captain Rolfe, unable to sleep, and making the rounds on his own account about one o'clock, found the sentry of the third relief gazing curiously in at the open back gate, and questioned him as to what excited his attention.

"Nothing, sir," was the prompt reply of the trooper, as he threw his carbine to the position of "arms port." "I was simply wondering how any man could have ventured in there this bright night and expected to get out unseen, especially early in the evening, when men are passing to and fro all the time."

"What made you think any one had been there?" asked the captain, quietly.

"Everybody has heard by this time that there was a search made, and that the young lady had seen something to frighten her. Besides, Sergeant Ellis spoke of it to me an hour ago."

"What was the sergeant doing on your post at midnight?"

"Why, sir, the captain remembers Sergeant Ellis is in charge of the fire-house and sleeps there. He came out a little before twelve and said he'd lost his pet pipe while he was hunting around with Lieutenant Brewster after he brought the ladder, and I let him pass in, sir. He said he'd been working there long after taps, and it would be all right. He found the pipe, sir, right at the edge of the wood-pile yonder. He showed it to me as he came out."

Captain Rolfe was silent a moment. Ordinarily none of the enlisted men had any right to be away from quarters after the "lights out" signal, but this case was unusual. Furthermore, Ellis was a man superior in intelli-

gence, a sergeant of more than a year's standing, and one who had been selected for this especial duty for the very reason that, holding himself much aloof from the average run of the rank and file, he would be apt to attend strictly to his duties as custodian of the fire-house, and no one had ever heard of his abusing his trust. His own little room was a model of neatness when the commanding officer made his monthly inspection of the garrison, and the hose-carriage, the hook-and-ladder truck, the fire-buckets, and other apparatus were always in perfect order and readiness for service. No one ever inspected Ellis's quarters at any other time. The guard often noticed his light after midnight, and he had the reputation of being a good deal of a reader and student, taking books from the post library very often, besides owning quite a number of his own. Observant officers who had glanced about when making the inspection with Colonel Farquhar noted that many of these were texts on mining, mining engineering, mineralogy, and geology, and some had gone so far as to question the sergeant as to whether he had ever practically essayed mining. With perfectly respectful manner Ellis replied to these occasional queries, merely saying, "Yes, sir, but without success." Asked where he had made his essay, his reply was rather vague: "In several Western States and Territories, sir,—mainly Arizona and Colorado." Only once had he displayed anything like annoyance or impatience under such fire. He had served his three years' enlistment, was entitled to his discharge, yet quietly notified his troop commander that he proposed to re-enlist. In a somewhat sharp manner that official had whirled about.

"Sergeant Ellis," said he, "if I had had your experience in mining it seems to me I'd find something different from staying in the regular army."

"Captain Gorham," was the unexpected reply, "if you had had anything like my experience you would be very glad of a berth in the army or out of it,—preferably in."

It was conceded after this episode that Ellis had a history and the faculty of keeping it to himself. The colonel was glad to have him re-enlist, even while wondering that he should do so. Many remembered how he had come to them haggard and travel-worn three years before and offered himself as a recruit. This was far out in the mountains. His language and manners were such that every one knew it to be a case of a man whom fortune had betrayed, and who "took the shilling," as many another has done, somewhat as a last resort. But before he had won his first chevrons the men knew well that from some source or other Ellis was beginning to receive a good deal of money. When Sergeant Currie was killed by that tough in the public streets of Sheridan City,—a cold-blooded and unprovoked murder,—and Currie's wife and children had not where to lay their heads now that their support was gone, officers and men "chipped in" and bought them a little cottage on the banks of Rapid Run, just at the edge of town. Ellis had planked down a five-dollar bill as his share on the subscription-list, but did not Kate Currie, the eldest child, tell how he had come all by himself afterwards and given her an envelope which he bade her hand to mother from a friend,—an envelope which was found to hold a fifty-dollar Treasury note? Sporting characters in the regiment who sought to borrow from Ellis met with cold, even curt, refusal. Neither would he ever gamble or bet with them. Neither did he seem to care to go to town at all when first the regiment moved into this its most delightful station after years of service on the distant frontier,—not until the order was issued permitting meritorious soldiers to wear civilian dress when on pass. Then he was almost the first to appear on the streets of the bustling county seat, in a neat, unobtrusive, but remarkably well cut and well fitting suit, and, far better dressed than most of the townspeople, Sergeant Ellis became an occasional visitor; but no one ever heard of his patronizing any other establishments than the bank, the post- and express-offices, and the book-stores. Captain Hazlett, calling at the post-office one day, was surprised to find Ellis at a lock-box, the key of which he calmly placed in his waistcoat-pocket and then as calmly raised his hat in salutation to his superior officer. Both were in civilian dress, both on temporary leave of a few hours only, both, from the point of view of the correspondent of a very enterprising paper, occupied at the moment the same social plane, and his allusions to "the slavish deference demanded by the aristocratic commissioned force of their enlisted but far worthier men" gave rise to some discussion at the fort. One or two

officers held that Ellis should have given the military salute and no other, but the mass of opinion was in favor of Ellis's action: being entirely in civilian dress himself, the civilian custom should prevail.

"Well, damn it," said Mr. Randolph, "that consists out here in shoving one's hands deeper into pockets, tilting the cigar higher in the mouth, and giving just half a nod." It was finally conceded, however, that in courteously raising his hat Sergeant Ellis had done about the right thing, and that in as punctiliously raising his own in recognition the captain had fittingly and scrupulously acknowledged the courtesy, the sneers and lashings of *The Spasm City Chimes* to the contrary notwithstanding.

Still, no one supposed that Ellis was going to re-enlist when his time expired. They had already begun casting about for somebody else to place in charge of the fire-house. But Ellis signed the papers with ready hand, asked for and got a month's furlough with permission to leave the department, and was back in two weeks ready to resume duty, his dark face a trifle paler, his heavy beard becomingly trimmed, just three days after Nita Guthrie's arrival, just three days before she was to have gone home.

Rolfe turned from the sentry and gazed away eastward. How many a long mile down that beautiful valley were the lights of the rushing train by this time, and what meant this light so close at hand, shining faintly but clearly through the slowly-plashing rain? After one, and the sergeant still up and reading? No, it burned too dimly for a student-lamp; neither was it in the sergeant's room. Following his thoughts, Rolfe, wrapped in his mackintosh, moved slowly out to the eastern edge of the bold bluff, passing the fire-house on his way. A breast-high wall of rough stone ran diagonally over towards what was left of the old block-house, once perched on the brow of the cliff, and, as the captain reached the point of the bluff, he became aware of a dim figure standing silent and motionless between him and the southern face of the antiquated work. Another man whose thoughts were following the eastward windings of that misty valley, was it not? Another keeping sleepless vigil?

"Who's that?" in low tone, he suddenly hailed. A start, a quick turn, then prompt advance and answer:

"Sergeant Ellis, sir."

The deep collar of his overcoat was turned up about his ears, so that the face was well-nigh hidden, but the voice was calm and firm.

"You keep late hours, sergeant."

"Not without warrant, captain."

"Your warrant might suffer, sir, if the colonel knew you had lights at two o'clock."

"It is by his authority, sir, that one lantern burns all night; that is the one the captain sees."

Rolfe paused, baffled.

"Then I believe I will light a cigar at your lantern," he finally said, and, turning, he moved away towards the low wooden building behind him. Ellis promptly followed, then sprang ahead and opened the door for his superior's entrance.

"Let me offer the captain a match: that is an oil lantern." And, striking a lucifer on the strip of sandpaper, he held it forth. Rolfe missed the flame with the end of his weed. Light came to him, but not to his cigar. Muffled though his face remained in the depths of that cavalry collar, Sergeant Ellis's lips and chin were visible through the opening in the front and in the glare of the little match.

"When did you shave off your beard, sergeant? I should hardly have known you."

The lips trembled, but the dark eyes, the deep voice, were steady as ever:

"Last evening, sir."

III.

The northwest winds that had finally banked up the southern clouds and squeezed down a dismal drizzle the night of Miss Guthrie's departure now veered and whisked away the moist and plashing veil, and the afternoon sunshine of the day that followed streamed across the broad mesa in a flood

of grateful warmth and radiance. The colonel ordered out the entire command, to the utter consternation of Miss Winifred Berrien and the supreme disgust of some half a dozen junior officers, who, counting on the weather indications at nine A.M., had eagerly accepted Mrs. Berrien's suggestion that they spend their rainy afternoon at the major's hospitable quarters, by way of making it pleasant for two young damsels from town and three or four from the fort itself, all of whom were supposed to be deeply interested and engaged in the embroidery of certain altar-cloths, lecturn and pulpit adornments, with which to rejoice the eyes of their amiable chaplain at Christmas-tide. Here it was well along in November, and, beyond a vast amount of chatter and conjecture over the prospective pleasure of the reverend dominie, nothing had been done.

True, the colonel had astonished everybody by ordering out the entire regiment, at least the eight companies thereof present at the post, to parade for inspection and review, equipped for field-service, at nine-thirty that morning, and only reluctantly recalled the order when the persistent plashing of the rain warned him that it would take a day or two of sunshine to dry out the clothing and equipments subjected to such a downpour. And then if anything should happen and they should be suddenly called upon to bundle everything right into the waiting train— But, pshaw! the thing wasn't possible: the idea could not be entertained. Of course matters were looking squally, very squally, up there in the Dakotas, and everybody from the Missouri to the mountains and north of the Platte was already out in the field, and, in little detachments from the scattered posts even far away in Montana, even far in southern Wyoming, the soldiery were converging towards those swarming agencies where thousands of truculent warriors of the great Dakota nation were drawing rations for every man, woman, child, and pappoose they possessed. Be it known to the reader that paternalism is rampant in the land,—that while peace societies and Indian rights associations and prayerful congregations away at the Atlantic seaboard are deluging the press with diatribes upon the wrongs of the red man and the criminal neglect of the nation, and declaring that

Man's inhumanity to Lo
Makes countless Indians mourn,

in this last "century of dishonor" Uncle Sam has disbursed millions upon millions in the desperately hopeless task of filling the aboriginal stomach, and in striving by means of honest census to reduce the number of the "countless" so pathetically referred to. Indians would make splendid ward politicians, and how it is that the sachems of Tammany have not long since possessed themselves of so available a means of swelling their ranks passeth all understanding. After the Indian had had himself, several wives, and his blooming olive-branches, "oksheelah, wicincha," boys and girls, and such papposes as his better halves had at the back (either of home production or borrowed for the moment from the tepee of Two-Bricks-in-his-Hat), duly enumerated, would he not swell the census of his tribe by judicious distribution of all his wives' relations among those tepees not already checked off? Oh, if the truth could ever reach the ears of the general public, what tales of Indian sagacity might not yet be in store for them! What annals might not be unfolded! Dealing with his own, his white children, who are non-voters, Uncle Sam serves out one ration a day to each enlisted soldier. The wife, and the lads and lasses that tumbled about the married men's quarters in the queer old days, were all to be fed from that one ration, unless, perchance, mamma was a laundress. But when dealing with the wronged and injured red man he could not be too magnanimous. Every head counted. The mumbly old beldam, great-grandmother of "countless thousands," braced up from the edge of the grave for the occasion. The big-bellied little four-year-olds, revelling in the dirt about the reeking shambles, the tiny, hour-old pappoose, even many a puppy, blanket-swathed and slung squaw-back, passing for a wee baby,—anything he could show as possessing a spark of Indian life was duly credited to the warrior lord of the lodge for another ration,—a full one. Cattle might and did shrink, but to the Indian there is more meat in a lean cow than in the stalled ox to the white, for the reason that "everything goes." Horns and hoofs are the only things the Indian doesn't eat. Agents might and did

cheat and steal, but so did the Indian, and many a rejoicing old sinner has been credited with a family of twelve when his sole available domestic assets consisted of two squaws and three children, the papposes having been borrowed, or personated by bundled-up doggies, the grandmother being public property, passed around for the occasion; the others, pickaninnies painted so as to look entirely unlike the grinning urchins counted in the flock of brother Stab-in-the-Dark whose people had just been enumerated. There were agents who lent themselves to that sort of thing because the more Indians they could show as their especial wards, the more barrels and boxes and bales were invoiced to that agency and deftly "raked off" *en route*. There was a time when the man who wouldn't make hay when such a sun shone was looked upon as an unprofitable servant who couldn't contribute to campaign funds. "What the devil do you suppose we had you made agent 'way up at Gallatin for?" asked an irate political "boss" of a deposed and crestfallen late-incumbent who came home superseded.

"Why, it was you and our Congressman who exposed the stealings of my predecessor and had him fired. I supposed you wouldn't stand that sort of thing. I supposed you wanted me to be perfectly honest."

"Of course we did; but, damn it, you don't seem to understand: he was paying to the other party."

But railways and telegraphs have brought all this, or much of it, within range, so to speak. Things are changed, except perhaps human nature, white or Indian. There has been failure to provide for carrying out the earnest recommendations of the best friend the Indian has known for years,—the man whose word was his bond, whom they feared in war and loved and trusted in peace. There has been shrinkage both in the cattle and the count. No matter how much beef might shrivel on the hoof in the old days, the Sioux, if he were at all sharp, got more than was his share; and most of the Sioux were sharp as their knives. Other tribes might have starved and suffered, but not they. With the new order of things came full stomachs for hosts of other aborigines, but fault-finding for these Dakotas. No more "tepee counts;" on the contrary, heads of families paraded their entire force, and, while enumerators with book and pencil went along the front of the line, Uncle Sam's blue-coats on the border keenly watched the rear, and put sudden stop to all sham or swapping. Now the shrinkage came to be privation, and, turning in appeal to the general who headed the great commission and won their faith, appealing to Crook for the remedies Congress had utterly failed to provide, their hearts were bowed with the tidings that the Great Spirit had summoned the "Gray Fox" to happier hunting-grounds.

Then was there no other appeal? One,—one which had never failed to wring from the government the concession desired. Old chiefs might plead in vain, but the blood of the young warriors is hot and strong, the lust for reputation as vehement as of yore. Every brave stood ripe for action, and no Indian leader ever equalled in craft, in cunning, in adroitness, the scowling old sinner Sitting Bull, and no man need doubt that it was he who gave the cue. Every medicine-man in the Dakota nation began to preach the coming of the Messiah, but the Messiah craze was only the means to an end. Un-koi-to, the Indian Redeemer,—he who ordained that his children should prepare themselves by the savage rites of the ghost-dance to meet him and all their dead ancestry and with them wipe the pale-face from the land,—Un-koi-to was a fraud of the first water, a masquerading scamp of a white man at odds with his own kind, and progressive Indians knew it. But even to such a saviour, when urged by the charlatans in every village, the superstitious nature of the red man turned in eager adulation, and the ghastly, maddening dance went on. Night after night all over the broad Northwest the skies were aglow with the Indian fires. The vault of the heavens echoed to the sound of frenzied shriek and yell and the furious beat of the Indian drum. It is but a step from the ghost-dance to the scalp-dance,—from Indian worship to Indian war. A year ago, in every valley of beautiful South Dakota cattle were browsing on the bunch-grass, settlers ploughing on the plains, women sewing and singing under the new-raised roof-trees, and gleeful children playing in the golden heaps of corn. Now the plough stands idle in the abandoned furrow; the cattle have gone, to make up, presumably, for the reservation shrinkage; women's songs have changed to sobs, children's laughter

hushed to terrified silence, as the settlers seek the refuge of the towns. New red glare in the sky at night, and the new ranch-house lights the way of many a savage warrior, bound with arms and ponies to swell the hostile ranks in the mazes of the Bad Lands.

"God only knows how soon it may come," read Farquhar but a week before, "but I think you would better be with your command." Farquhar relinquished his shooting-trip and at once got him home. He could not bear to tell his people, in the happiest garrison the regiment had ever known, that perhaps it might be as well to drop the plans for the cavalry ball and the Christmas theatricals, the cherished projects for the coming holidays. He hated to have any one ask him if he thought there were not just a chance—just a chance—of their being ordered up there. But even before he left he and Berrien had been talking the matter over. The idea was to always have the regiment ready for anything, and it did seem as though with all the summer and fall marching and scouting and manoeuvring in the field they were, as the Englishmen would say, "pretty fit." Fit, certainly, for any amount of scouting or fighting on the southern plains, and yet utterly unprepared for the rigors of a Dakota winter. Any colonel who, serving in Arizona or in the Indian Territory, were to apply for canvas overcoats, blanket-lined, for fur caps, gloves, boots, leggings, etc., intended only for service in the high latitudes, would have been laughed at, if not snubbed. Farquhar decided it best not to let any of the women worry over a possibility. No use borrowing trouble, he said. Long years had the regiment served in that wintry land. Fierce and incessant had been its campaigns against the Indians. Dire had been its sufferings and losses. Only recently—only within the year—had they reached this paradise, with its hazy landscape, its lovely peaceful homes, its kindness and greeting yet warm in remembrance, the edge of its cheer still new and unworn.

And then Kenyon came back from leave, a burly major of foot who had been visiting at his old home in Chicago, and was reported to be wearing the willow for a girl who had but just married a mere junior first lieutenant in the Eleventh, their predecessors along this line. It might be that Kenyon was cross and crabbed. The youngsters called him "grumbly" at first acquaintance. It might be that he was so hipped and unhappy himself he could not bear to see the bliss and content on every face about him. He and Rolfe were congenial spirits, said the boys, for "both of them got left." But Kenyon, close-mouthed as he was at times, had watched things a day or two, and then had given Farquhar a "pointer." He had heard something, he said, at division head-quarters. Hence the order for "turn out everybody, field-kits and fifty rounds."

The maddest man at mess at one-thirty was Mr. Carroll Brewster,— "Curly B" his comrades called him in the years gone by, when he had much kink to the blond hair of his handsome head and not a vestige thereof to the down on his lip. Now, as first lieutenant of the "Black Troop," with a moustache all bristle and curl, and with a pate whereon the curls were cropped to regulation lines, he was a very different sort of fellow. All the morning long he had sat on a garrison court, where as "swing member" he had not enough to do to keep him from brooding over his woes. He had counted on spending the hours from two until stables basking in the light of those wonderful, deep, dark eyes of Miss Winifred Berrien. Somewhat petted and spoiled in his earlier years of service, Brewster had had much of the nonsense knocked out of him in the harsh experiences of seven years in the saddle with a regiment renowned for its touch-and-go sort of work. He had steadied greatly in those years, part of the process being due to his own latent good sense, and not a little thereof to incessant striving on the range to win high honors as a sharp-shooter, and to-day there was not a finer-looking soldier wearing the broad yellow stripes in the Twelfth than this same ex-dandy "Curly Brewster." There still lingered about him a certain repute for self-consciousness, if not for actual conceit, but he had grown to be thoroughly respected in the regiment, and was vastly popular with the men. He was ever ready to umpire their matches at base-ball, coach their shooting, lend his own fishing-tackle or shot-guns to longing sportsmen in the ranks who had none of their own, and he had won the lasting gratitude of C troop, two of whose men were being mobbed by a gang of toughs one windy night in Sheridan City just as Curly came trotting back *en route* to the post. "He was off his horse and into that crowd

quicker than winking," said Murphy, "and the way he laid over that gang with them white fists of his just made my sides crack with delight." He had more sense than they gave him credit for, said the seniors of the regiment, after a while, and, barring an early experience, a cadet love-affair that he was long ago well over, had never let himself go again,—never until the Twelfth came to settle in this happy valley and Winifred Berrien returned from her Eastern school. Then he went all of a sudden. Only one man did not see it: that was Berrien. Only one woman couldn't forgive him his devotion; and she had no business interfering, being herself otherwise disposed of. To his credit be it said, Brewster and the lady's husband were about the only men who appeared unaware of this autumnal infatuation. Nevertheless, in those numberless ways in which women can claim and secure the appearance, at least, of attention from men, the dame had managed to monopolize considerable of his spare time up to the week of Miss Berrien's coming, after which it was not he who rode to town, but she who drove out to the post and sent for him to come and talk to her as she leaned back in her stylish victoria and looked up at him from under her tinted lashes. She could have found it in her heart to strangle the lovely girl so darkly, richly beautiful, but her call upon "the ladies" had been returned when she was conspicuously absent from home, and opportunities for meeting were not afforded by the damsel's parents. There were girls at the post who were quick to see how "Antinous" had lost his heart; but these, those at least who were near enough to Winifred to dare allude to the matter at all, were content to archly quote the warning,—

Change the name and not the letter,
Marry for worse and not for better.

There was one man with whom Brewster was at odds, a sentiment due to an old difference when both were younger, and that was Rolfe. There was one man the gallant major especially liked and swore by, and that was Rolfe. These facts, added to the coincidence that the captain had never forgotten the hot words used by his second lieutenant long years before, made a combination most unfortunate for a fellow so much in love as was Carroll Brewster.

On this particular morning he had striven to hurry matters through on the court,—to try three or four cases where the accused were only too ready to plead guilty and "throw themselves on the mercy," etc., and then adjourn on the specious plea of giving the judge-advocate time to write up the proceedings. But the president of the tribunal had other views, and held him. Brewster knew that Randolph and Hunt and Ridgeway, perhaps others, had taken advantage of the weather and no drill to slip over to Berrien's for a blithe morning hour with the girls. He could imagine that pretty parlor, with its pictures and piano, its attractive curtains and portières, the group of bright, sweet faces, the animated chat, Winifred herself, in her dark, rich beauty, seated at the piano, with Ridgeway hanging over her, eager to turn the leaves, eager to do anything that might keep him at her side. Confound the fellow! he had money and a handsome old family homestead. What business had he roughing it in the cavalry, with no end of chances of getting his head knocked off, when his doting mother was so eager to have him come home, marry, settle down, and take up the management of the property his father had left him two years before? Poor "Curly"! he could only gaze wistfully out across the dripping parade from his seat in the dark court-room and watch the glinting of the firelight on the Berriens' parlor window. The major loved a broad fireplace and a hickory blaze, and here he had them to his heart's content for the first time in full twenty years of army wanderings. How must that firelight enhance the cosiness and comfort of the scene within! How must it be flickering about the dark masses of her lustrous hair at this very moment! How—

"How do you vote, Brewster? Are your wits wool-gathering?"

He pulled himself together as best he could; but that was a morning of torment.

And now to think that, after all, he could have no moment at her side this day! To think that Farquhar should have ordered them out for hours of pottering around at saddle-bags, hose-bags, side-lines, lariats, picket-

pins, and all that sort of truck! It was simply barbarous. He curbed his tongue as well as he knew how, for plainly he saw that his chums were mischievously exulting over him, but any one who knew Brewster could see his wrath and discomfiture. The announcement was made just before luncheon was over. The adjutant came bolting in with the order, and shutting his ears to the chorus of expletives.

"What time did you say boots and saddles would sound?" fiercely demanded Randolph.

"In a quarter of an hour: so you've no time to lose saying swear-words or asking damfool questions.—And as for you, Curly, you're for guard to-morrow."

Brewster finished his cup of tea in an undignified gulp, quitting the table and the room in three strides. There was just time to scurry over to Berrien's and see her for five minutes before he had to jump back to his quarters and into riding-boots, etc. Any pretext would answer,—the dance to-night, for instance.

"Get my field-rig ready at once, and bring my horse up here in ten minutes," he called to his servant, slashed at his natty uniform with a whisk broom, and bounded out of the door, only to encounter the man of all others he least cared to see coming in.

"Were you just going, Brewster? There is a matter I want very much to ask you about, and I thought this the time to catch you without fail." The voice was that of Captain Rolfe.

"I *am* just going out, captain, and I'm hurried; but if you will step in I'll be back in ten minutes."

"Well-l, ordinarily I would not detain you, and-d, pardon me, if you were going to Major Berrien's they are all at luncheon. I have just left there."

Brewster flushed in spite of his effort at control. His first impulse was to say he was going over anyhow, if only to leave word, but, since he could not hope to see her, what was the use? It chafed him, however, to note that Rolfe, in that calmly superior way of his, was pressing on into the hall, as much as to say, "It is my will that you give up what you have in view and attend at once to my behest," just as though Brewster were still his second lieutenant, instead of First Lieutenant Brewster commanding the "Black Horse" troop. It must be confessed that there was about Rolfe an intangible something that ever seemed to give that impression to the juniors. It was one of the things that set their teeth on edge, as they expressed it, and set them against him. Feeling as he did towards the captain, and exasperated at the way in which events seemed conspiring against him, Brewster threw open his door.

"Walk in, as I said, captain. Make yourself at home. I wish to go into Haddock's a moment, and will be right back." It wasn't that he had anything to say to Haddock, but Haddock had succeeded him as second lieutenant of Rolfe's troop, and was no fonder of his stern, self-willed commander than Curly himself had been. It was simply that he would not yield a moral victory to Rolfe, and that in naming Haddock he knew he gave at least a slight return for the annoyance afforded him by the captain's untimely call.

Giving no sign whatever as Brewster sprang away down the steps, the captain passed on into the plainly-furnished sitting-room. Already McCann was busy hauling out the lieutenant's field-boots, breeches, and overcoat, whisking off the dust and indulging in Milesian comment as he did so. At sight of Rolfe he abruptly ceased, bustled forward and offered the captain a chair, and a moment later bolted across the hall to perform similar service in overhauling and dusting Mr. Randolph's possessions.

Left to himself, Rolfe wearily turned to the mantel, and, without show of interest, glanced over the various photographs there displayed. They were mainly of army friends, young fellows in whom he felt slight interest at any time and none at all now. So were those in the basket on the round table. Brewster was popular, if one were to judge by the array of pictures that had been sent to him by their prototypes. Then there was a large, handsome album lying open on the desk near the window. Turning listlessly thither, Rolfe gave a shrug of the shoulders, something almost like a shudder, at sight of the photograph which lay uppermost, a cabinet portrait, highly burnished and finished, of an exuberant woman in evening

dress. In that neighborhood everybody knew her by sight. He himself had received invitations in her hand to lunch or to dinner. He knew the writing of the note that lay beside the album, first page uppermost. He would have had no eyes at all had he not seen the "*Carroll, mon ami,*" with which it began. With a shiver of disgust he whirled over a page of the album, as though to cover and hide the beguiling face, the betraying words, and then Brewster came bounding back and in. Rolfe's hand was still on the album as he turned to face him. The eyes of the two men met, and again Brewster flushed hotly. He remembered that only in the morning's mail had the large packet arrived containing this unasked-for and unexpected addition to his portrait-gallery. He had not opened it until after court,—had not more than glanced at the photograph even then, beautiful as it was from an artistic point of view. Then that note, and that idiotic semi-sentimental beginning! She had never called him Carroll, but in certain evasive, insinuating, in—well, we have no word for it in all the vocabulary of the United States—in a way he could not but see and could not find a way to object to, she had been lately verging in that direction. It was "Now, Mr. Carroll Brewster," or "my good friend Carroll," or "Sir Carroll," or in-some-way Carroll; but here was an out-and-out Carroll, the first of the kind. A month before he might not have flinched, now he shrank from the mere idea of familiarity of the faintest kind. He had been striving to cut loose from her in every possible way, but hers was a friendship that "clung closer than a brother," and just as sure as shooting Rolfe must have seen that infernal picture, those misleading words. Brewster read it in Rolfe's calm brown eyes, but he would not discuss matters with him, much less stoop to explain.

"You wish to see me, captain. Will you take a seat?"

"No. What I have to ask need occupy but little time, and the call will sound in a moment or two. I am going to ask you a question, and as man to man I want you to answer it." He paused, as though awaiting submissive reply.

"And the question?" asked Brewster, finally and unyielding.

"I was in hopes you would assure me of a readiness to answer. Whatsoever have been the differences between us in the past, you can never accuse me of having pried into your affairs, and the question I wish to ask is one of deep importance to myself, and its answer cannot, I believe, unpleasantly involve you." And still Brewster stood silent, the blue eyes looking straight into the brown. "I will not prolong matters unnecessarily. What I desire to know, Mr. Brewster, is this: Have you, or have you not, some knowledge of the past history of Sergeant Ellis?"

"Pardon me, Captain Rolfe, but I do not see how that can concern you in the least."

"I have stated substantially that it did," was the quiet reply, after a moment's thought. "It concerns me very deeply. I need to know something of his antecedents. I have reason to ask, and I repeat my question."

There was a painful pause. Then Brewster spoke firmly:

"Captain Rolfe, it is a question I refuse to answer."

IV.

That night, despite the long hours in the saddle, the young officers had bidden their lady friends to an informal dance in the hop-room. It was just a week after Nita Guthrie's adventure, and already, except in the thoughts of two or three men, that strange affair was a thing of the past. People had settled down to an acceptance of her own explanation of the cause, not that it was entirely satisfactory, but because no other seemed plausible. Just why a girl should have been rendered nervous and upset because she had had a proposal, Mrs. Vance, of course, could not understand,—"especially," said she, "a girl who was reputed to have had so many offers." It was laughingly remarked by various military Benedicts that since the moment when Miss Guthrie's scream of terror had appalled the garrison the dames and damsels of their several households had shown an unwonted degree of timidity visiting about the post after night-fall, and that much more than the traditional amount of hunting behind curtains

and under bedsteads was now going on. Berrien was especially jocular, and more than ever disposed to tell his cronies in her presence that Berengaria had said this or Berengaria had done that, the this or that being something more than usually absurd or improbable. But in the conversations held of late in the sanctity of Berengaria's boudoir the major had been anything but jocular. There was one incident of that evening that had caused him deep perplexity. He had never for a moment forgotten his wife's allusion to Winifred,—Winifred, the apple of his eye. The possibility of her having lost her young heart to, or even having come to feel more than passing interest in, Carroll Brewster, was something that troubled him far more than he cared to admit. Like many another father, he had gone on fancying his daughter only a child,—one to whom the idea of falling in love would not present itself for years to come, and then only on parental intimation that it was expected of her. Personally and officially he had nothing against Brewster. He liked him quite as well as he did any of the junior officers, and he liked most of them very much indeed. It was as soldierly, manly a lot of young fellows as one could ask to see, but in the close comradeship and intimacy of frontier life men get to know one another so thoroughly and so well that the foibles, weaknesses, and waywardness of the animal are apt to be far more prominently mentioned in garrison-chat than his sterling or lovable traits. Some men, it may be said, have to die before their virtues can be in the least appreciated.

More than once had the major closely interrogated his wife as to the reason of her statement. Had the young fellow dared to speak to Winifred without first asking his permission? Had Winifred dared to fall in love before—but no, that was impossible. "What makes you think she cares for him?"—"How do you know?"—"Why should she care for him, anyhow?" were the impatient questions that rose to his lips. To one and all she had simply replied that she knew because she knew,—woman's unanswerable reason. No, Winifred had not told her. They had never exchanged a word upon the subject. No, Mr. Brewster had not spoken, if by that was meant of love or marriage, for Winifred would have told her on the instant. But half a dozen other people had spoken. The whole garrison could see he was deeply in love with her. Every glance, word, gesture, act, told the story with unerring certainty. "Is there a day, is there an hour, when it is possible for him to see her, speak with her, that he is not by her side?" asked Mrs. Berrien. "You must realize it, major, and you must decide what should be done. She likes him well, that I know, for she is ever ready to dance with him or ride with him, and I can see how her eyes brighten and her color rises when his step or his voice is heard on the veranda."

"But, confound it, Bess!"—which was much nearer Madam's proper name,—“he hasn't anything but his pay."

Mrs. Berrien laughed softly.

"But, Richard, dear, even that detriment has occasionally been overlooked."

"Oh, of course. Exactly. I know. Neither had I. That is what you mean, I suppose. But things were very different then."

"Granted again, Dick,—very different; so much so that were things as they used to be I would be utterly opposed to her marrying in the army."

This being just exactly the view the major had not taken, he could only stare at her in astonishment.

"Bess, what on earth do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Richard. I like what I've seen of Mr. Brewster very much, and I don't wonder Winnie fancies him. He is a gentleman; he is a fine soldier; he has a good record; he is well connected; his family is one of the best that you or I know; he has everything in point of fact to recommend him that you had, my liege, and he has none of your bad habits. You used to drink and smoke and play poker, and, Richard, sometimes you used to swear."

"Well, everybody did in those days."

"Exactly, and hardly anybody does to-day, except, perhaps, one hears a little odd language when the wind is blowing from the drill-ground. But in other respects things are, indeed, different. You and your cronies sometimes talk about how slow and how indifferent young officers are now as compared with what they were twenty years ago. Dick, if the army were

to-day what it was when I married you I would whisk Winnie out of this garrison and never let her venture inside another. But it isn't. In every possible way that a woman and a mother can see, it is vastly better, and you know it. I can conceive of worse fates for our daughter than that she should marry such a man as Mr. Brewster and into such a society as we have here to-day. You are eagerly looking forward to your promotion. Do you think being lieutenant-colonel will compensate you for leaving such comrades and friends as you have in the Twelfth?"

"I'm hoping to exchange."

"You can't, Dick. Nobody will transfer with you who once gets into the Twelfth. And now as to Winifred. You always liked Mr. Brewster. You rather preferred him until lately. What has changed your view?"

"Nothing, except—why—why, Bess, you must have seen or heard, for one thing, this affair with Mrs.—you know."

"As utterly one-sided an affair as ever was known," said Mrs. Berrien, stoutly. "I believe I can see clear through it. I despise the woman. She has always made a dead set at some one of the officers stationed here, I am told. She was just as absurd about Mr. Martin of the Eleventh,—everybody says so in town; and she picked out Brewster because he was the handsomest of the new lot when our regiment came in. Ask any one you choose, and I think my view will hold good. Ask Captain Rolfe what he thinks; and he and Mr. Brewster are not on friendly terms."

"I have asked Rolfe; I asked him only this evening," replied Berrien, turning redder; "and he begged to be excused from expressing an opinion."

"Why?"

"Well, he wouldn't say, but he had seen something or other that we hadn't, and he doesn't like Brewster. I can't have a man making love to Winnie one minute and that calcimined creature the next. I wish there were no dance to-night. I want to see Rolfe again. Who takes her?"

"Mr. Brewster, of course. He asked her two days ago, when the affair was first projected. He is in the parlor now; but so are all the others."

The major stepped over to the window and began thrumming with his pudgy fingers upon the pane. All the joviality and gladness seemed gone from his face. The lights were already beginning to twinkle in the quarters across the parade, and darkness, "wafted downward like a feather," was shutting out the long line of shadowy bluffs beyond the stream. Downstairs he could hear the sound of joyous chatter, the deep voices of the men mingling with the rippling, silvery laughter he knew and loved so well. How happy the child seemed! How she loved the regiment and gloried in his profession! How proud she was at school of the photographs he had from time to time sent of his brother officers, and how the other girls, her letters declared, envied her because she was a soldier's daughter and had lived on the wild frontier! He could hear the sound of other girlish voices, too, Winifred's friends from town, but he found that his ear listened only for hers. How blithe and musical and full of hope and gladness it seemed! How lovely she looked as she came down dressed for dinner just as he returned from that odd, constrained talk with Rolfe! Poor Rolfe! he was given over to the blue devils now, sure enough. He and Kenyon and "Pills," the doctor, formed a triumvirate of sympathetic souls, for since Jennie and "the kids" had gone Holden's life seemed to have fallen into the sear and yellow leaf. Kenyon, as in duty bound, was making the circuit of the garrison returning calls just now, but Rolfe went nowhere except the doctor's. There he could be found almost every evening, for ever since Nita Guthrie's visit the walls of the old house seemed charmed to him. "Begad," said the major, "I'll slip over there to-night myself while the rest of the folks are dancing. I want to see what it is he is holding back."

For the life of him he could not be repellent in manner to Brewster when he went down-stairs. The three young fellows honored with invitations on this particular evening were Brewster, Randolph, and Ridgeway,—Brewster because he was to be Winifred's escort to the hop, the others because they had made the best of matters and invited the other girls, Ridgeway, be it known, not without inward exasperation. He fancied Miss Kitty Pennoyer as a substitute for Winifred Berrien about as much or as little as one is content with a back seat when he cannot have a box. But

it kept him "in touch with the house," so to speak, and gave him opportunities at least of occasional word with the beautiful girl whom he so admired. He knew he was no match for Brewster so far as physique or reputation was concerned, but then girls had been known to prefer patrimonial estate to personal charms, and he meant at least to try the effect of his solid qualifications as against those which made Brewster so attractive to the sex. He knew the major liked him well enough, and he thought he could count on the good offices of Mrs. Berrien, but he was not so sure about Winifred. When the jovial major appeared he was in readiness to pay his respects at once, and was cordially welcomed by that red-faced veteran; so was Randolph; and then there stood Brewster at Winnie's side, both, as it so happened, looking straight at him.

"Well, by Jove, they do make an almost ideal couple!" he said to himself. Brewster fair, stalwart, straight, and soldierly, a picture of manliness and vigor. Winifred dark, yet with so rich a glow mantling the soft creamy skin, with such glorious deep brown-black eyes, so lovely and slender and graceful a form. Her shapely head seemed just on a level with his broad shoulder, and something he had been saying to her in low tone just as the others were greeting her father had sent the blood surging to her cheek. Berrien thought she had never seemed so beautiful, even in his fond eyes. For the first time he began to realize it was a woman, not a child, who stood before him. No wonder Brewster loved her with his whole soul. Why, if he didn't! pshaw! what was he thinking of?

"How are you, Brewster, lad? Glad you're here so early. Your troop made my eyes dance this afternoon." Oh, surrender ignominious! So ended his effort to be repellent. How could he be, with Winifred's soft eyes looking at him so wistfully, so fondly?

And it was good to see Brewster's appreciation of the veteran's allusion to his troop. Gorham, the captain, had been away on leave for some weeks, during which time the lieutenant had had command, and, soldier that he was, had done his utmost to improve the drill and efficiency of his men. It was about the only troop that did not come in for a rasping of some kind at the hands of the colonel that afternoon, and, being in Berrien's battalion, reflected credit, of course, upon the major. Brewster's eyes had kindled and he had lowered his sabre in glad acknowledgment of the brief words of commendation that fell from Farquhar's lips as he completed his rigid inspection of the equipment of the glossy blacks, and the major had supplemented the words by a nod and a glance that spoke volumes. But, while all this was as joy to his soul, it was as nothing as compared with being praised by her father in her hearing. At that precise moment Carroll Brewster stood the happiest man within the limits of a crowded county.

And now at ten o'clock the hop-room was well filled. A number of pleasant people had driven out from town. All the garrison girls were there, most of the elders among the mammas, all the juniors among the matrons, and the dance went merrily on. Delightful music the orchestra of the Twelfth was ever ready to play, and this night their leader seemed inspired. The affair was entirely informal. No written invitations had been sent out. Officers were all in undress uniform, but, with few exceptions, all were there, and the broad stripes of scarlet or yellow or white were to be seen everywhere throughout the room. Mrs. Berrien, a smile of motherly pride in her handsome dark eyes, was chatting pleasantly with the wife of a local magnate who could not say enough about Winifred's grace and beauty, and the gaze of both women seemed to follow the child as she appeared literally to float over the smoothly-polished floor, just lightly borne on Brewster's stalwart arm. It was one of the oldest and sweetest of the Strauss waltzes that was being played at the moment, "*Geschichten aus dem Wienerwald*," and, slowly reversing and turning, with the eyes of more than half the spectators and wall-flowers upon them, Brewster and Winifred were now gliding across the upper end of the hall within a few feet of the smiling row of lookers-on, almost within touch of the mother's hand. His face wore a look no woman could for an instant mistake. His eyes, full of passionate tenderness, were fixed at the instant upon her lovely face. His lips were moving. Something was being said.

"There is one couple at least that is utterly lost to the rest of the world," said Mrs. Vance, for of a sudden the lovely upturned face was bowed al-

most upon his arm, and the deep, dark eyes were veiled, and the soft flush seemed to leap through the creamy skin to her very temples.

"Oh, has that fellow Ridgeway no sense whatever?" she continued, with all a woman's horror of an interrupted love-scene, for at the instant Ridgeway had darted forth, watch in hand, with a triumphant shout, "Time! My half!" And without a word, with one swift upward glance into Brewster's longing eyes,—a glance fairly brimming over with meaning,—Winifred released herself from the half-encircling arm and placed her hand on Ridgeway's sleeve. Another moment, and she was being whirled away under the guidance of a very different partner.

"Miss Berrien's fan," said Brewster, bowing a moment later before her mother. "I was charged to place it in your hands." His heart was beating high. The music seemed thrilling, throbbing, through his veins. He longed to hold forth both hands and say, "Read my secret. Know my heart! I love her! oh, I love her!" But there sat Mrs. Van Ness, the banker's wife, with broad sympathy and approval glowing in her good-natured face.

"Ah, Mr. Brewster, it wasn't easy to give up half that dance,—was it, now? Why do you do such things in the army?"

"There were only four waltzes, Mrs. Van Ness," smiled Mrs. Berrien. "Mr. Brewster had had one, and had claimed this, and Mr. Ridgeway had had none at all, and Winifred and I both thought he ought not to be denied entirely. It is the only round dance he knows."

Saying no word, Brewster had dropped behind Mrs. Berrien's chair.

"He doesn't know that any too well," said Mrs. Van Ness to herself. "Where could he have learned to dance?" The floor was crowded at the moment, and unusually slippery, so that reversing or avoidance of collision was rendered the more difficult even for experts. Twice had Ridgeway bumped into somebody or other, without grievous disaster, but now, as luck would have it, came catastrophe. In the effort to check himself suddenly just as he seemed shooting into contact with a slender light-battery man whom he could not have touched had he tried, the young fellow's feet flew from under him. Left to herself, Winifred would no more have fallen than a bird. Drowning men clutch at straws, and poor, rich Ridgeway's instant impulse on feeling himself going was to clasp her the tighter, dragging her with him in his ignominious crash. His tumble was bad enough, though he was unhurt, but hers was worse. With violent shock her head struck the polished floor, and the room swam around. A dozen men flew to aid her, but Brewster seemed to have seen it coming. He leaped through the air, and, bending over the prostrate Ridgeway, had her up in his strong arms and over at the window before another hand could touch her.

"Quick, Hunt, some water!" he ordered, his teeth firmly set. Then how his eyes softened as he looked down into her pallid face! "Oh, my darling, my darling!" he murmured in that little, shell-like ear; and then, with wild anxiety in her eyes, Mrs. Berrien burst through the sympathetic circle.

It was all over in a moment. The music never ceased. She was stunned only for an instant, and then, though Mrs. Berrien would have interposed, like the little heroine she was, Winifred was on her feet and holding out her hand to poor, bewildered, miserable Ridgeway.

"But come, we must finish the dance," she said, and in so saying riveted the chains of his serfdom.

"I wouldn't dance with him again," said Mrs. Vance, who had an opinion to express on every subject. "Why, he almost broke her head."

"If she didn't, she'd break his heart, Mrs. Vance," was old Kenyon's reply, as he watched the scene. "That girl's a lady."

"Am I not to be honored to-night, Mr. Brewster?" said a low voice in his ear as he stood silent, anxious, preoccupied, by Mrs. Berrien's side, his eyes following Winifred about the room. The very intonation made him turn cold.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Knowles, I only saw a moment ago that you were here."

She was leaning on her husband's arm. "Not half a bad fellow, if he is a blind fool," said those of his own sex who knew him. Years her senior, he was yet her slave. Witness his coming out from town this late November night solely at her behest to attend a dance to which neither was bidden.

"Ah, I wonder you saw at all, my friend, with that vision before your eyes; and I presume that was why you had no time to come in person with your invitation."

"No invitations are sent out for these little dances, Mrs. Knowles."

"There, there, I'm not going to upbraid you here.—Mr. Knowles, would you get me a glass of water?—Mr. Brewster, will you not present me to Mrs. Berrien? We have exchanged calls, but I have not yet had the pleasure."

What could he do? The request was as audible to Mrs. Berrien as to him, and, even as she spoke, Mrs. Knowles passed around in front of him so as almost to face the major's wife, taking the introduction as a matter of course. He glanced appealingly at Mrs. Berrien as he murmured the name. He blessed her in his heart of hearts for the calm courtesy with which she greeted the local celebrity. He bit his lips with vexation at Mrs. Knowles's very first words:

"I could not resist the longing to know you, Mrs. Berrien, for I am utterly lost in admiration of your lovely daughter." She, daring to speak of one so pure, so innocent, so utterly beyond her! Turning impatiently away, he encountered Major Berrien's eyes fixed upon him with a look that was not good to see. He stepped forward, hoping to explain, but Berrien, who had just entered the room after an absence of over half an hour, whirled sharply about, plainly indicating that he did not wish to speak. This was bad enough. He had been near the seventh heaven of bliss. He had almost touched the gates of pearl. Now they were receding through clouds and darkness, fading in the distance. But worse was to come. Mrs. Knowles had seated herself by Mrs. Berrien's side, pouring forth rapid compliment and confidence. The music had ceased. Ridgeway, with Winifred on his arm, was approaching, slowly, checked every moment by man or woman who begged to hear that she was not shocked or seriously hurt. It was not until she was within a few yards that Winifred caught sight of her mother's companion,—caught sight of the faint gesture and the warning in her mother's eyes. Then she pressed her escort's arm and turned him away.

"Oh, do call Miss Winifred here. I so long to meet her, Mrs. Berrien," cried Mrs. Knowles; and what could Mrs. Berrien do? The flush died out of Winifred's cheeks, the soft lustre from her eyes. Obedient to her mother's unwilling summons, she stood before the lady from town, but she stood erect, and there was not the faintest cordiality in her manner. The long-lashed lids drooped over her eyes as she bowed to the elder woman, but her hand, to Ridgeway's delight, refused to withdraw from his arm. No one saw more plainly than did Mrs. Knowles that nothing could be more unwelcome than that introduction; and it stung her to the quick. Checking the fulsome flatteries that were ready on her tongue, she said,—

"I could not go, Miss Berrien, without saying how frightened I was for you and how glad to see you were not hurt." Then, turning languidly, "And now, Carroll, will you take me to the carriage? Somebody can call Mr. Knowles.—Good-night, Mrs. Berrien. Do come and see me." And, taking Mr. Brewster's unoffered arm, she led him down the brightly-lighted and observant room.

V.

It is Mr. Thomas Hughes who asks in "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Which is the true—ay, and the brave—man, he who trembles before a woman or he before whom a woman trembles?" There are men who could have found it no difficult matter to flatly decline to serve even as temporary escort to a woman so evidently bent on mischief,—who could have rebuked then and there the assumption of intimacy and proprietorship which if unchallenged might mean disaster. Brewster did neither. She read him well enough to see that, though he was too indignant to permit himself to speak, he was also too much of a gentleman to snub her. Bravely, therefore, she bore her part, keeping up an animated flow of meaningless words until fairly out of the hop-room, then promptly shifting to that feminine coigne of vantage wherein lies woman's greatest strength,—a gush of silent tears. She knew too much to add reproaches, accusations, angry words: that would have

given him something to answer, something to overthrow. It is only when a woman weeps, silently, desolately, showing no anger, making no charge, that she has man at her mercy. Utterly false as was the position in which she had placed Brewster before the garrison world at this moment, he actually did not know but that he might be blamable for all,—that he might be much less sinned against than sinning. He was no fool, only so much of one as the strongest of his kind sometimes become in the hands of the softer sex. Samson had his Delilah; Hercules, Omphale; Belisarius, poor devil, had both Antonia and Theodora.

It was bad enough to have her shrink to the opposite side of the carriage the instant he had assisted her in and there give way to apparently uncontrollable weeping; it was bad enough to have to stand there for a moment or two until the lady's long-suffering spouse should be hunted up (he had been having a cigar with one or two of the elders in the sanctity of the little smoking-room); but what made matters simply intolerable was that just at the foot of the stairs, under the broad gallery, just where the lantern on the big pillar would shine full upon himself and his lachrymose partner, stood Major Berrien in earnest conversation with Captain Rolfe, and both looked up, glanced quickly but searchingly at him and at her, raised their forage-caps in silent salutation, and turned away. Poor Curly! As in duty bound, he leaned into the carriage, not too ardently begging the weeping dame to say what had so distressed her, but she would not reply. Possibly she thought he might yet be induced to clamber in after her and there in the dark interior tenderly beseech her to speak; but he was all eagerness to hasten back to the hop-room. If he could but have speech with Mrs. Berrien a moment, he might make her understand the situation: she had always been cordial and sympathetic. But it was three or four minutes, perhaps, before Knowles came, thanked him for his attention to his wife, stepped in, and—how her tears were explained to her liege lord nobody knows. Somebody who knew her, however, was mean enough to suggest that they were of the theatrical and controllable order, and, as Randolph expressed it, "she braced up and grinned as soon as Curly was left behind."

The instant the carriage rolled away, Brewster turned and sped up the stairs. At the very top he met the colonel coming hastily down, a brown telegraph envelope in his hand, the soldier operator, with a look of repressed excitement on his face, close at his heels.

"Come with me, Brewster," said Farquhar, in preoccupied but positive manner.—"Morgan, find the adjutant and quartermaster, and say that I wish to see them at the office."

"I'll get my cap and follow you at once, sir," answered Brewster, and hastened into the dressing-room. There he met Hazlett and Thorpe just coming out, throwing their cavalry capes over their shoulders, silent and preoccupied like their chief. Seizing his cap, Brewster paused one longing instant for a glance into the hop-room. Again the floor was thronged. To the merriest of music—"Toujours Galant"—the younger dancers were fairly romping in the half-galop, half-polka step the joyous tune inspires, and in their midst, not romping, but dancing with a slower, almost languid grace, Winifred Berrien appeared to his troubled gaze, her slender waist half encircled by Randolph's arm, her dark eyes downcast, her color and animation gone.

"Come, Brewster," called Hazlett from the door-way, "Farquhar wants us at once, and does not want anybody else to know."

"What's up?"

"You'll know in a moment. The colonel doesn't want it mentioned here."

At the foot of the stairs under the glare of the same big lamp, Farquhar, with Berrien and Rolfe, stood waiting. Glancing impatiently up as though to make sure of his men, Farquhar took Berrien by the arm and silently led the way, Rolfe and Hazlett, Thorpe and Brewster, falling in behind. It was but a few steps to the office.

"Pull down the shades, orderly; and one lamp will be enough. That'll do. Close the door, and remain outside," said Farquhar, as he threw off his cape, then silently waited until the sleepy trumpeter had carried out his orders and vanished. By this time, too, Warren and Drake, the adjutant and the quartermaster, had come bustling in, and, noting the silence of those already on the ground, simply removed their caps and waited the colonel's

pleasure. For an instant Farquhar stood tapping the lid of the desk with the butt of his pencil and studying the long despatch which he held in his hand. Then he looked up.

"Gentlemen, we are ordered to the field; one battalion to go at once, the other to follow in ten hours,—just as soon as cars can be provided. —Berrien, you will lead off."

For a moment not a word from anybody; then the major spoke:

"How much time have we, sir?"

"I cannot tell. You load up the moment the railway-company can get a train here. They have plenty of engines and cars at the junction, and ought to be able to furnish what we need by daybreak. Meantime, you will have to rouse your men, pack up everything that is not to be taken, cook three days' rations, and be ready to get the horses aboard. Go at it as quietly as possible. I want nobody at the hop to know of the orders. Let the dance go on. Your men must take all their blankets and the heaviest clothing they have. No one knows what may be in store for us either in furs or fighting."

Again dead silence, broken only by the rapid clicking of the telegraph instrument in the adjoining room and the soft, melodious strains borne on the wings of the whispering night wind. Another waltz, and one which she had promised him he should have the latter half of, thought Brewster. Even now he listened yearningly to recognize the strain. Ay, he might have known it! her favorite of all,—*"Love's Dreamland."*

But the colonel was speaking again: "Of course you will do well to weed out any sick or ineffectives you may have. It is going to be a bitter campaign, and after our summer and fall under Southern suns will be all the tougher. Holden will go with your command, Berrien, and I have sent for him. Here are your four troop commanders: so you may as well give your instructions at once and let them get to work."

"You have heard the colonel's orders, gentlemen: I do not know of anything I have to add. Start out your first sergeants and the cooks at once, and let the men pack without unnecessary noise. I will give all further details as soon as Colonel Farquhar and I have had a few moments' conference."

Again the telegraph operator, with a despatch.

"I thought so," said Farquhar. "Murray, the division superintendent, was with us in the Shenandoah and at Five Forks. He wires that the train will be here at five o'clock at the latest,—two engines, twenty freight- or cattle-cars, two baggage-cars, four passenger day-cars, and a Pullman. It is eleven now. If anything is wanted you'll find me here."

Back again into the chill night air, under the shining, starry vault, Berrien and his four troop leaders paused for a moment on the gravel walk.

"Hazlett, I suppose you will need to see Mrs. Hazlett home, and you, Thorpe. Better go and rouse your sergeants first, then come back to the hop-room; but, mind you, not a word there. Rolfe, you and Brewster are among the blessed to-night: you have no wives to break the news to. I will give your subalterns the tip to report to you just as soon as we break up."

Three hands went to the cap-visor in salute, three officers turned away. Warren, the adjutant, came hurrying out:

"Oh, major, Colonel Farquhar begs that you will step in a moment."

"You had something to say, Brewster?" asked the major, coldly.

"Yes, sir: I—I hope to hurry back in time to escort Miss Berrien home."

"No, don't trouble yourself. I'll attend to that. You have other matters to occupy you." And if ever a father's tone signified that dismissal was intended, and that further attentions were forbidden, Berrien's did as he abruptly turned, leaving Brewster stunned and silent at the edge of the parade.

In ten minutes lights were dancing like will-o'-the-wisps about the gallery of the men's quarters. Quick, bounding footsteps could be heard, and the low, brief orders of the sergeants as they went flitting from door to door. Then half-suppressed exclamations, an occasional smothered yell of excitement or delight from some enthusiastic Paddy, ever ready for a frolic or a fight. Then a gradually swelling murmur of voices, the rapid scurry

of booted feet, a clattering up and down the stairways, the slamming and banging of barrack doors, the dragging forth of heavy chests and boxes, the clank of a dropped sabre, and then people at the hop-room, strolling out on the broad veranda for fresh air or flirtation, became aware of the unusual illumination over across the parade, and listening heard the sounds of bustle and preparation. And then lights began to pop up among the windows of the second battalion, where the news had rapidly spread, and where dozens of troopers tumbled out of their blankets and into their boots forthwith and went charging *en masse* upon their own sergeants to know what it meant that "them fellers in the first battalion had had orders to be up and getting and none had come for us." In less time than it takes to tell it, the tidings spread from porch to hall that "something was up," and other people, men and women, old officers and young, matrons and maids, quit their places in the Lancers and came streaming forth upon the gallery. "What's the matter?"—"Is it fire? I heard no alarm."—"The trumpets haven't sounded."—"See! there's the orderly trumpeter going across the parade now, running to the office."—"Why, the office is lighted, too."—"Where's Warren?"—"What does it mean?" These and dozens of other verbal conjectures and suggestions flew from lip to lip. Men excused themselves to their fair partners, seized their caps, scurried away down the steps, and sped over towards the lights at head-quarters. A dozen or more suddenly disappeared in this way, and then it was found that the colonel and Berrien and Hazlett and Thorpe and Brewster, too, were all missing. And then Mrs. Thorpe's voice was heard wailing out upon the night air:

"Oh, Mrs. Berrien! Mrs. Berrien! I know what it means. I saw the telegraph operator coming up the steps. It's orders,—orders for the field."

And then indeed

There was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.

And the dance was forgotten, and the musicians, astonished, found the lighted hall rapidly emptying of the revellers, and women pressed, pallid and tearful, into the dressing-room, gathering up their wraps with hasty hand and hurrying forth to take the arm of husband or lover, as though claiming that right to the very last. And then in some way the word went round, "Only one battalion goes,—only Berrien's," and those whose lords were attached to the other plucked up heart and spirit for a moment, and in the midst of it all, pale but tearless, Mrs. Berrien stood waiting patiently for Dick's return, and by her side, even paler, but as brave and tearless and patient, Winifred clung to her mother's arm and would take no other. Ridgeway, who had scampered over to the office among the dozen departed, came panting back up the stairway.

"Is it true?" asked Mrs. Berrien.

"Yes; the first battalion goes at daybreak. The major says he will be over in a few moments."

"Mrs. Berrien, permit me to escort you home," said Major Kenyon, hastening after Ridgeway up the stair. "I have just seen Berrien: he has to go to the barracks a few minutes."

"Miss Winifred, may I have the pleasure? Mr. Brewster is, of course, needed with his troop, and mine does not go," said Ridgeway, proffering his arm. The girl hesitated one moment, half clinging to her mother's side, and casting one swift, appealing glance into her face.

"Yes, daughter, we'll go home at once," was the low-toned answer as Mrs. Berrien took old Kenyon's arm, and with bowed head moved towards the stairs, her escort eagerly, volubly explaining to her that he felt sure the object of the sudden move was merely to overawe the Indians by a display of force. "It is exactly what was done here with such success a few years ago, Mrs. Berrien. The Cheyennes were wild for an outbreak, and Sheridan simply called in troops from everywhere, and when the Indians saw the great array of cavalry and infantry they caved at once. Never had to fire a shot, madam. And that's the proper way to handle this matter. That's what this means. The Sioux will be so disheartened they won't dare resist even if orders are given to disarm them.—God forgive me the lie!" he muttered under his breath.—"Of course it's exasperating to think of the

Twelfth being sent so far away at such a time, but better now, believe me, than later after those misguided wretches had had a chance to jump."

But Mrs. Berrien had lived, heaven only knows how, through many a similar experience. She had seen time and again her husband's command hurried forth on the trail or across the path of savage foe. Never yet had they returned unscathed, never yet without serious loss of officers and men. She could only bow her head the lower while her lips moved in silent prayer. Just as they reached the gate a tall form came springing after them through the darkness, and Brewster's voice was heard:

"I hurried back to the hop-room, Miss Winifred, only to find you gone. I had expected to escort you home. You have heard the news? You know our orders have come?" He glared at Ridgeway, as much as to say, "Leave, man; you are one too many, as you ought to see." But the junior lieutenant stoutly held his ground, nor did Winifred withdraw her hand from his arm.

"I have heard; yes, it seems very sudden," was all she could or would say, and the dark eyes were shrouded from his longing gaze.

"We'll be off by daybreak, I fear. I cannot hope to see you again before we have to go," he went on, desperately.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Brewster?" called Mrs. Berrien from the steps. "You and Mr. Ridgeway can spare a moment, can you not?—Oh, Dick, here you are!" she cried, as with quick, energetic step the major sprang across the road and appeared under the dim light of the garrison lamp, and back to the gate she sped to meet him and to twine her arm in his.

"I'll say good-night, ladies," said Kenyon. "I'll call in in the morning to see if I can be of any service. Now I must trot over and help Holden to pack." And, unrestrained, he went.

"Brewster, Ridgeway, I won't ask you in now. You have much to attend to, and but little time.—Run in, Winifred," said the major.—"I'll be with you at the barracks in a few moments, gentlemen."

Slowly but obediently Winifred stepped forward.

"Good-night, Mr. Ridgeway," she murmured, holding out her little hand. "Thank you very much."

Berrien stood impatiently at the gate, as though to see her safely through. With trembling lips Brewster spoke as he sprang to her side.

"Good-by. Don't forget," was all he could murmur, as he seized her hand, clinging to it one miserable moment with both his own.

"Good-by," she said, in low, tremulous tone, but withdrawing her hand, withholding her glance. The major threw his arm about her and almost thrust her through the gate.

"It is good-night only, not good-by, Mr. Brewster," said Mrs. Berrien, kindly, forgetting her own misery for the moment in the contemplation of the woe in his face. Then they hurried within-doors, Winifred drooping before them, and then the door closed, and Brewster and Ridgeway stood there confronting each other under the light. For a moment neither spoke.

"Have you lost your crossed sabres?" said Brewster, finally, noting that the handsome cap-badges of solid gold which Ridgeway ordinarily wore upon the front of his forage-cap was now missing.

"No; I took it off to pin Miss Berrien's wrap about her throat."

A moment more Brewster stood, as though he would ask another question, then abruptly turned and plunged into the darkness.

Meantime, Major Kenyon had trudged up the row towards Holden's quarters. Already the lights were beginning to gleam from the various houses around the big quadrangle of the parade, where a dozen of the cavalry officers were now busily engaged in preparation for the sudden move. Over at the hospital, too, the lamps were being lighted in the steward's room and the dispensary. Holden's hall door stood wide open. The hall itself was dark, but a lamp was alight in the sitting-room, and that door, too, was wide open. A tall form passed across the illumined space as Kenyon drew near. He stopped for a moment at the gate, listening to the sound of bustle, the whistling and singing of the men at the barracks. "Hardship, hunger, privation, suffering ahead of them, even if they don't have hard fighting," he muttered to himself. "In thirty-six hours they'll be freezing, poor devils, for not a man in the battalion has a winter kit;

and just hear them laugh and sing as though the world had no joy like soldiering! God guard them,—and these poor wives and sweethearts here. Why isn't it my lot to go instead of Berrien's? Who the devil would shed a tear for me?" He shook himself together and tramped heavily into the gate and up the steps.

"Doc!" he called at the door-way. "Oh, Doc!"

No answer. The house was silent.

"Oh, Holden! Where are you?" Still no reply. "Odd," said Kenyon: "I thought I saw him in here. Who could that have been?" With the confidence of army intimacy he tramped through the sitting-room on the left of the hall, then into the dining-room beyond. No one there. Then across the hall again and into Holden's own sleeping-room at the rear of the house. The kerosene lamp was burning on the dressing-table. The bed had been occupied. Evidently Holden had turned in early, only to be routed out by the orders of the colonel. The floor creaked somewhere overhead. Then he was sure he heard a quick, light foot-fall on the stair. "Oh, Doc! Here I am. It's Kenyon," he cried. But no answer came. Once more returning to the hall, and thence to the sitting-room, he found them empty as before. The parlor door on the west side was closed. Slowly he strolled out on the front piazza, just in time to catch sight of a tall form in the dark circular cape striding up to the gate. Surely that was Holden. Then he heard a hail:

"Hello, Rolfe. That you?"

"Yes. You go with us, do you?"

"I do. Won't you come in?"

"Not just now: I've got to go to my quarters a moment. I'll be in by and by. We'll have to make a night of it."

"All right. Kathleen will get us some coffee after a while. Bring in some of the others with you." Then the doctor came bounding up the steps. "Hello, Kenyon. You here? Well, you were right after all, weren't you? I've just been over to the hospital to see to the field-chests."

"Weren't you in here just now?" asked Kenyon.

"I? No! Not for ten minutes."

"Well, some one was here,—up-stairs and down both. I called twice and got no answer, but I saw a man and heard the steps. Thought it was you."

"Rolfe, perhaps. He was in the road just beyond our gate as I came back; but I thought he had just come from his company quarters."

"If it had been Rolfe he would have answered, I should think," said Kenyon. "Besides, the figure and the footsteps were those of a much lighter man."

"Queer!" said Holden, his thoughts instantly reverting to the event of the week before. "Did you see him?"

"I saw a figure pass across the light streaming from the sitting-room door. Then I heard the step up-stairs while I stood in your room, and then very quick, light steps on the stairs,—some one coming down like a streak, now that I think of it."

"How long ago?"

"Not more than a minute before you got here."

"By Jove, I'm going to look into this!" said Holden, quickly. "Of course you've heard of the excitement we had here. Bring that candle, will you? I'll take the lamp." Up the stairs they went,—up to the landing where Nita Guthrie had her mysterious fright and fall. The door of the room she occupied was open. All was darkness within. Holden, followed by Kenyon, entered, and they set their lights upon a table. The side window was shut and barred, the south windows as firmly closed. Everything looked neat and undisturbed, but cold and deserted. No sign of an intruder, for a moment, to the eyes of either man. Then of a sudden Holden made a spring for the toilet table, seized a small silver frame, and stood glaring at it.

"By Jove! look here!"

"What's the matter?" asked Kenyon.

"Don't you see?" was the answer, as the doctor held the face of the frame towards him, empty and gaping. "Nita Guthrie's photograph was in this frame and on that table just before the hop began when I was up here; and where is it now?"

VI.

Pallid and wan the first faint gleam of the coming day was stealing slowly into the eastern skies. Far away down the broad valley the mist was creeping from the slow-moving, silent stream. Peace and slumber and solitude hovered over the wide acres where the tasselled corn had waved in the summer breeze and the bearded rye and bristling wheat had ripened and bleached under the fervid touch of the summer sun. In the barn-yards and sheds the cattle still crouched, drowsing and huddling for warmth. In the orchards and among the maples and beeches the bluebirds and jays and belated robins still perched among the autumn leaves, their heads tucked away under sheltering wings. Under dew-laden hedge-rows the mother bird nestled her little brown brood, and Bob White still dozed away the dark hour that precedes the dawn. All over the placid, populous valley without the reservation lines, the wings of night were spread. All through the streets of the thriving county town only the tread of the watchman waked the echoes, only the glimmer of his lamp was seen. The waning moon, a dim, mist-bedraggled crescent, had peeped up over the shadowy forest down the eastward valley and climbed slowly towards a sheltering bank of cloud and there had seemed to halt and hide. Puffing and panting, a long, long train had wound under the wooded bluffs and was hissing at the station platform at the foot of the curving road that led to the broad plateau of the fort. And now lights were dancing and gleaming everywhere along the train; men in cavalry overcoats and top-boots were busily, rapidly, silently leading horse after horse up the wooden ramps or chutes and into the dark depths of the cattle-cars. Many a trooper stopped a moment after lashing his halter-strap to the rail and murmured a few caressing, reassuring words to his wondering charger, patting him on neck or shoulder and striving to explain to him how it happened that he was stirred out from his warm stable at this unseemly hour and marched into a prison-pen on wheels behind those black, hissing monsters up ahead. Silence and order and discipline prevailed. Only when some excitable, nervous steed balked and refused to climb the chute, was there unusual sound. Then the sharp crack of the stable sergeant's whip and a stern "Hup there!" brought the brute to his senses, and he plunged along up the wooden ramp, his iron-shod hoofs thundering on the boards, his trooper's arms nearly wrenched from their sockets. The division superintendent had been better than his word, for it was only four o'clock when the train came hissing in, and in ten minutes, in long ghostly procession, Rolfe's men were leading their chargers, curveting and prancing in the keen air, down the winding road to the valley, the quartermaster's wagons following with chest and box and bale and bundles of tentage and camp equipage. In fifteen minutes more the word went up to send down the next troop, and the train pulled forward four car-lengths, so as to bring the next lot of horse-cars opposite the platform and chutes, while Thorpe's handsome sorrels were led wondering from the dimly-lighted gangway; and so, by a few minutes after five, even the officers' chargers and the spare horses of the first battalion were all aboard, and somewhere across the stream, just as the major acknowledged the report "All aboard and secure, sir," in Hazlett's soldierly tones, a sprightly chanticleer, whose ears had at last caught those muffled sounds of hoof and voice over under the garrison bluffs, concluded it time to challenge, and woke the echoes with shrill cock-a-doodle-doo, whereat there came a low chuckle of delight from Hazlett's men.

"Very good, sir. Now get aboard all your baggage as quick as you can."

"All aboard now, sir."

"Then march up to quarters for coffee and breakfast,—the others are at theirs now,—and form under arms right afterwards."

Precious little sleep has there been this night,—no time among the men, no inclination among the women. Wives and daughters who had devoutly thanked heaven that only the first battalion was to go were soon undeceived, and found that but ten hours' respite was to be theirs. All the night long the note of preparation could be heard in barracks and in quarters. The colonel, with his adjutant and quartermaster, hardly left the office at all. Berrien bustled from barracks to his home, from there to stables. At two o'clock, finding all his own campaigning-kit in perfect readiness, and Winifred and her mother still huddling over the parlor fire, he noted the pallor

in his daughter's face, the deep trouble in her pathetic eyes, and, taking her in his arms, he kissed her fondly again and again.

"Go to your room now, little daughter," he said, huskily: "go, dear, and try to sleep. I will not leave without coming to say bye-bye, just as I always did." She shivered and hid her face and clung to his neck, saying no word, shedding no tear. Gently he unclasped her hands. "Yes, my child, do as I bid you now: I want to speak with mother awhile." And then reluctantly she turned, but the one brief look into his eyes was so full of wordless sorrow that he was for an instant unmanned. "My little girl! my little Winnie! don't look at your old daddy that way!" he almost sobbed, as again he threw his arm around her, leading her to the stairs. "We won't be gone long. We're all coming back, dear; and we'll have a lovely Christmas, and you shall have the jolliest kind of a party, pet. But be a brave little woman now. It—it'll all come right." She turned with quick convulsive sob and threw herself upon his breast, again twining her soft arms about his neck, her beautiful dark hair streaming in rippling, shimmering masses down over the creamy white wrapper. The burst of tears would have been a blessed relief, but it never came. A quick, soldierly tread was heard on the plank walk without, and then springing up the steps. Even before the rat-tat-tat at the door she had torn herself from his arms, and sped like startled fawn up the carpeted stair.

"It is Mr. Brewster," said Mrs. Berrien, in low tone, quickly. Berrien threw open the door. "Anything for a pretext to come here again," he muttered angrily to himself, as he confronted the unwelcome intruder. It was Brewster.

"Major Berrien, the colonel's compliments, and he desires you to know that the train will be here at four instead of five." And Brewster's eyes glanced but an instant into those of his superior, and then went wandering longingly over his shoulder.

"I had already heard it, sir. You have everything ready?"

"I beg pardon, then, for disturbing you, major. I have just left the colonel, and he thought you might not have heard. Yes, sir, everything will be ready, though the rations are not yet cooked."

"Then be ready to get your horses aboard the moment F has finished loading. Anything else, Mr. Brewster?" Poor fellow, there was something else,—something that filled heart and soul and dominated every thought. Gazing wistfully up the stairs, his sad eyes had caught one glimpse of that white, fleeting form, one glimpse of the lovely pallid face all framed in dark, falling tresses, as, clinging to the balustrade, Winifred turned, unable to resist the longing to hear what he might have to say.

"Nothing—nothing more, I believe, sir." And, mechanically raising his hand in salute, poor Curly turned away, the door promptly closing behind him.

Berrien came back into the parlor clinching his fists, speechless indignation in his face. Mrs. Berrien saw the unmistakable signs, and, though in her heart she felt full of sympathy for Brewster, she knew it best to say nothing now.

"If I thought it as you said," he hoarsely spoke at last,—*"if I thought that fellow had been trifling with Winnie while all the time carrying on this—Faugh! it makes me feel as though I could throttle him!"* And Berrien strode up and down the cosey room, beating one brawny fist into the palm of the other hand.

"But, Richard dear, why do you think there has been anything serious between him and this—this woman? I think she deliberately assumed that manner at the hop to-night. I think she called him 'Carroll' solely for Winifred's benefit and mine. I saw how astonished and annoyed he was."

But Berrien held up a warning hand. "She came down the stairs weeping and he striving to soothe her. She was sobbing aloud when he put her in the carriage. Rolfe and I both saw and heard. Don't tell me there wasn't anything between them. Very possibly he does want to make up to Winifred now, but, damn him! he shan't. I won't have her degraded by any such offer, if I have to send her and you to Europe to get her away from him. It is no imagination, Bess: I tell you I know. Why, only this morning she sent him a new picture of herself; and as for calling him Carroll for our benefit, that's what she calls him in her letters, and I can prove it."

"How, Dick?"

"Rolf saw it,—saw it this very morning."

"Captain Rolfe! Why, how came he to see her letter to him?"

"Well, it was lying open on his desk: he could not help seeing."

"Why, Dick, I cannot understand Captain Rolfe's looking at or reading other people's letters, and—"

"It was an accident, I tell you."

"Ah, but it was no accident his telling of it, Dick. Nothing on earth should have induced him to refer to it, if, as he claims, he saw it by accident. I did not suppose Rolfe would do such a thing."

"Well, he couldn't help himself. I dragged it out of him, I suppose."

Another step, another rap at the door, and, casting one glance aloft, Berrien, to his dismay, again caught sight of Winifred's pale face peering over the balustrade. The child could not, would not rest.

"What's wanted?" he curtly asked, as he threw open the door.

"It is Sergeant Ellis, sir," said a deep voice. "I have come to beg the major to intercede for me. My troop goes with the major's battalion, and I begged to be relieved and allowed to go; but the quartermaster says I must stay until some sergeant can be found who is competent to take charge,—some one in the infantry battalion. That may require two or three days, sir, and I am fearful that once the command gets away there will be no obtaining orders to follow it. Besides, sir, there is my horse."

"You belong to the black troop?"

"Yes, sir, and I think that if the major would but speak to Major Kenyon at once he could name a sergeant who would take my place here at the fire-house. Almost any man can do it, sir; only there is no time to be lost. Major Kenyon is at the doctor's now."

"Dr. Holden's?"

"Yes, sir, and Captain Rolfe has just joined him there."

"Have you spoken to Lieutenant Brewster? He commands your troop, as you know, now that the captain's away."

"I have, sir, but it was at the office, and the quartermaster spoke up at once, so that Lieutenant Brewster could do nothing."

Berrien turned back into the parlor. "Bess, dear, I must run over to Holden's a moment. Will you not go up to Winifred? She is not lying down at all."

Followed by the sergeant, Berrien entered Holden's gate and gave a whack at the open hall door as he passed in. Rolfe's voice was the first thing he heard. It was tremulous with excitement.

"If Colonel Farquhar will but give me authority to search one room in this post, I will guarantee that I can find that picture and name the thief—" He broke off short at sight of Berrien. Holden rose, hospitably urging the major to join them in a cup of coffee, but Berrien proceeded at once to business.

"Major Kenyon, a sergeant of my battalion is in charge of the fire-apparatus here, but is most anxious to go with us. He says it will be allowed if you can name one of your men—a non-commissioned officer—to take his place at once. You will do me a very great favor if you will."

"Certainly I can," answered Kenyon, stoutly. "Is your man there? Call him in. Sergeant Griggs, of B company, will be just the man, and I know his company commander will make no objection."

"Come in here, sergeant," called Berrien, and, cap in hand, the dark-eyed, dark-haired trooper, on whose lip the moustache was again beginning to bristle, stood silently before them.

"Are you well enough to go, my man?" spoke up Holden on the instant. "You look very pale, if not ill."

"I am perfectly well, doctor, and I am eager to go. I suppose I'm a little cold and excited."

"Then give my compliments to the quartermaster at once and say Sergeant Griggs, of the infantry, will take your duty," said Kenyon, quietly.

Ellis muttered, "Thank you, sir," faced about, and hurried from the room.

"Was that man in the hall when I was talking and you came in?" asked Rolfe, in his quick, decided way.

"I don't know," answered Berrien, surprised. "I think he followed me up the steps and was standing at the door."

"Why do you ask, Rolfe?" queried Holden, closely studying his face.

"Because, if he was, the search I spoke of would now be useless."

VII.

Daylight at last, but the sun is hidden in banks of dripping mist. Daylight, wan and chill and comfortless, and the bleary lamps still smoke and flicker about the parade. Daylight, yet without one spark of gladness. Even the birds huddle in the shelter of the autumn foliage, now so crisp and brown, and not so much as a chirp is heard. All around the big quadrangle night-lamps are still aglow within the shaded windows, telling of sleepless vigil, of pallid cheeks and tear-dimmed eyes. Only in the barracks of the men or the lively dens of the bachelor subalterns do the windows blaze, uncurtained, undismayed. There no silently-weeping wives, no clinging, sobbing little ones, crying "because mamma cries," yet little dreaming for what cause, no thought of "What will come to these should I never return?" daunt the spirit of the soldier. There all voices are ringing with eagerness, even exultation, as the men brace on their woven cartridge-belts and toss over their brawny shoulders carbine-slugs and the straps of canteen and haversack, and then come streaming forth upon the galleries, muffled to the chin in the blue cavalry overcoats. Out on the parade the trumpeters are gathered under the moist folds of the flag, awaiting the signal to sound "assembly;" and now the band comes marching in through the morning mist, and the adjutant strides forth from the office door. Merrily, briskly the stirring peal bursts from the bells of the brazen trumpets. Promptly the blue overcoats leap into ranks. Sharply they face to the left, and the stern voices of the sergeants can be heard calling the rolls,—the "here," "here," of the men responding in animation and hilarity sometimes so marked as to call forth a frown of rebuke. The troop commanders and their subalterns have hastened to their company grounds. The major has just come forth from his dimly-lighted hall and is joined by the colonel at the gate, and now, slowly, these two are pacing out to the parade. On many of the verandas dim feminine forms, mantled in heavy shawl or cloak, have gathered in the gloom. Some can be seen flitting ghost-like through the mist, seeking comfort and sympathy in the society of a near neighbor equally bereaved. Brewster turns one longing glance at the porch of the major's quarters, but no one is there. Again, quick and spirited as though defying the elements, the trumpets peal the adjutant's call; the band bursts into the martial rhythm of lively quickstep, and then the dripping, moisture-laden morning air rings with the words of command, as, in full ranks, the four troops come swinging out upon the turf and all the roadway around the parade fills up with other light blue overcoats, those of troopers and footmen who wish with all their hearts it was their turn to go, that they, too, belonged to the first battalion. In a moment the line is formed; the carbines snap into the bared left hands as arms are presented; Berrien leaves the colonel's side and takes post in front of the centre, touches his cap in acknowledgment of the salute, and whips out his own battle-worn blade. No speech-making here. "Right forward, fours right!" rings the order, and then, arms at right shoulder, band and trumpeters leading, Berrien's men, with quick, elastic step, with swing and life and jauntiness in every stride, march square away across the parade, heading for the road in front of Farquhar's quarters. The trumpets strike up their merry, lively peal. With one simultaneous crash the carbines are brought to the carry, and Berrien lowers his sabre in salute to the gray-haired colonel, whose eyes fill and who bares for the moment his handsome head as he notes the spirited bearing of the men. And now the head of column has reached the road and turns to the left; and now the trumpets cease and the full band bursts into martial song, and all along the row women are waving handkerchiefs wet with tears, even though many are sobbing as though their hearts would break, and little children are perched on the gallery railings, shouting in shrill treble their good-by to papa, who turns one brief glance, perhaps the very last on earth, and a big lump rises in many a husky throat, and stern eyes are dimmed with unbidden tears, and God alone knows the secret thoughts that go surging through the soldier brain, the never-ceasing whisper of that still, small voice, "What—what will be their fate if I am taken?" God alone can hear, God alone can know the humility, the piteous pleading, in the muttered prayer that floats to Him on high, "Oh, guard and protect them, and, if it be thy will, in thy good time restore the father to his helpless little ones." Ah, it is one thing to go forth

to fight for an imperilled country, for an insulted flag, to stake life and fortune and hope to guard the beloved ones at the fireside, and to feel that one is battling for them, for their honor, peace, and future prosperity. But it is a thing far different to be torn from loving arms and the smiles and sunshine in the little faces, the prattling and kisses of baby lips, to face year after year a savage foe, knowing full well that, defeated, only death can be the soldier's fortune, that, victorious, the only reward will be permission to slink back to the station whence one came. It is the conquered Indian who rides in triumph to the nation's capital and learns how great and good a thing it is to take the war-path every other year. It is all well enough for the young officers, the young troopers, to laugh and cheer. It is the husband and father among the seniors, the old campaigner in the rank and file,—men who have been through many and many a bloody fight within some twenty years of national peace and prosperity,—men who have seen dozens, hundreds, of their cherished comrades slaughtered in battle with the Sioux,—it is they who see the other side of the picture, and ask, "To what purpose? To what end?" Outbreak has followed outbreak, campaign has succeeded campaign, each marked by bitter losses in many a regiment, each swelling the list of the widowed and the fatherless, each terminated by the final surrender of hostile bands satiated with the summer's slaughter and shrewd enough to know that they have only to wave the white rag of submission to be restored to public confidence and double rations. Step aside now, gentlemen of the army, bury your dead, patch up your wounds, go back to your stations, and get ready for another shindy in the spring. You have had your annual outing, the Indian only his first innings. Now comes his second. Now the Bureau takes hold, and away go the prominent leaders of the red revolt in the annual pilgrimage, the annual starring tour through the East, and the sentimentalists swarm to meet them, and wheresoever they stop hosts of our fellow-citizens throng to smile upon them, eager to clasp and shake the hands that, less than a month ago, were reeking with the blood of mutilated soldiery for whom desolate women and bereaved little ones are wailing hopelessly to-day. *Væ victis!* Go on in your triumphal circuit, red brothers Rain-in-the-Face, Thunder-Bear, Blizzard Hawk. Rejoice in the sunshine of your prosperity; go back to your new lodges and unload your chests of plunder, the free-will offerings of your pale-faced kindred. The war has made you rich. Your squaws and children revel in food and finery galore; and should supplies begin to slacken up a little with the coming of another spring, shoot your agent, carry off his wife and daughters, and start in for another summer of fun. As for you, weeping widow and children of Captain Something,—I've forgotten his name,—shot from ambush by the Sioux last fall, get back to the East as best you can, dry your tears, and be happy on twenty dollars a month. It's what one must expect in marrying into the army.

And now the last of the blue column has passed through the western gate, and a throng of comrades surges after, every man in the garrison, not otherwise on duty, trudging down through the mist and mud to see Berrien's battalion to the waiting train. The guard springs to arms and falls in line,—the guard whom Brewster was to have relieved at eight A.M.,—and again the major lowers his sabre in acknowledgment of their salute, and so, down the winding road, tramp, tramp, steadily, cheerily, even joyously, they go, and the broad parade above is silent and deserted. Women are sobbing in one another's arms, and Mrs. Berrien, seated at an upper window looking out to the west, is stroking Winifred's glossy, rippling tresses,—Winifred, who, kneeling, has buried her tear-stained face in her mother's lap. Fainter and fainter the martial strains come floating up from the wooded valley. The band is playing another quickstep now, its prelude full of vim and life and spirit, and then—What strange inspiration has possessed the leader? Listen! listen! Winifred raises her head and looks one instant with dilated eyes into her mother's pallid, quivering face; then, covering her ears with her slender hands, burrowing again into her mother's lap, she bursts into a passion of tears. Listen! Sweet, soft, sad, the beautiful notes of the thrice beautiful old song are wafted up on the gentle breeze. God! to how many a breaking heart, how many a world-worn, weary, yearning soul, has it not spoken!—

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay.

It is too much for Mrs. Berrien. Brave, self-controlled, uncomplaining as she has been through it all, this is test beyond her strength. Down comes the window with sudden clash, and then, drawing her daughter to her breast, clasping her in her loving, sheltering arms, the mother heart gives way, the sorrowing wife bows her head, and, rocking to and fro in wordless grief, mingles her tears with those of her beloved child.

Cheer upon cheer comes swelling on the morning air. Cheer follows cheer as Berrien's men return the soul-stirring, soldierly good-by. Guidons wave from the thronging platforms. Bronzed faces peer from every window. Hats and forage-caps are tossing on high. Men rush alongside the slowly-starting train for one last hand-clasp of the departing comrades. The echoes ring to the rollicking notes of their old charging, fighting tune. The trumpets answer from the crowded cars. The sun bursts through the eddying mist and streams in glorious radiance upon the scene. All here at the station throbs with soldier song and spirit and enthusiasm; but above—above, where in mournful premonition one poor army wife is weeping over three little curly heads pillowed in her straining arms, there comes no sound of soldier triumph, no echo of soldier song. Sunshine and stirring music follow the swiftly-speeding train, but all is dark and desolate now where gladness reigned but a day gone by.

VIII.

Letters from the front! What joy and comfort they bring!—for every writer seems bent on convincing the anxious ones at home that there is no danger and little discomfort, after all. Telegrams and brief notes have been raining in ever since the departure of the regiment, but now the two battalions are reunited under Farquhar's command; they have got shaken down into a species of winter cantonment with a goodly number of comrade troops and troopers from the threatened department. The weather has not been unusually severe thus far. Men and horses stood the trip admirably, and nobody growled at stiffened fingers and red noses and benumbed feet as they rode in long column from the railway to the agency, and, now that fuel has been lugged up in abundance and fur caps and "blizzard coats" are coming and the Indians hovering about the camps seem deeply impressed with the numbers and readiness of the white soldiers and all promises well, the letters grow longer and more frequent.

"We are doing first-rate, Bess dear," wrote Berrien, "and all are hopeful that with the surrounding of the big band of hostiles in the Bad River Valley the most uncertain feature of the business is at an end. If they can be quietly herded in to the reservation and induced to give up all their arms and ponies, there will be no further trouble. The health and spirit of the regiment is excellent, and, while I hope no emergency will arise, I can bet that if there should be a shindy the Twelfth will give good account of itself. Farquhar keeps us on the alert, and there is no rusting. Gorham has joined from leave: so that Brewster, to his infinite disgust I doubt not, has had to fall back to second place. He and Rolfe are about the only gloomy spirits in the command, and of Brewster I see very little. Ever since the episode of which I told you and her most significant appearance at the dépôt in town while we were being switched to the north-bound track I have not felt like having anything to do with him. How do you suppose she heard of our move, since she left the hop before any one knew of it? There were a few other ladies there, I admit, for they were still with us when the orders came, and it had cleared by the time we reached the dépôt. She, however, seemed to hang on to him, and nobody else, to the very last. I am distressed at what you tell me about Winifred, and the more I think of it the more I am disposed to urge your instant acceptance of Miss Guthrie's invitation. It will be the very best antidote I know of,—a few weeks in St. Louis society,—if she has indeed, as you fear, become interested in him. Go by all means; it will do you good,—do Winifred a world of good (get her some new gowns, and take in all the parties and all the gayety you possibly can); and it will be a good thing for Miss Guthrie, too.

"Now, this is strictly *entre nous*. Holden is worried about her, and in course of a long talk we had last night he showed me a letter just received

from Mrs. Holden. Of course she is all upset by his having to take the field, and wants to leave the children with her mother and come up here to him, but she couldn't be in camp, and there isn't a room to be had at the railway-station. The place is just crammed with newspaper men and quarter-master's people. Mrs. Holden writes that ever since the night of that queer adventure of hers at the fort, Nita has been unlike herself,—strange, nervous, almost hysterical at times. She will permit no allusion to it, and seems striving to forget it all. She goes everywhere, morning, noon, and night, but looks haggard and ill. I gather from what Holden said that, as you once surmised, there was an old affair which may have had something to do with her persistent refusal of every offer; but what that could have had to do with her fright at Pawnee I cannot imagine. Holden agrees with me, however, that it would be a capital thing if you and Winnie would pay her the visit she urges: so again I say, go by all means.

"By the way, I wish you would run over and see Mrs. Thorpe as often as you can. Her letters have a depressing effect on the captain. He tells me the only insurance he has in all the world is in the Army Mutual; but three thousand dollars would hardly pay their debts and take care of them for a year, if anything were to happen to him. Don't be alarmed by newspaper stories of the lighted skies and howling ghost-dancers. Indians will dance all night on any provocation, and our fires light the skies quite as much as theirs. Sergeant Ellis, who volunteered to push through with despatches to Buller's command somewhere on the other side of the Bad Lands, got back all right this morning, and says he had hardly any difficulty in working a way through the hostiles. That fellow, I think, is going to make a name for himself in this campaign. He is always ready for anything that turns up.

"I hear that Brewster and Ridgeway have had a row and do not speak. Some of the boys know what it's all about, but won't tell me. Do you know? Now, unless you wire to the contrary, I shall address my next care of Hon. Warren L. Guthrie, St. Louis."

Then Kenyon got a letter. He was now commanding officer of the post, and was unremitting in his thoughtfulness and attention to the households of the absent officers. It was Rolfe who wrote to him, and Kenyon was well-nigh at his wits' end in the endeavor to conjecture what it all meant:

"You remember my saying I could find that stolen picture if I could but have authority to search one room at the post. It is my conviction still that the man who goes by the name of Ellis was the thief. He had a lock-box at the post-office in town, No. 23, and letters have been forwarded to him here by the postmaster two of which were not addressed to Sergeant Ellis or to G. B. Ellis, Twelfth Cavalry, but to Ralph Erroll, Box 23. When he returned from detached service this morning the sergeant-major handed him his mail and asked him if those additional letters were his. He turned red, then pale, but said yes. Both these were from Louisville, as I happen to know; both were addressed in the same hand,—that of an educated woman; and there is no doubt in my mind that this Ellis, or Erroll, has a screw loose in his record. Brewster knows something of his past, but refuses to tell. It is of vital importance to me to find out who and what he is, for I believe him to have been guilty of a crime beside which the theft of that picture is as nothing.

"Now, I want you to do something for me. A man will call on you within a few days, presenting a letter of introduction from me. He is a detective from Chicago. He has certain inquiries to make at the post and in town before going to Louisville, and it should not be known that he is a detective at all. Give him every facility in your power. Introduce him to the postmaster as a friend of mine, if you prefer it, and let him occupy my quarters while at the garrison. He will want to see the fire-house and apparatus and all about Holden's quarters. Kathleen is there in charge, and Holden has no objection, though he pooch-poochs the efforts I am making to get at the bottom of this strange business. I hope I am not asking too much of you.

"I saw Hearn last evening, just in from a ten days' scout with Lane's squadron over towards the Wakpa Shicha. He asked after you and sent cordial regards. There are two other fellows here who were on their honeymoon tour when their regiments were ordered to the field. It reconciles one to being a bachelor, almost."

The major put the letter down and pondered long, perplexed and annoyed. He had known Rolfe but a short time, and had learned to know him mainly through Holden. He knew him to be resolute, positive, even aggressive at times. He admired his soldierly qualities and respected his ability. But when finally he rose from his desk after stowing that letter away, old Kenyon expressed himself about as follows: "That fellow *needs* a wife; he is too much accustomed to having his own way. I'll be hanged if I'll do any detective work for him or anybody else. If Holden wants his house searched, Holden can say so."

Two days later the major had the mournful pleasure of escorting Mrs. and Miss Berrien to the train, and as it steamed away eastward a man who had stepped from the day car as Kenyon placed his fair charges on the sleeper came forward and handed him a note addressed in Rolfe's characteristic hand.

"I know who you are," said Kenyon. "You will find me at my office in the garrison when you get up there." And, stepping into the waiting wagon, he bade the driver go ahead, leaving the detective to come up in the post stage.

That evening he wrote a short letter to Rolfe, and the gentleman from Chicago indited a long one,—both of which would have served to surprise that calmly superior soldier not a little had they reached him in due course of mail, which, however, they did not. It was some time before he saw them at all, for when they were unloaded from the mail-bags at the wintry cantonment, Rolfe, with Berrien's battalion, was miles away.

Getting no reply to his missives and little encouragement at the post, the strange civilian suddenly departed, after three days' apparently aimless stay, and the next heard of him was in the shape of a letter from Louisville. Could Major Kenyon procure for him, anyhow, anywhere, a photograph of Sergeant Ellis? No, Major Kenyon couldn't, and was very short in saying so.

And now December was come, and the air was crisp and keen in the valley of the Pawnee, the sunshine radiant and sparkling; but far to the north the wintry winds were howling about the flimsy cantonment and whirling the snow through every cranny and crack, and the long nights on outpost and picket were bitter cold. But, through it all, the various battalions of horse were sent scouting in turn around the reservation, and more and more the young warriors dribbled away from the agencies and were next heard of welcomed with acclamations by the savage hosts in the fastnesses of the Bad Lands, and every hour increased the prospect of sharp fighting in the near future. But all the letters to the anxious hearts at home were full of hope and cheer, full of prophecy that everything would soon be settled. The renegade bands were all "located" and being slowly hemmed in. The Twelfth would eat its Christmas dinner at Pawnee after all, they hoped. And in St. Louis Miss Guthrie was exerting herself to see that her charming guests were having the loveliest kind of a time. Dinners, luncheons, card-, theatre-, and dancing-parties followed in quick succession. The new gowns were being made as fast as famous modistes could evolve and construct them, and Winifred was rushed from one scene of gayety to another.

"Nothing could have been more charming than our welcome," wrote Mrs. Berrien to her beloved Dick, "nothing more delightful than the round of entertainments to which we are bidden. One has hardly time to think. As for writing, this is the first opportunity I have enjoyed in three days, and we are home from the theatre but half an hour. Mrs. Holden comes over every day, and we exchange such news as we have of the dear old regiment and the dearer ones who are our especial property. She is what I call a *genuine* woman, and I like her more and more. I must tell you something I learned through her. The day after our arrival we were in the library, and my attention was attracted by a large portrait, apparently a crayon copy of a photograph, that hung over the mantel. It was of a singularly handsome young man, and I knew at once he must be a Guthrie. 'It is my brother,' said Nita, in such a sad, constrained tone, 'taken just a few weeks before his death six years ago.' Of course I could ask no more, but Winifred and I both noted how utterly her face changed, how unspeakably distressed a look came into her eyes. We could see then why Mrs. Holden should have said she was haggard and ill; and yesterday Mrs.

Holden told me something of his story. He was barely twenty-two, the idol of the family, and immensely popular in society. He was assistant cashier in one of the big banks here, and one day the sudden discovery was made that in some mysterious way quite a large sum was missing, money for which he was responsible, but he could not account for it, neither could anybody else. The matter was investigated thoroughly. They had detectives everywhere, and absolutely nothing could be brought up against young Guthrie. He never gambled, never dissipated in any way, was a model son and brother. Nita was wild with indignation at his having been even suspected. Mr. Guthrie offered to make good the sum twice over if need be and to bond himself for all his wealth to establish his boy's honor, and for three or four days all was excitement, and then, in the midst of it, poor Jack was found dead in his room, a half-empty bottle of chloral by his bedside. The world said suicide, guilty conscience, etc., but Nita and others knew that he had not slept a wink since the discovery of the loss and was crazed with misery. They have always maintained it was an accidental overdose. But it nearly broke Mr. Guthrie's heart, and it was three years before Nita would go into society in St. Louis again. They went to Europe, and stayed there ever so long.

"What makes it seem probable that he was unjustly suspected was that the bank dismissed its cashier, Jack's most intimate friend, a man two years older than himself, and a devoted admirer of Nita's. It was even supposed that she was engaged to him. He had no wealthy friends to stand up for him, and Jack's death made it appear as though there had been guilt; and yet such a sum could not well have been made away with except by the knowledge or collusion of the cashier himself, and, though proofs were lacking, he was discharged the very day poor Jack was buried. No one knows what ever became of him afterwards, and people settled down into the belief that this Mr. Worden was the real thief. But now comes the strangest part of it all. The president of the bank was a widower who for two years had been a suitor of Nita's, a persistent suitor despite her marked coldness and aversion. Four months ago rumors began to float as to the stability of the bank; then came a run, a panic; the bank had to close its doors; immediate investigation into its affairs was made, and then came the discovery that the president had been a heavy speculator and had unquestionably used the funds of the bank to cover his losses. They found his body in the river four days afterwards, floating down by the old barracks where you and I had such a happy winter twenty years ago. People say now that it was President Percival himself all the time, and that he threw suspicion on young Guthrie because he knew the father would eagerly pay any sum to cover the loss and hide the shame, but Jack's death balked the scheme.

"Do you wonder now that Nita is sometimes overwrought and nervous? Poor girl! who knows what she has suffered? Who, to see her in society, would dream that she had ever suffered at all? Do you suppose Captain Rolfe did not hear all about this when he was here on recruiting service?

"Now you ask me to tell you everything about Winifred. Is she happy? Is she getting over her disappointment? I do not know just what to say. She is always bright and apparently joyous in society; always grateful for every kindness and attention shown her; but she is rarely alone one minute from morning until late at night, and I cannot be sure. She never speaks of him; and in all the whirl of social gayety here, and the attention she receives on every side, I think, I hope, she may forget her girlish sentiment. Time will show."

Time might have shown, but time was not accorded. Coming home late one night from a delightful dance, their carriage stopped outside the massive *porte-cochère* of the Guthrie homestead instead of driving right in.

"What is it, James?" asked Miss Guthrie.

"Another carriage here, miss. I think it's Mrs. Holden just getting out."

"Jennie here! Why, how odd! She went home half an hour before we started."

It was Jennie, with a grave, anxious face, at sight of which Mrs. Berrien fairly sprang from the carriage.

"You have ill news, Mrs. Holden. What is it? Tell me at once."

"This has just come from my husband," was the trembling answer as she held forth a telegram: "Major Berrien's wound serious, but not fatal. Mrs. Berrien must not be alarmed. Do not believe sensational newspaper reports of disaster. Wounded doing well."

IX.

Pursuant to his orders, Major Berrien with his battalion of the Twelfth had been scouting the open country that lay to the northeastward of the cantonment. So alarming had the situation become, so significant if not actually defiant was the manner of the Indians whose lodges were pitched all over the prairie around the agency, that the commanding general had caused intrenchments to be thrown up on every ridge overlooking that threatened settlement. Additional troops, including a strong force of infantry and detachments of light artillery, had been sent to the scene. Hotchkiss and field guns were placed in position commanding the Indian camp, and night and day the earth-works were heavily manned and sentries and outposts guarded every approach. Meantime, the main body of the hostiles was still ghost-dancing and howling through the wintry night far over to the north among the breaks and chasms of the Bad Lands, so strong in numbers and so secure from assault within the lines of their natural fortress as to laugh to scorn all premonition of disaster. Runners had gone to every tribe urging concerted action and united revolt. Every day brought new accessions, and all that was needed to enable them to bid defiance to the encircling force was the arrival of the great bands that had broken away from the reservations along the Missouri, followers and would-be avengers of the old chieftain Sitting Bull, who had died in harness, a rebel to the last. Brulé and Ogallalla, Uncpapa and Minneconjou, here were the warriors, reinforced by many a new-grown son, who had fought the white soldiers summer after summer, time and again, in the bloody days of the decade past,—the Brulés especially, once restrained by the wisdom of old Sintogaliska, now ripe for any devilry and well-nigh unanimous for war to the knife.

Without noteworthy incident, Berrien's command had circled around to the east of the sacred lines of the reservation, had spent a day or two exploring the breaks and ravines of a dozen little streams flowing into the Wakpa Washtay, had located trail after trail of travois, pony-, and lodge-pole-tracks, had scoured the wide valley of the main stream, but without sight of a single warrior, much less a war-party. The still smoking ruins of two ranches told, however, of recent visitation, and the hoof-marks of cattle mingling with the pony-tracks pointed unerringly whither the spoil had been driven. Meantime, while nothing could be seen of the wily red man, every hour gave new proof that their own movements were closely observed. Signal-smokes went puffing skyward on almost every side, and the night sentries declared that twice just before dawn of two successive mornings they had dimly seen shadowy horsemen darting over the neighboring ridges and had heard the thud of nimble hoofs. Even in the faded gray of the bunch-grass, even on the hard, frozen ground, experienced eyes could find corroboration of the story. Daring Indian scouts were ever on their flanks and front and rear, making no overt move against them, but keeping the hostile camp fully informed of everything that was being done and watching restlessly for opportunity to cut off every straying charger, to cut down every straggling man. Knowing all this full well, Berrien had given strict orders,—neither officer nor trooper was permitted to leave the column by day nor the bivouac by night; and now, its mission accomplished, the column had started on return march, and up to this time no casualty had occurred. So long as the isolated battalion was moving towards the hostile camp, nearing every hour the overwhelming array of the enemy and separating itself farther and farther from friendly supports, no bar had been put to its progress. But now the Indian scouts could see that it was turning back, probably in the hope of regaining the cantonment unmolested.

It was a sunshiny December afternoon; the air was as clear as a bell, the clouds that obscured the eastern sky at dawn had long since drifted out

of sight, and in all its broad expanse the pale-blue vault of the heavens were not so much as a feather of vapor. Who that rode in the laughing, chatting, jaunty column that sparkling day could realize the change a few hours might effect on the silent, breezeless solitudes around them? At noon the sun was so warm that many a trooper had stripped off his heavy overcoat and turned up the flaps of the rough fur cap. Except in deep ravines or *coulées*, hardly any snow was to be seen. The dull gray surface of the rolling prairie, wave after wave, lay basking, and the leafless branches of the cottonwoods overhanging the frozen pools were glistening, sparkling, in the life-giving rays. The advance-guard, after breaking the ice and treating their horses to a mouthful of water at the stream, had moved on at brisk trot, and now the stalwart riders were spreading out in extended order as they breasted the slope. Out to the west, full five hundred yards, the wary flankers could be seen, some crossing the stream farther down the valley, while other comrades peered over the barren ridge behind, that no sneaking foe might crawl up unobserved and send a long-range bullet from its shelter down into the swarm of troopers at the ford. So, too, the flankers to the east and the sturdy little knot of rear-guardsmen just popping up over the divide so recently crossed, all told of ceaseless vigilance on every side. Berrien has not ridden the Sioux trail a score of years for nothing. He takes no chances where the security of his command is concerned, and has small opinion of the leader who subjects them to needless risk.

And now one after another the four troops ride into close column on the northward bank; the men dismount, unsaddle, and presently, with side-lines in hand, each trooper leading his faithful steed, the four herds are guided to the separate grazing-grounds already chosen and "pre-empted" by wide-awake subalterns or sergeants. There the side-lines are carefully adjusted, the bridles slipped off, three or four men remain in saddle as herd-guard, and the horses are left to graze. Rich with nutriment is that crisp, dry bunch-grass,—rich and plentiful. The mules of the pack-train bray with impatience to shed their loads and join their envied four-footed comrades; but presently they too, following the bell, are streaming out upon the guarded prairie, rolling in luxury upon the frosty earth and kicking their legs in air in genuine delight. From a dozen little fires among the bare-limbed cottonwoods the thin smoke is curling aloft, and the rattle of tin cup and plate and the jovial voices of the men seem to clamor for their soldier rations. In long rows the saddles and equipments are aligned upon the turf, each man's carbine and belt at his saddle. Huge rolls of robes and blankets are unstrapped and spread to air, and all this time, while the troop-officers are looking to the comfort and security of their horses, Major Berrien, followed by a single orderly, is riding about from point to point to satisfy himself that the guards are stationed where best they can secure the bivouac against surprise.

The ridge to the southwest is higher than those which limit the view at other points, and thither Berrien is now riding at easy lope. Rolfe and Hazlett, watching him for a moment, exchange an appreciative nod as they hear from the group of soldiers at the nearest camp-fire some brawny son of the old sod remark, "Just luck at the old man now; sure it's a smart red-skin that will ever get through the pickets he posts." Not since the days of old "Major Slowtrot," old "Pap" Thomas, has there been a battalion commander better loved by the rank and file. They know nothing will ever induce him to forget one precaution for their safety, and reward his care with a loyalty of devotion good to see. Watching him still further, Hazlett notes that a distant vedette has signalled, and that Berrien, slowly now, is riding up the slope to join him. A sergeant has some question to ask at the moment, and when Hazlett again looks out to the southwest, major, orderly, and vedette have disappeared from view around a little shoulder of bluff. Other vedettes can be seen at their posts on all sides, and a few dismounted sentries lying prone where, unseen themselves, they can scan the country to their front. But Hazlett's curiosity is excited by the fact that two men, mere specks in the distance, are huddling together at the crest half a mile away to the southwest and evidently watching something out at their front and motioning to the sergeant back with the supports. Presently this trooper, too, trots out to join them. Berrien and his party are still out of sight from camp.

"Captain, may I borrow your field-glasses?" asks Mr. Brewster, swing-

ing up to the fire where Hazlett stands. "I have lent mine to the sergeant of the guard."

"Did you see where the major went?" asks Hazlett by way of reply, as he hands the desired instrument.

"I last saw him at the point yonder. He rode around it with Sergeant Ellis and a couple of men, and that vedette must have been calling to him. It seems to me they've been gone some time: so Gorham says I can ride out and find out what it means."

"I'd go with you, Brewster, but my horse is out at herd. Take the glasses with you, anyhow." Brewster's big black is led up at the moment, and the lieutenant quickly mounts and canters easily away.

Meantime, old Berrien, who has noted the signals of the vedette referred to, has joined him, with the brief inquiry, "What is it, Scott?"

"Why, sir, I was posted here by the sergeant, and he had no sooner gone than I saw what I took to be horsemen in the valley several miles out yonder to the southwest. The major can see the whole country from a butte that lies perhaps three hundred yards farther out beyond this ridge. But here comes the sergeant back, sir."

It is Ellis, cantering briskly from the advanced position Scott has designated, and coming to them now around the shoulder of the bluff a little to the right. That Ellis has seen something is evident: his face shows it in an instant.

"An Indian war-party, major, perhaps a dozen, rode from behind a long ridge over to the west and down into the valley of what I take to be a branch of the Porcupine. That butte hides a good deal of the valley; but we can see it from there, though."

"You three men come with me," says Berrien, quietly. "We must look into this."

Two minutes' lope brings them to the butte Ellis has pointed out. Leaving their horses with the orderly, Berrien, the sergeant, and the sentinel go crouching up the hither slope, throw themselves on the ground, and crawl to the summit. As the vedette has said, the whole country for miles in every direction can be seen,—a country of bold contours, of bare, rounded bluffs and buttes, of deep, shadowy ravines and gulches,—a country bare of trees save the ghostly, leafless cottonwoods perched by the banks of many a frozen stream. Miles and miles to the north and northwest the wild Indian land spreads before their eyes. Close at hand, tumbling, billowy, and abrupt, the ridges follow or intercept one another in rapid succession. The face of the land is cut up into tortuous "breaks," the deep, narrow beds of countless little streams, all winding tributary to the river that flows placidly away to the northeast in the broad valley from which the column marched at dawn. Beyond that, west of north, clearly, sharply defined in the distance, already alternating glaring surface and ghostly shade under the slanting rays of the westering sun, a tumbling mass of jagged, fantastic shapes, a tangle of vertical cliffs and seamed and furrowed walls, a labyrinth of gorges, gullies, washed-out channels, deep black crevices, and broad, yawning, impassable gulfs, the storied Bad Lands of Dakota, shunned by all except the renegade and outlaw in the past, now habitable only by the Indian. Beyond these, faint and dim in the distance, the snow-covered, pine-crested summits in the Black Hills. All the rest of the surface, east, west, and south, a frozen sea of gray, glinting here and there in the declining rays; and there off to the southwest, perhaps five miles away, lies the valley into which the party of dusky warriors has galloped so short a time before,—the valley beyond which, a long, long day's march away, stands the guarded camp of comrade soldiery awaiting their return. Berrien studies the scene long and carefully through his glasses. Intermediate ridges are not many, but they are sharp and clearly defined.

"Who was it reported that the advance saw signal-smokes south of us at noon?" he asks.

"Corporal Waite, sir; he and two of the men saw them plainly, and they seemed to be answered off here." And Ellis points miles away to the west.

Berrien ponders a moment.

"Where away would you locate the agency, sergeant, if you were going to take a bee-line for it?"

"Out off here, sir."

"And they crossed that line going into the valley?"

"They certainly did, sir, and—— Look, major! look yonder! Another band, and from exactly the same place."

A little bevy of dark objects darts suddenly into view from behind a curtain-like divide and goes skimming over a level stretch towards the low lands of the valley. Berrien's glasses seem glued to his eyes.

"Twenty of them in that party! What do they see? What's their hurry? They would not expose themselves to our view unless there were urgent need for haste."

"The old road comes in from that direction, sir," answers Ellis. "We left it a few hours out from the cantonment, as you remember. Can anything have been seen along that road to give rise to signal-smokes?"

Berrien turns half over and looks keenly into the sergeant's intelligent face.

"That road has been abandoned for weeks past. Everybody to the east of us has taken refuge at the railway long since. Nobody would be coming from that direction."

"I know that, sir; but would not any detachment coming from the agency to meet us, for instance, be apt to keep the road? I understood we were to strike for it in the morning and follow it in."

Again Berrien gazes long and earnestly through the binocular. "They are certainly heading for that road and riding at full speed. How many men have you at this front?" he quickly asks.

"Just eight, sir, all told, but eight more are almost within call over on our left flank. Yonder is the ridge where my men are posted." And Ellis points to their left rear where lies the low crest.

"Just keep a good lookout here, sergeant. I will move them over this way, and then ride to the left flank.—My horse, orderly." And, thinking deeply over the matter as he rides, Berrien spurs into a lively canter across an intervening dip in the prairie. "Some mischief ahead," he mutters, "They are not speeding up that valley for nothing. We may have to saddle and get over there."

Not two hundred yards has he ridden when from the point which he has just quitted there comes a sudden yell of warning, followed almost instantly by two shots in quick succession. Then bang! bang! another two, and, as he whirls about, the first object that meets his startled gaze is Ellis's handsome black horse plunging to earth almost at the edge of a shallow ravine some distance out in front of the butte.

"My God, sir," cries the orderly, "Sergeant Ellis is killed!"

Berrien's heart bounds. There, face downward upon the sward, motionless, just a few feet away from the plunging, death-stricken horse, lies the sergeant, his carbine dropped from his nerveless hand. At the same instant, red, glittering, bedaubed with paint, bespangled with cheap finery, two young Indian braves lash their ponies into furious gallop as they shoot up out of the shallow ravine, and, rifles in hand, coup-sticks advanced, race madly towards the stricken trooper in eager effort to secure the trophy of their prowess, the coveted scalp of the fallen foe.

"Your carbine, man!" yells Berrien to his orderly. "Quick! shoot that leader!" And putting spurs to his snorting horse, reckless of the fact that he is armed only with revolver and that the ravine may be full of Indians, the veteran soldier drives full tilt at the charging braves. He thinks only of the fact that one of his men lies prostrate and helpless before them. They are almost upon Ellis before Berrien has galloped a rod. They are within twenty paces of him when, with a shout of delight, the major sees him whirl suddenly over, grasp his carbine, and, all in a second, the flame leaps from the bronzed muzzle, the foremost warrior drops his rifle, whirls up a clinching, convulsive hand, and topples headforemost out of the saddle. Scott, the vedette, echoes with another shot that kicks up the dust close under the second pony's flashing heels. Its red rider veers in broad circle to the right, and in the twinkling of an eye the feathered war-bonnet bows low over the pony's stretching neck; Berrien's bullet whizzes harmlessly above, and the major himself, borne by the rush of his half-maddened steed, dashes on past Ellis, now kneeling for another shot, and so goes crash into the midst of a little knot of yelling warriors just bounding up out of the gully to the rescue of their stricken comrade. "Bess, my wife; Winnie," are the only words he has time or thought to mutter, for instant death seems

inevitable. But all the old fighting instinct is uppermost, and almost in the face of the foremost Sioux his revolver blazes its challenge, and horse and pony meet in tremendous shock, and the lighter steed goes tumbling and rolling over the turf. There is chorus of yells, shots, soldier cheers, thundering hoofs. There is a vision of glittering steel in front of his eyes, of hideous, painted face, a sudden sense of stumble and stunning fall, a shrill whoop of triumph, changing instantly into the death-cry, and while his Brulé antagonist goes crashing down, pony and all, Berrien is conscious of the superb leap of a big black charger over his own prostrate form, of a stentorian cheer from half a dozen trooper throats, and the next minute Brewster is kneeling by his side, raising the honored gray head in his strong young arms, and the voice that thundered in battle-cry but an instant ago is trembling now as he calls for a canteen of water and bids his half-stunned commander not to strive to move.

"We've got two of them, sir, all right," he whispers, breathless, but well knowing that to be the best news he can give. "The rest got away and left a bullet-hole in your shoulder."

X.

"Since you ask me, sir, I most distinctly oppose its being referred to Major Berrien. He is doing well, but the excitement might bring on fever—and disaster."

It was Dr. Holden who spoke—and very firmly spoke—to Colonel Farquhar four days after the little fight beyond the Porcupine. The colonel sat with bowed head, grave and thoughtful. Before him stood his surgeon, respectful but most earnest in manner. Beside him on the narrow field-bed sat Rolfe, with face of gloom,—three or four letters and a telegram in his gauntleted hand. Already the wintry twilight was settling down; the wind, that had been moaning through the flimsy shelter for the last hour, was now whistling in gathering wrath and flapping every loose rag of canvas about the crowded cantonment. Mules and horses at the picket-lines with one accord were turning tail to the black northwest and pawing the hard and frozen ground in nervous disquiet. The orderly who suddenly stepped within the tent was followed by a few whirling flakes of snow, and the first match he struck in the effort to light the colonel's field-lamp was puffed out in a twinkling.

"Give my compliments to Mr. Brewster and ask him to step here," said the colonel, after a moment's silence; and the orderly vanished.

In the camp of the Twelfth, where Berrien was universally beloved, three names had been on every lip since the battalion's return,—those of the gallant major himself, of Lieutenant Brewster, and of Sergeant Ellis. Painfully shot and stunned and bruised though he was, Berrien's wits had never left him. He was positive that the rush of war-parties towards the old road portended mischief, and, despite the lateness of the hour, he ordered the battalion to saddle at once and march to the Porcupine. From the abandoned lodge-poles found along the banks experienced hands had quickly lashed together a comfortable litter. Between these improvised shafts two of the most sedate of the elderly pack-mules were harnessed fore and aft. A bed of robes and blankets was hung midway, and, while Rolfe and Hazlett pushed ahead, scouting every ridge and ravine with their keen-eyed skirmishers, Gorham and Thorpe followed, escorting their beloved chief. Just as was anticipated, at nightfall the distant flash and report of rifles proved that the hostiles were busily at work in some devilry or other, and, launching forward at the gallop, Rolfe's long line swooped down into the valley in time to send the yelling circle of mounted warriors whirling away into the ravines beyond the stream, and to rescue a little squad of scouts and troopers, a mere handful, who had ventured forth with despatches for Berrien's command and were fighting for life behind their slaughtered horses. Two were already sorely wounded, and all would doubtless have lost their scalps, but for the veteran major's clear judgment and the sense of duty that triumphed over physical pain.

"The ould man's clear grit all through," said his invariable eulogists, the troopers. But there would have been no dear old man left to them, as

Ellis and Scott had borne testimony, had it not been for Brewster's daring charge into the midst of the red warriors. It was his bullet that laid low the savage brandisher of the knife just as he would have gashed the brave old major's throat; but "White Wolf" had counted his last coup, and, stripped of his finery, lay stiffening on the prairie, a painted corpse, awaiting funeral honors at the hands of his howling comrades. Every soldier's heart rejoiced that it was Brewster who saved the major's life, for Brewster, of all the subalterns, was first favorite among the rank and file. And as for Ellis, though he was too exclusive—"too much like as though he wanted to be an officer"—to be generally popular among the men, he had always commanded their respect, and his unexpected prowess on this occasion won their genuine admiration. What nerve the fellow had, to be sure, to lie there "playing possum" just as though he were stone-dead and ripe for scalping, and so tempt his assailants out from the cover of the ravine, and then never stir until they were so close he simply *couldn't* miss, and so "got in his deadly work." Brewster and Ellis were the major's avengers, the two troopers who had dealt out death to the foe, and who were therefore, from the soldier point of view, the men most entitled to the honors of the day.

And yet, at the very moment when every other man in the regiment was lauding their names and congratulating them upon their deserved laurels, one captain, Rolfe, was practically demanding at the hands of his colonel that they should be stripped of their high estate and sent to the rear in arrest.

As Dr. Holden stood there listening to the accusations and arguments brought forward by Captain Rolfe, he could not but recall the remarks that, in one form or other, had occasionally been brought to his ears at Rolfe's expense. Even so conservative and loyal a fellow as Warren, the adjutant, had once summarized his character in forcible terms: "I respect his ability," said he, "but damn his egotism. Rolfe in this regiment is just like the one juror who said that they could long ago have agreed on conviction but for the eleven blooming idiots who held out for acquittal." Rolfe was a man of such intensity of opinion and purpose that, once having made up his own mind as to what somebody else ought to do, he deemed it not only a right but a duty to instruct the other party, no matter what that party's rank or station might be; and this was practically what Rolfe had been doing to his colonel ever since Holden appeared upon the scene. Personally Holden had never met Rolfe before the arrival of the regiment at Pawnee, but, except a certain dogmatism of manner in discussions over points in tactics, politics, law, or whist, he had decidedly liked everything about him, and told the youngsters as much when he found that they did not.

"Any man with half an eye can see that Rolfe wants to make the very best kind of an impression on Dr. and Mrs. Holden," said Randolph. "They are Miss Guthrie's nearest friends and relatives,—at least the nearest whom he knows." But Holden also liked Brewster, liked him well, and could not believe all that Rolfe was so strenuously urging upon the colonel: first, that Ellis was a thief and an outcast, and, second, that Brewster had known it all along and concealed it. The more positively and unflinchingly Rolfe asserted himself, the more did Holden resent it.

Finally Rolfe had burst out with,—

"Well, Colonel Farquhar, I'm acting in this manner for the honor of the regiment to which I've been attached through thick and thin for nearly a quarter of a century. I heard you were just sending forward a report highly commending these two men, and I believed it my duty to inform you of their character. As you seem reluctant to accept my statements, I request as a matter of justice to me that you refer my report to Major Berrien at once, and he will corroborate my opinion."

Then and not till then did Farquhar firmly and almost sternly call his subordinate to order, and when Rolfe had been reduced to enforced silence the colonel turned to Holden, and Holden had given prompt voice to his utter objection to their disturbing the wounded major with any such matter. "But I will send for Mr. Brewster, Captain Rolfe, and question him in your presence," said Farquhar. And Brewster, who had just been enjoying a hearty hand-shake and pleasant words with several officers of the Eleventh who, despite the rising gale, had ridden over to congratulate him,

went blithely and briskly to answer the colonel's summons. Warren had given him "the tip" as to the letter being prepared for Farquhar's signature. It was a joy to know that his name was to be sent forward with the praise of his soldierly and honored chief. It was almost rapture to conjecture what Winifred Berrien would think of him when she heard that his vigilance and dash had saved her father's life.

He looked, therefore, the very picture of stalwart, soldierly, brave-eyed manhood as he stepped quickly into the colonel's tent and stood erect before the silent trio there assembled. He came with a heart beating high with anticipation; but one glance at Rolfe's sombre and half-averted face, the first words in Farquhar's grave though courteous tones, banished all pleasurable thought and put him on his guard.

"Mr. Brewster, if I remember aright, it was you who presented Sergeant Ellis for enlistment when we were in the Hills. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You knew him before his joining us, did you not?"

"A short time, sir; yes."

"Where had you known him, and how long?"

"At Deadwood, sir; I met him there on two occasions before he decided to enlist."

"Two occasions? And how long before he came to us?"

"Perhaps a week, sir."

"And you had never known him or of him before?"

"I had seen him, but I cannot say that I had ever known him."

"Mr. Brewster," burst in Captain Rolfe at this juncture before he could be checked, "do you mean to tell me you were not well acquainted with this so-called Ellis long before you met him in the Hills?"

"Captain Rolfe," was the instant answer, and the flush leaped to Brewster's cheeks, an angry light to his eyes, "I mean to tell you nothing whatever. I am answering Colonel Farquhar."

"Permit me to conduct this matter, Captain Rolfe," said Farquhar, stretching forth a restraining hand and checking the captain as he rose with another question on his lips. Rolfe, with almost any other man, might possibly have persisted. He knew Farquhar, however, and knew that however gentle and courteous might be his manner he could come down hard upon those who crossed him. So, with evident effort, he held his tongue, but remained standing. "Be good enough to resume your seat, captain," continued the colonel, all grave politeness; and Rolfe slowly and reluctantly subsided.

"You went to Helena once some five years ago as witness before a court, and the train was held up by road-agents, Mr. Brewster. Did you not meet this man about that time?"

"Yes, colonel, I saw him, but I did not know him from Adam."

"You conversed with him, did you not, and were at the same hotel at Helena with him?"

"I did; yes, sir; and I was at the same hotel for thirty-six hours. But he was a total stranger to me. His dress was that of a gentleman, so was his manner, and almost everybody in our car got to talking with him. He was the only one who really saw the train-robbers,—it was all done so quickly, while we were in our berths; but he had got aboard at some station just before the thing occurred."

"Did you not know when he enlisted that he gave an assumed name?"

"No, colonel, I did not. For all I know, Ellis is his own name."

"Yet you knew him as Ralph Erroll at Helena," burst in Rolfe again.

"Captain Rolfe," said the colonel, with marked emphasis, "I will ask you to withdraw; but, except by Dr. Holden's permission, you will not speak of this matter to Major Berrien. I desire to see Mr. Brewster for myself.—No, Holden; you remain."

There was no help for it now, Rolfe had to go; and go he did, without a word. Then Farquhar, in his courteous tones, repeated his question, and received prompt reply:

"He certainly gave his name as Erroll in Helena and as Ellis when he enlisted, colonel, but which is right or that either is right I have no means of knowing."

"Well, I am told that he gave you much of his history and that you lent him money in Deadwood."

"I did lend him, though at the time I thought I was giving him, twenty dollars to pay pressing debts which he had to settle before he could leave there and come to us. He was destitute and starving. He did tell me something of his past, but whether it was true or not I cannot say. The more I see of him the more I believe it; believe he was a gentleman born and bred, and that he had had hard luck, lost home and friends and fortune; that he took to the West and mining; that he made and lost alternately; that now he is reaping some reward for his labor. What I know is that he is a tip-top soldier, of whom the whole regiment has reason to be proud, even though I don't know what may be his own name."

Holden was listening eagerly to every word.

"May I ask a question, colonel?"

"Certainly, doctor."

"Brewster, did he ever tell you where his home was,—where his relatives now live?"

"Yes,—Louisville; and I have a packet which, should he be killed or mortally wounded, I have promised to unwrap and express to the address written within. I do not now even know what it is."

"Well, did he never speak of having lived in St. Louis,—having had friends there?"

"Never so much as mentioned the place, doctor."

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the dismal moan of the rising gale, the flap of canvas, and the creak of straining guy-ropes. Farquhar was still thinking deeply. At last he looked up.

"Captain Rolfe has lodged with me very serious charges against Ellis, and bases them on the report of professional detectives. As you know, I gave Ellis permission to ride over to the railway on Gorham's report that he had some important personal matters to look after. Has he returned yet?"

"He had not up to stables, sir, but his pass does not expire until tattoo, and I almost hope he has not started in face of this wind. It looks like a blizzard coming."

"When did Rolfe get these reports, if I may ask?" queried Holden.

"I sent a telegram day before yesterday to Mrs. Holden that ought to have reached her that very evening,—it was to forestall any sensational newspaper story about the major's wound,—and I certainly looked for a reply of some kind yesterday."

"The wires are down both east and west, I'm told,—cut by 'friendlies' at the reservation, very probably. No despatch has passed either way since yesterday," answered the colonel. "Rolfe's must have come before that. Possibly we will have later news when the sergeant rides back to-night. I gave him an order to get any telegrams that might have arrived for the regiment. What time does the train get in from the East, do you know, doctor?"

"Somewhere about three, sir; but I fear there will be no mail for us for a day or two. Old hands here say it is madness to face a Dakota blizzard on the open prairie, and some of the officers think we are in for a gale, to say the least."

"Well, Brewster," said the colonel, kindly, "your statement is all that was needed to put an end to any idea that you knew all about Ellis before his enlistment. Of course I shall have to look into Captain Rolfe's charges against him; but say nothing about the matter for the present."

The cavalry trumpet, weird and fitful on the wings of the gale, was sounding first call for retreat as Brewster left the colonel's tent and started down the gentle slope to join his troop. Already the snow-flakes were driving almost horizontally with the biting wind, and, in the rapidly-gathering gloom, the men came huddling from their rude shelters, and, bundled to the ears in their great-coats, stood stamping and swinging their arms, impatient to have roll-call over and done with. The colonel came forth a moment later, and together he and Holden tramped over to the turf-walled structure in which their wounded comrade lay. The air was now so thick with snow that objects a hundred yards distant were blurred, and those beyond entirely obscured. Holden softly unstrapped and raised the canvas flap and poked his fur-capped head within the aperture.

"Sleeping?" he queried of the hospital attendant.

"Sleeping like a baby, sir," whispered the soldier, as he tiptoed to the

entrance. "Captain Hazlett was reading to him over an hour, and then he just dropped away, and the captain left at first call."

"That's capital," said Holden, turning to the chief. "He has worried so over the effect the news might have on his wife that I couldn't get him to sleep. Now, if we can only tide him over until morning, and if this beastly gale will only subside, we'll have good news for him."

"Well, don't let Rolfe get near him," said Farquhar, with a quiet smile. "There isn't a better duty officer in all the Twelfth, but somebody has to suppress him once in a while."

"He ought to be married," laughed Holden in reply.

That night when the trumpets pealed tattoo the musicians braced their backs against the blustering northwest and blew as best they could, though Boreas strove to silence their lustiest effort, and no trooper on the windward side could hear a note. Over the whistle and howl of the gale, far out on the desolate prairie, far to the southeast, however, the stirring, welcoming, hope-reviving strain was borne to the frozen ears of a solitary and well-nigh exhausted trooper, bidding him pluck up courage, rouse himself to renewed effort, and once more plunge forward into the blackness of the night. So long as he kept the gale in his battered face, so long would he be struggling towards comrades and shelter. Staggering, stumbling, sometimes crawling a few paces on hands and knees, sometimes turning his back to the icy blast and gasping for breath, sometimes burying his face in his arms, sometimes stretching those arms aloft to heaven and lifting up a silent prayer for help, for strength, he had struggled on afoot long after abandoning his fallen and crippled horse. No beckoning light, no glimmering star to guide, only the rude buffets of the cruel, pitiless blast, the stinging, biting thrashing of the snow, pelting him like small shot, to point the way, yet savagely to beat him back,—to bid him face and force them, yet furious to overwhelm and down. Weak and exhausted, he had well-nigh abandoned the last vestige of hope, and a wailing cry went moaning aloft from his cracked and frozen lips: "God in heaven guide me; bear me up; give me strength. It is not for myself, but those poor women. God in mercy hear me. God in pity answer."

And over the wrath and fury of the mad hurricane, triumphing above the shriek and howl of the tempest, ringing like the voice of archangel through the vault of the storm-lashed skies, God's answer came. The Divine Pity, riding, indeed, upon the storm, spoke to him in the glad, thrilling, familiar strains of the far-away trumpets of the Twelfth.

XI.

"Who's there?" demanded Brewster from beneath his robes and blankets, as late that night his name was called.

"It is I,—Holden. Tumble up, man; I want you, quick!"

"My God, doctor, is Berrien worse?"

"No, thank heaven, he's sound asleep. Sergeant Ellis was brought in by the guard half an hour ago. He fell exhausted at the lines. We've just brought him to at the hospital tent, and from what I can make out—he's so weak yet—there's something back there out on the prairie, an ambulance and women. I ran over for you as soon as I could; for you probably know him best."

"Be with you in a minute," shouted Brewster, kicking off his moccasins and struggling into his heavy boots. "Lie still, Haddock: you're not wanted," he added. "What time is it, Doc?"

"Long after eleven,—near midnight, I judge. Come as quick as you can. I'll go right back."

In five minutes, in the dim light of the hospital tent, Brewster was bending over Ellis's prostrate form. Others had pulled off his heavy boots and were chafing his half-frozen feet. Holden had just administered another dose of brandy; but at sight of Brewster the languid, half-open eyes began to gleam and the muscles of the lips to twitch.

"Stoop lower, Brewster: he wants to speak to you," said Holden. And Brewster inclined his ear almost to the black moustache.

Then with sudden bound he was on his feet again.

"What!" he cried. "God of heaven, man! do you mean it?" His face was ashen in an instant, but his eyes never quit their questioning gaze. Ellis nodded vehemently, striving again to speak.

"Doctor, do you hear?" cried Brewster, in mad dismay. "He says Mrs. Berrien and Winifred are in the ambulance broken down at Wolf Creek!" And without another word he darted from the tent.

Ten minutes more, a dozen men of the "black troop" were bracing cinch-straps, buckling throat-latches, and loading blankets on their astonished steeds. Despite the howling of the gale, half the camp was up and astir, Farquhar among the first. Brewster had his own horse saddled and was astride before any one else was fairly dressed, and by this time Ellis had recovered sufficiently to speak and tell his story. The train from the East came in on time at three, and he was amazed to see Mrs. Berrien's face. No one dreamed of her coming, for the wires were down. The quartermaster ran to meet her, and the sergeant himself hastened to give her good news of her husband. Nothing would answer, though, but that she must go to him at once. In vain did Major Sterrett plead with her, saying it took five hours to drive over to the cantonment by day, and he feared the evening would be dark and stormy. Go she would; and the quartermaster ordered out his own ambulance and best four-mule team, with his own driver and a couple of armed outriders. He gave the ladies hot tea, loaded in lots of blankets and robes, and they started about three-thirty, were in the teeth of the gale at five o'clock, in pitch darkness and off the road at six, and somewhere about seven the mules became unmanageable in the blizzard, whirled short around, and snapped off the pole. By this time, too, one outrider was lost, the other was frozen half to death and had been drinking whiskey. The driver was so stiff he could hardly move hand or foot, and he and Ellis had the utmost difficulty in cutting loose the mules. There was every prospect of their capsizing the wagon; and they had to get the ladies out until the beasts were free. Then he found they were close to Wolf Creek, more than half-way, and Ellis determined to push on through to the cantonment for help, first replacing the ladies in the covered wagon, wrapping them in furs and blankets and fastening the curtains. The hurricane increased. He and his horse were both blinded, and at last the poor brute stumbled, fell into a ravine, and could barely struggle to his feet. Abandoning his horse, Ellis pushed on afoot, and reached camp he knew not how. He only remembered hearing that distant tattoo.

Farquhar never hesitated. Brewster never asked. Holden made him and each of his men swallow a cup of steaming coffee, and the colonel took it as a matter of course that Curly was the very man to go.

"You have brandy and blankets in plenty?" he asked. "Holden is loading more into the ambulance, and it follows at once. Off with you now."

Impatient even of this brief detention, Brewster led his little band of troopers off into the night. There was not a man in the Twelfth that wouldn't have faced worse things than a blizzard for old Berrien's sake, and as for this it was but a bagatelle. "All we've got to do is scud before the gale, fellers," sung out Murphy, joyously, as they went cantering out of camp and in a second more were lost to sight and hearing. Then came the clatter and rattle of the hospital team, the ambulance, weighed down with robes and blankets and a brace of heavy troopers, despite which ballast the light vehicle was well-nigh whirled over by the force of the gale. And then Farquhar and the doctor had time to turn to Ellis and to think.

"They must have got my despatch Tuesday night and left by the earliest train," said Holden. "How utterly outrageous a proceeding! And yet I might have known it of Mrs. Berrien."

Meantime, there had been dismay at the quartermaster's dépôt. Sterrett, noting the increasing severity of the gale at nightfall, had begun upbraiding himself for having allowed the ladies to persist in the rash attempt. He had done his best to persuade Mrs. Berrien and to assure her that the major was doing well; he pointed out to her that they had nothing but rough shelter of log and turf and canvas at the camp; that there was absolutely no place where delicately nurtured women could be cared for. He offered her and Miss Winifred his own warm, snug, though rudely-furnished room at the station, and ordered his chief clerk to clear out and sleep in the office. He told her how impossible it was for him to leave his post and his

duties of forwarding supplies, and explained that there was no officer to properly escort them. But one by one she had promptly overthrown his objections. Escort? Here was Sergeant Ellis. What better could she ask? As for lack of accommodation at the camp, had she not lived all one winter with her beloved Dick in a Kansas dug-out just the year after their marriage? Had she not camped with him on the Yellowstone?—nursed him in a deserted log hut through the mountain fever in the Big Horn? Were there not women, school-teachers and the agent's and trader's families, there at the agency? What had she to fear for herself or Winifred in the midst of the Twelfth?

"But the regiment is ordered to march to-morrow," said Sterrett. "It is an open secret that the Indians have slipped away from the troops along the Cheyenne, and there's the mischief to pay."

"All the more reason for my being at my husband's side," promptly answered this army heroine. "Dr. Holden will have to go, and Dick will be left practically alone. Winifred and I start at once, even if we have to walk."

Of course that had ended the matter. Against such determination he was powerless. Having first done his best to detain them, he had then bent all his efforts to the duty of transportation, and now at a late hour in the evening and in the energetic and familiar language of the corral was blaspheming the fate that had led him to yield his better judgment to her importunity. Somewhere about nine o'clock one of the outriders had been dragged off his horse, more dead than alive, and told a pitiful tale of having been driven before the storm, and he didn't even know how far they had got before he lost sight of the ambulance entirely, but was sure that one and all they had lost the road and now were adrift on the prairie. This was bad enough; but at ten o'clock or thereabouts the corral-master came in to say that the riderless horse of the other man had just arrived at the gate, and, barely able to stagger, was led inside.

"Pete had a flask along," said the corral-master, sententiously. "That's what's the matter with him."

Then Sterrett could stand it no longer. Soldiers there were none to send, they were all over the range at the cantonment or beyond; civilians were there in plenty, dozens of refugees from the ranches, dozens of railroad-men and train-hands, one or two disgusted correspondents who had got the "tip" as to impending movements all too late to catch the luckier members of that all-pervading fraternity, but who were quick to realize the "scoop" they would have in transmitting to their respective journals full and picturesque details of the Dakota blizzard. It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Even though every one told him he could accomplish nothing whatever before daylight, Sterrett had a little party of stalwart frontiersmen duly equipped by midnight and ready to start the instant the gale should show signs of moderating. Hour after hour it shrieked and howled, driving the sheets of snow before it, sweeping the frozen prairie clean as a floor, but whirling dense white clouds into every sheltered gulch and ravine, settling the drifts in the lee of every stack and shed and building at the railway-station, where, "dead" and abandoned, lay the engine of the East-bound train, the passengers huddling for warmth into a single car and cheerfully discussing the propriety of using the other for fire-wood.

And then, before the first faint glimmer of dawn, as though spent with its own violence, the gale began to die. The clouds scudding southeastward drew aside, uncurtaining the placid heavens, where the stars were faintly gleaming and then twinkling out of sight. Soon in a blaze of glory and triumph the sun rose slowly over the far-distant bluffs and looked down upon the scene of wrath and desolation wrought by rude Boreas in the conqueror's absence; and just then, too, there hove in sight a battered little squad of troopers on spent and jaded steeds, and the sergeant in command rode breast-deep into the drift at the south entrance of Sterrett's office and yelled over the intervening shield of snow the stunning question,—

"Did the ladies get back all right? We can't find the ambulance anywhere along the Wolf."

XII.

Before quitting the ambulance and its precious freight, Ellis had made such examination of the neighborhood as was possible in the thick darkness, and discovered that they were close to the edge of a narrow, winding ravine with abruptly-sloping banks, and it was in here that those sagacious mules had sought shelter from the force of the blast. The ambulance was standing on a veritable ridge, exposed to the full fury of the gale, the slope to the rapid-running Wolf just in front, the ravine to the right rear. Shouting to the ladies to fear nothing, he had no difficulty, when aided by the driver, in starting the wheels, and the instant the vehicle was partially turned into the track of the storm it was blown backwards down into the soft bed of snow already thick and deep. Here, under the lee of the banks, the stout wagon was comparatively sheltered, for the top of the canvas cover was just a trifle below the general level of the prairie. The mules, startled from their fancied security by the rattle of wheels and canvas as the ambulance was run down the slope into their midst, seized with one of their unaccountable panics tore blindly away up the farther bank and out upon the storm-swept level beyond. Then in the whirling cloud of snow Ellis had remounted, shouted again a few encouraging words to the ladies within, assuring them he and his sturdy troop-horse would have no difficulty in reaching camp and bringing aid, urging them meantime to keep snugly bundled in their robes, and with Mrs. Berrien's brave voice and cheery "God speed you, sergeant!" ringing in his ears he rode gallantly away, forded the shallow stream at the mouth of the *coulée*, and then, facing the gale, spurred forth upon his perilous mission. The driver and the already somnolent Pete, with what was left of the contents of the depleted flask, crawled into the snow bed beneath the wagon-body, rolled themselves into their joint stock of robes and blankets, and prepared to spend a comfortable night. It was an old story to both.

But, despite all the driver's efforts on the way, the gale had forced them far to the right of the main road and those which paralleled it, the only ones at all familiar to the Twelfth, and when Brewster and his little squad reached the ford, along towards two o'clock in the morning, they sought in vain in every ravine and break,—shouted, fired their carbines, and sounded their trumpet, all to no purpose. Not an answering cry rewarded their efforts. From Ellis's description, Brewster knew that the ladies were so muffled in furs that within their canvas shelter they could hardly suffer greatly from the cold. He was assured that the driver and Pete were with them, also well provided with robes and blankets, and that they were in no immediate danger of freezing; but he could not bear the thought of the long, weary waiting, the dread anxiety, the darkness, isolation in all that howling wilderness. He could picture Winifred nestled in her mother's arms, wondering, wondering, as the hours dragged by, when, if ever, human aid would come to their relief. At four o'clock he and his party had searched and scouted for half a dozen miles up and down the valley. Some of his best and stanchest men were giving out, and these, with Sergeant Brooks, he ordered to push along with the gale and seek news and shelter at the station. Three others he posted near the main crossing of the Wolf, under the lee of a little bluff, where they and their horses speedily stamped a hole in the snow-drifts around the hospital ambulance and huddled for warmth,—fires they could not light, even had there been a vestige of fuel,—and then, with three undaunted campaigners at his back, he had once again turned down-stream, following its wanderings in the darkness and feeling for ravines he could not see along the southern bank. Time and again they dismounted and ran beside their horses to restore circulation to the numb and stiffened feet and fingers. Time and again they plunged waist-deep into drifts, and the horses floundered to their girths in the powdery snow. At last Brewster noted that here and there far in the northwestern skies the stars were beginning to peep; the clouds were driving away, the dawn was nigh, the hurricane abating. Broader and brighter the daylight stole over the storm-swept prairie, streaked here and there with fleecy, winding veins, and when at last the sun arose in its unclouded splendor the gale had died away to a mere ghost of its furious self, and they rubbed the icy fringe from their battered eyelids and gazed

Amore

long and wistfully up and down that shallow, winding valley, all heaped and tumbled with the driven snow, and saw not a sign of those whom they had rushed to save.

Never for an instant did Brewster relax his efforts. Giving each of his men a pull at the flask, he selected little Murphy as about the most compact and certainly the lightest of the trio, and bade him make his way to camp and tell the colonel that up to sunrise no vestige of the lost ones had been found, and suggest that additional parties be sent out at once.

"Tell somebody to bring my field-glass," he added, as Murphy was about to ride away. "If I had dreamed we would have found nothing of the ambulance until this time, I never should have left it. Good luck to you now, corporal. Ride as lively as you can."

Murphy turned promptly away, spurred his unwilling horse through the ice into the black and racing waters of the Wolf, and was presently following a little break in the north side which led by a more gradual ascent to the prairie beyond.

"Now, men, one of you ride back towards the party at the ford ; poke into every ravine to your left,—they're all full of snow : it may be the ambulance is so deep in the drift they could hear no sound. If you find anything, the faintest trace, ride up on the prairie and circle your horse to the left.—Morse, you come with me."

"Beg pardon, lieutenant, I think Murphy sees something now," said Morse, indicating the farther shore with a nod of his fur-covered head. Whirling eagerly about, Brewster was surprised to see his little Irishman, a hundred yards or so away, crouching low on his horse's back, still in the ravine and up to his girth in snow, and peering cautiously eastward, his eyes just level with the bank. Then he was plainly seen to signal. In an instant Brewster and his men were plunging into the rapid stream, crushing the ice that skirted the shores and bounding out upon the frozen ground beyond. Again Murphy held forth a hand,—a warning gesture, not a beckoning one. "Keep down, keep down," he signalled ; and, wondering, the little party of troopers cautiously followed into the ravine.

"What do you see?" queried Brewster, eager and agitated.

"Upon my soul, sir, I wish I knew ; but it's more like Indians than anything I can think of."

"Indians? where away?" And, with a wild fear at heart, Brewster gazed over the bank in the direction indicated.

"Indians, and coming this way, sir, or I'm a tenderfoot," muttered Morse, a man who had served in the Twelfth for many a year.

"What on earth can they be doing so far south of the agency? You don't think any of the hostiles have got down this way?"

"They're all hostiles, sir, when there's only three or four ag'in' them. It don't matter whether these are from the agency or the Bad Lands now, if they can catch a white man a-napping, and something has brought them out here."

"My God, man ! you don't suppose they've heard of the ambulance?"

"They hear things quicker than we do, lieutenant. Day or night, calm or storm, those fellows can all around beat us in getting news."

"And they are coming from the northeast, lieutenant," chimed in Murphy. "That means if they are from the villages near the agency they've circled around our people."

Breathless the little party watched the coming dots. The stream bore to the northeast after a deep bend about half a mile away, and on the farther bank, moving nearly parallel with the valley, about a dozen dark objects could be seen moving at rapid lope, the springing, tireless gait of the Indian pony. Ponies they were unquestionably, and each with his rider. Every moment brought them nearer and nearer, until, as they spread out in extended order across the level surface, it was possible to count their number,—eleven ; possible to note that every now and then some one of the number in front or on the flanks would rein in suddenly and circle round and stoop, as though examining tracks upon the prairie.

"It is not possible the ambulance can have got so far over as that," muttered Brewster. "It is not possible that they can have heard of it in all that fearful storm. Why, Morse, it's madness to think of it!"

"I don't know how far the team may have been driven out that way, sir, but the blizzard came from the northwest,—from their left front ; it beat

across their path all the way, and mules won't face it; and if it isn't the ambulance they're after, what can it be?"

"My God, if we only knew where it was!" groaned Brewster. "Come what may, men, we've got to stand 'twixt it and those scoundrels. Here, Murphy, lively now, slip back down into the valley and ride for all you're worth to the ford and bring those fellows back with you, every man of them. Tell them to keep under the bank and ride like hell. Off with you now." And this time there was no recall: Murphy was out of sight in a flash.

Nearer and nearer rode the savage horsemen, now about a mile away. Already Morse and his silent comrade had swung their carbines out of their leathern buckets, thrust a cartridge in the chamber and loosened others in the woven thimbles. Brewster never for an instant quit his gaze, but his hand had stolen back and loosed the flap of the holster at his hip. The movements of the Indians had puzzled him: they were riding not as though moving on some point already determined, but rather as if searching, feeling their way. Every now and then, too, some of their number cantered to the edge of the bank and seemed to scrutinize the valley.

"Snow-drifts are too deep and plentiful in there, around that bend, sir. That's why they're up on the prairie."

Brewster's heart seemed almost to stand still. All on a sudden the leaders swerved; the blanketed riders could be seen bending low and over as they swung their nimble steeds in circle to the right. And then, then, an instant more, and, tossing the powdery snow all in a fleecy white cloud, there came tearing up out of the depths of some unseen *coulée* a lively herd of Indian ponies rejoicing in their unwonted freedom and determined not to be herded back to slavery without a struggle.

It was hard to repress the shout of joy that sprang to the soldiers' lips. Then it wasn't the ambulance, after all; nothing but this frolicsome band of rascals that, after breaking away from the Indian boys the evening before, had doubtless been driven before the gale, demanding the sending forth of quite a party of the young men in search, even before the storm had fully abated. For a moment the troopers forgot their mission as they watched the chase. Fresh and unhampered by weight of any kind, the scurrying band came sweeping along the edge of the distant bluff, following an active, mischievous leader and leaving their jaded pursuers far behind. The Indian knows too much to chase a running horse; he leaves him to his own devices, well knowing he will more quickly stop when unpursued and can then more readily be headed off and turned back to the ways he should go. On came the nimble herd, full tilt, towards the elbow in the shallow valley where a broad white streak told of deep drifted snow, and there the leader veered to the left and south and would doubtless have stretched away at racing speed on that course, but for one young warrior on a dun-colored pony, who, with the speed of the wind, came darting out across the level surface beyond, gamely, skilfully heading him. Around went the leader once more in wide circle westward, around the southernmost edge of the fleecy drift, and then, with thunder of hoofs, the whole troop went bounding away to the west without a living soul to interpose between them and the bald, rolling heights at the far horizon, miles and miles away.

"Go it, pony! I'm glad to see a redskin done for once!" was Morse's jubilant shout. And then, sudden and sharp, "Good God! What's that? Lieutenant, look!"

Not six hundred yards away now, the little band of ponies, following their spirited leader, had suddenly halted at the very edge of some dip or sink in the prairie that lay to the southeast of the snowy rift in which the troopers were crouching, still hidden, they and their horses, from the sharp eyes of the chasing Indians. Then as suddenly, tossing high their scraggy manes, as though with one accord, the nimble brutes whirled to the south, their leader indulging in a fine flourish of heels as he sped away. And now Morse lay against the bank pointing eagerly to a couple of black objects startlingly outlined on the glistening white of the snow, two objects that came plunging up from the invisible depths of the hollow, struggling breast-deep in the drifts, and at last reached the edge of the prairie, and, followed instantly by another couple, with their long ears erect, with outstretched neck and eager brayings clattered away in pursuit of the herd.

Brewster knew them at a glance,—Sterrett's ambulance mules. Indeed, the broken pole was still dangling between the two in rear and bounding with them over the frozen turf.

And that swerve, that sudden halt and turn to the south end, had cost the band their liberty. Darting along abreast of them, but nearly half a mile away to the south, the warrior on the dun-colored pony had shot far out beyond them, and now, sweeping around in wide circle to his right, rode between them and the broad wastes to the west. Two other Indians were circling in their front, barring the way to the low hills to the south. Others still, straggling far out eastward, reined up so as not to interfere with the "rounding" of the herd, and in a moment or two more these three experts had turned their runaway property in wide sweep back into the shining track of the sun, and in very few minutes the matter was settled; the ponies were sulkily trotting along the bank beyond the bend, headed for home and hard work again, with the ambulance mules braying at their heels. Here the younger Indians, the boys, took charge, and from the distant slopes, from south and east and from the prairie to the west, the others came cantering towards that sharp angle half a mile away and gathered in eager consultation about one who seemed to be their leader.

All this, and much more, Brewster and his men were watching with bounding pulses, in breathless excitement, Brewster with feelings of mingled hope and despair. Now he knew that the ambulance must be somewhere near at hand, possibly up that long ravine on the south side that slanted in from the prairie not a hundred yards away below them. Surely the banks looked as though there were a good ford at that point. Might not that be the very one of which Ellis spoke? Now, if it were but possible to drop back out of the drifts in which they were hiding and recross the stream, they might yet creep unobserved into the mouth of that gully and feel their way afoot until, somewhere in the snow, they came upon, as he now felt sure they must, the storm-bound wagon with its precious contents. From their crouching-place it was impossible to see across the ridge that separated them from the ravine referred to; but to the southeast the prairie lay before them, and the keenest eye could detect no sign of hollow between that which lay so near them and that from which those vagabond mules had emerged far out upon the plain. Somehow, Brewster felt certain that now at last he was actually within pistol-shot of the ambulance, within speaking-distance, almost, of the girl he so fondly loved, whose very life at this instant depended not only on his courage, but also on his judgment. One false move would ruin all.

So long as the Indians kept up their powwow at the bend, so long was Winifred safe. The longer they delayed the nearer would it bring Murphy and the men from the main crossing three miles away up-stream. Then, six to six, he could laugh at the Sioux. But any one who knew Indians at all knew that the discovery of the mules would only set them to work to find the snow camp from which the animals had broken away. Ay, even as these things flashed through his mind, Brewster could see that they were signalling "halt" to the herd-guard, and that two of the youngsters were lashing their ponies out in front of the band and gradually bringing it to a stand-still. Almost at the same moment, too, those in consultation separated, three riding swiftly after the herd, while the other three, slowly and cautiously, began to advance towards the hollow whence the mules had emerged. Evidently they expected to find the white man's wagon there.

"Now is our time, men," muttered Brewster. "Quick! off with your side-lines and double them about your horses' forefeet, so that they can't even hobble out of the drift. Keep them here. Take your lariat and hopple my horse, one of you. Throw him if need be. I'll watch those beggars down-stream. Ah, I thought so," he muttered: "they've grabbed the mules and are examining the harness; that will tell them easily enough they were cut loose after breaking the pole. Quick, men! throw snow by the bushel all over your horses. Roll in it yourselves. Get all the white on you can; then run down the gully as soon as you have your horses hidden, and watch for my signal. The moment I say go, bend double and scamper to the ice yonder, then make for the bluffs. I'll follow instantly."

Meekly the two troop-horses, after having been led to a deeper point down the *coulée*, bent their heads and submitted to the lashing together of

their fore-feet, but Brewster's "Black Jack" was of different mould. He would not yield.

"Over with him, Morse. No time to lose now. Lash him tight, or he'll break away," called Brewster. And poor Jack's plunging availed him nothing. A moment more, with a dismal groan, he was on his side in the soft, cold bed, the lariat was being lashed and knotted so that even furious struggles could not free him, and then, to add to the indignity, his erstwhile friends and comrades were heaping new insult and a storm of snow upon him. Jack couldn't understand it.

"Ready, men! They're just peeping over into the hollow now. The moment they're fairly in it, I give the word."

Twenty—thirty seconds of breathless silence. Then a quick gesture; a quick, low-toned, but imperative "Go!"

Go they did, skimming over the pool above the rapids, leaping the narrow chasm where the black waters, dancing and frothing, had defied the ice king; ducking under the opposite bank; carbines in hand, revolvers at the hip, cartridges gleaming in every belt; and after them, leaping, yet bending low, went Brewster. Another moment, and they reached the mouth of the ravine, burst through the powdery drift, and then, Brewster leading, eyes everywhere, almost on all fours they scurried along half-way up the opposite slope, keeping well under the crest and just at the edge of the deep drifts to their right. Fifty—sixty yards they made their rapid way, and then around a little bend and among great heaps and mounds of glistening, shimmering white there rose an odd-shaped heap, only a trifle higher than its fellows, and from the midst of it there projected a dingy, whitish-brown canvas, slanting to the north, and, with a cry of delight half stifled on his lips, Carroll Brewster leaped into the snow, floundered to his armpits in the powdery drift, and in a moment more had forced his way through the fragile white wall before him, had seized the handle of the door, and Winifred Berrien, starting from her mother's clasping arms, blinded for an instant by the glare of radiant sunshine, barely able as yet to rally from the stupor-like slumber into which she had fallen, heard her name called in the joyous tones she knew so well, and saw her lover, a stalwart, glowing, rejoicing young snow-god, all sparkling with the white crystals, all glistening in the glorious beams, gazing upon her with a love-light in his brave blue eyes that brought instant glow to her own wan and pallid cheek. And then, before she could even speak, before her mother could emerge from the enfolding robes, a shout was heard, then the sudden ring of a rifle-shot, followed instantly by another, the spat as of a whip-lash on the canvas top. Something tore its way through roof and front with spiteful "zip."

"Down! down upon the floor! both of you, quick!" shouted Brewster, as he slammed the door, and the next instant they heard the order in his ringing tones, half stifled in the snow, "Fire, men! Keep 'em off! Fire!" They heard the quick bang! bang! of carbines close at hand, the prompt response of rifles distant as were the first, the whistle of lead through the icy air, the shrill yells of battling Indians, the furious gallop of bounding hoofs. Everywhere to their front the rapid fire increased. More yells, partly of triumph, partly summoning additional warriors to the spot, then the muffled beat of coming hoofs, and, in the midst of it all, Brewster's stern voice, calm and steady: "Aim well, men, but fire lively. Don't let them get again so close as to have a shot at the wagon. Watch that above all." Two—three minutes the sound of battle raged about them, increasing at the front. A soldier voice was heard to say, "There's more of them coming, sir. You can see them down there to the east." And Mrs. Berrien's heart grew faint with fear. Winifred had buried her face upon her breast and closed her ears to the horrid sounds. And then, all on a sudden, the yells of the charging Indians seemed to grow fainter, then sounds of dismay arose among them, then the cries were drowned in the clatter of iron-shod hoofs and the chorus of soldier cheers. Murphy and his little squad came whirling up the bank, and Mrs. Berrien's heart poured forth in praise and thanksgiving at the joyous, Milesian hail:

"To hell wid 'em, fellers! Sure all B throop's comin',—not two miles behind!"

XIII.

There was silence and anxiety in the long range of winter camps about the agency. The Twelfth were gone, nobody knew just where; but over to the north, over towards those frowning "Bad Lands,"—all the more wild and treacherous now that the snow had filled every rift and crevice, for the jagged surface was one mass of pitfalls,—other battalions of horse were also gone, and the vigilant watch over those Indians still clustering about their old haunts in the valley was redoubled. The heavier guns of the field-battery commanded the smoky lodges, the lighter pieces were away with the cavalry. The infantry, muffled to their eyebrows, manned the rifle-pits and guard-line and threw their sheltering wings over the deserted camps. For good or for ill, the crisis was at hand. Whatsoever doubt had existed as to the almost universal hostility of the Sioux was banished by the events of the preceding week. The attempted ambush of Sergeant Ellis of Berrien's advance-guard, the attack upon the scouts and couriers at the Porcupine, and, lastly, the affair at the Wolf, in which Brewster a second time had gained distinction, all pointed unerringly to one conclusion: whatsoever might be their assurances to officials high in rank, to agents whose power would be at an end were war to ensue, to self-constituted framers of public opinion, every soldier on the spot knew, and well knew, that the Indians would be peaceable only in presence of a formidable force of blue-coats, but that nothing but ambush and massacre awaited the whites who ventured forth unguarded. Up to this moment, however, of all those gathered at the scene the only troops which had had actual collision with the Sioux were of Berrien's battalion.

Far away south at the Pawnee, old Kenyon had been doing his utmost to still the anxious fears among the families of the absent soldiers. There had been lively excitement when the papers arrived giving sensational details of Berrien's wound and of the affair at the Porcupine, but it was as nothing to that which prevailed over the tidings of the imminent peril in which Mrs. Berrien and Winifred had been placed. That it was just like Mrs. Berrien to insist on joining her wounded husband at once was conceded by all, but opinions differed as to the propriety of her course in taking Winifred with her. This the major decided by prompt assertion that Miss Berrien doubtless refused to be left behind. "And, being a very lovely blending of the characteristics of both her parents," said he, "it would have been decidedly unlike Miss Berrien to have stayed at home."

And then came the dread news that a great band from the northeast, reinforced by a reckless gang of fanatical young ghost-dancers from the Bad Lands, had broken away, and that all the regiments had gone to head them off. Far, without a fight, they could not go. The question was which regiment would be the first to meet them. Then the next night's mail brought the next day's papers, and the Twelfth, having swung loose and being absent from the neighborhood whence were derived the items on which correspondents based their reports and editors their comments, shared the usual fate of the absentee, and, having sustained the only casualties and inflicted the only punishments yet heard of about the agency, was now coming in for its share of the "*toujours tort*" to which it was, of course, justly entitled. Kenyon first glared at and then exploded over a despatch which read somewhat as follows:

"All hope of bloodless solution of the difficulty is now at an end. Even the most peaceably disposed among the reservation Indians are furious over what they do not hesitate to term the slaughter of their clansmen in the three affairs that have recently occurred; and it is an open secret that, at general head-quarters, the gravest annoyance is felt over the total overthrow of carefully-laid plans, all caused by the injudicious conduct of certain hot-headed officers of cavalry. The friends of White Wolf, the principal 'brave' shot by Major Berrien's troopers, declare that he and those with him were friendly and only striving to reach the major with the news that couriers were coming, hoping thereby to earn something to eat, for they were cold and hungry, when they were fired on without warning, and, even while making signals of peace and friendship, White Wolf was slain. Then the Brulés who were with them could not be restrained, and attacked the couriers in revenge. As for the affair at Wolf Creek after the blizzard, there is unspoken denunciation among the Indians, and the

'damnation of faint praise' in other quarters, of the conduct of a cavalry officer present. The Indians declare they had gone out only to gather up their ponies. The sight of the mules told them there must be an ambulance stalled somewhere in the drifts, and they were eagerly searching for it to render succor and aid, when they were fired upon from ambush by the lieutenant and his men, and two of their ponies were killed and one young Indian shot through the leg. The Indians declare they could easily have killed Major Berrien, but merely strove to defend themselves and explain, and that had they been hostile they could have finished the lieutenant and his little squad at the Wolf Creek crossing long before reinforcements came. Altogether, there is something so plausible in their statements that it is understood that the conduct both of the major and at least one of his subalterns will be made the subject of official investigation."

"Well, well, *well*!" said Kenyon. "Thank God *I'm* not serving a grateful nation in the heart of the Indian country. It's bad enough to be shot, and worse to be lied about, and that is all the comfort there is in being a cavalrman, if I do say it who am nothing but a cross-grained old crank of a doughboy. If this is what the Twelfth is to get for 'a mere affair of outposts,' what the devil will be said of them if they should get into a regular pitched battle? Here, Mr. Adjutant, dump that paper in the fire, and don't let a woman at the post know anything about it.—Know it already? How the mischief could they?"

"There were half a dozen of them, sir, at Mrs. Hazlett's reading another copy of that paper as I came down. And poor Mrs. Thorpe is crying her eyes out. She's been utterly upset since the news came that the Twelfth had been sent out. Good God, sir, she's coming in now!"

It was indeed poor Mrs. Thorpe who entered, pallid, her eyelids swollen with weeping. Old Kenyon was on his feet in an instant and leading her to a chair.

"My dear madam, my *dear* madam," he began, "indeed you must not give way so. I assure you there is no cause for such dread and anxiety. Do strive to control yourself."

"I cannot! oh, Major Kenyon, I cannot! I have been through so much, such fearful scenes!" she sobbed, wringing her nervous hands, rocking to and fro in an agony of grief. "Oh, it is easy for those who have not lived the life we had to live in the old days to counsel patience, calmness. I was only a child then, kneeling at my mother's side when the news came in that widowed half the women in the post. I spent my girlhood in the regiment. How many are left of the officers who were so good to me then? Mother was only one of a dozen whose hearts were broken,—broken as, oh, God! I feel mine is to be. They took my father long years ago, now they demand my husband, my babies' father, my all, their all! Oh, God! oh, God!"

Sobbing, rocking to and fro in her uncontrollable grief, the poor girl clung to Kenyon's hand, and the old fellow's eyes blinked and smarted with the tears he could not quite force back. He laid the other hand upon her bowed and swaying head.

"My child," he said, brokenly, "for your babies' sake, try to bear up. Be your father's daughter. I knew and loved him well,—knew you when you rode your first pony at the old fort up the Missouri. You know well I wouldn't try to deceive you. I can't think the Twelfth is to bear the brunt of this business. They don't belong in that department at all. They are only borrowed from here; and surely there are troops enough there, more than enough, to overawe that pestilent gang. All that is necessary will be to surround the Indians, let them see what a force we have, and they'll knuckle down. Don't cry so, Mrs. Thorpe; don't cry, my child. Let me take you over home now. Just get the little ones around you to-night, and I'll bring over some famous oranges that came to-day, and—Why, I don't believe the Twelfth will have to pull another trigger. Think how many other regiments and commands there are there."

"I do, I do, and I pray and pray, but no comfort comes. Did you ever know a time when they were not in the thick of the fight? Did you ever hear of any time when the loss did not fall heaviest on us?"

"Don't think of that now," he pleaded. "Don't borrow trouble from either past or future. Come, let me take you home, there's a good girl. I tell you if that band hasn't surrendered they've scattered all over creation, and

you can no more catch them than you can—than you can—a newspaper lie. That's the strongest simile I can think of. Did you hear what they were saying about Berrien and Brewster?" he queried, eager to divert her thoughts from her own misery.

"I did. Isn't it cruel? But Major Berrien has his wife and Winnie with him, and they're bringing him home; but if poor George is shot, what can I do?"

"Do? Why, you shall go right to him, if I have to give myself a seven days' leave and take you." And so, soothing, comforting as best he knew how, the veteran major led her home to her wondering brood, to the laughing, crowing baby leaping in the nurse's arms, delighted to see the little mother again, to the joyous children romping in the firelight, innocent of care or fear, and then, striving for their sake to still her sobs, to dry her tears, he left her to put the little ones to bed, to clasp their folded hands in hers as the wee, white-gowned girlies knelt at her side, echoing—God only knew with what piteous entreaty—the lisping prayer for His divine protection for the loved father, the devoted husband, the gallant soldier who that very day had fought his last fight and lay lifeless on the frozen sod.

Over the eastward bluffs, cold and hard and gray, the morning light had slowly crept to the zenith. Over the sky was spread one limitless pall of cloud, cheerless and repellent,—a pall so dense that not one friendly star had peeped, not one rift of sunshine now could force its way. All below, bleak, frowning, and sullen, a bare and blasted landscape; low hills and ridges east and west, low-lying shallow and swale between, cheerless, treeless, shrubless, not even a veil of snow to hide its nakedness, to lend one pitying touch to break the dull, dead monotony of its wintry desolation; sweeps and slopes rolling away unbroken to the frowning horizon at the west, sterner, harsher lines among the bluffs across the tortuous stream-bed, between whose ragged banks an icy, lonely, and dismal rivulet is curdling now, spreading out into frozen shallows at the flats, moaning and complaining around its warped and sudden bends, desolate as the surrounding desolation, deserted as the Dead Sea, its banks repellent even to such sharers of Dakota solitudes as the coyote and the cottonwood, shunned of man or beast or tree,—a stream of silence and gloom at the dawn of this December day, and so cheerless is its every surrounding, so appalling the unnatural hush, that one would never dream of life upon its blasted banks.

Yet, listen! Unseen, but dominant, the sun has risen above the eastern hills, and, as the light broadens even where it cannot warm, there floats upon the air from far away at the southwest, faint and clear, a cavalry trumpet call; soft at first, then *crescendo*, it ceases suddenly in shrill high note. It thrills through and through a rare atmosphere unruffled by the fleeting wing of hardiest bird. Like the wistful call of scattered quail, it seems to say, "Where are you?" And prompt, expectant of the coming of faithful mate, listen again! From the dim recesses to the north, somewhere among those bare and desolate slopes, the answer rises, quick, ringing, even imperative, and the signal reads, "This way."

Groping through the bitter darkness of the December night, a cavalry column has sought and, just at the opening of this cheerless December day, has found its mate. The comrade battalions of the Twelfth are within hail.

"Forward!" rings the signal from the southwest. Forward with them, then, around that point at the low bluff to our front, and in the ghostly, gathering light the scene is before us, the tale is almost told.

There, thickly dotting the prairie and covering the low ground, its wigwams smoke-begrimed and dingy, lies an Indian encampment; but even in such shelter as this the hostile horde has fared far better than they who through the long, freezing night have kept watch and ward lest again the wary chief should slip through the meshes. It has come at last. The big warrior's fanatical braves have made their rush, Berrien's men the tackle. Back flew the signal with the setting sun. Up through the night came Farquhar with "the guards."

Here in front the four old troops we know so well have shivered for hours about the village. Here, alert and determined, Rolfe and Hazlett, Thorpe and Gorham, have clung to front, flank, and rear, well knowing that so soon as the colonel got the news he would not only speed the second

battalion on its way, but, gathering any other forces he could find, would ride the long night through, if need were, to join his men.

Stern and silent, Rolfe is standing at the bank of the stream, wearied enough, yet certain that there is no rest before them. On him, as senior, the command has devolved in the absence of the beloved major now being tenderly nursed and comfortably trundled homeward in the warm interior of a Pullman. No excitement, no cheer, attends the coming of the column now at steady, soldierly gait winding into the shallow depression. Rolfe knows that without Farquhar and his reinforcements attack upon or interference with so formidable a band would be worse than desperation. He knows that with Farquhar his own position will be only that of subordinate, and that he must obey. He knows how, were he supreme, a thousand troopers at his back, he would conduct matters now. But Farquhar is a soldier long accustomed both to obedience and to command; Rolfe is one to whom obedience comes with laggard grace, to whom command is opportunity for lavish vent of his imperious will. Orders or no orders, if he had the power he would deal death to the rabid renegades before him. Orders to "bring on the Indians, but not bring on a fight," to his thinking are orders like those which should forbid a man's going to water until he had learned to swim. Orders to disarm but not molest are simply something to be laughed to scorn. When were the Sioux ever known to surrender those precious arms? Such things when reported in years gone by turned out to be as rusty shams as the arms turned in. Rolfe was in mood as sullen as the morn, and the signs about the now bustling village were not to his liking. Over among the tepees blanketed squaws were scurrying about, their shrill voices suppressed, but their black eyes flashing hatred at the silent squads of troopers, carbines ready in hand, watching every move within the guarded lines. Young women and boys were belaboring the gaunt and dejected ponies. Eager gestures and low exclamations called attention to the coming force, and in groups the warriors, shrouded to the very lips in their heavy robes, stood or sat in council; but all the while, darting from point to point, with fierce declamatory gesture went Mephisto himself in the Indian "medicine-man." Mark! wheresoever he goes eager ears are bent to hear his exhortation.

"My God! why can't I arrest him at least? With that old scoundrel done for, the rest might not be so hard," is Rolfe's impatient exclamation.

"Simply because the attempt would lead to instant fight," is Hazlett's cool reply.

"But, man, he's putting them up to organized resistance. He's giving them some instructions now; you can see it just as well as I do."

"Who doesn't? but—" A suggestive shrug of the shoulders indicates the brother captain's opinion. "You know the old saying, Rolfe, 'Ours not to make reply.'"

"Who's in command of those advanced men fronting that part of the village?" asks Rolfe, after a moment's gloomy pause.

"Brewster. Don't you see? He's talking with Sergeant Ellis there now."

Rolfe grinds his heavy boot-heel into the frosted bunch-grass, not more harshly than he grinds his teeth. "By heaven! Hazlett, bear me witness to this,—for there's no telling how things will turn out to-day,—if I had my way those two men would have been brought to book and made to explain, instead of having posts of honor here. Farquhar refused to listen to another word on the subject until we got home again; then it may be too late."

"Well-I, I can't understand what you have against them both,—or either," is Hazlett's reply.

"And I can't explain here or now; but wait till we're home again, Hazlett, if we ever get there."

Farther down to the left two other troop commanders have been watching the symptoms among the swarming lodges.

"There'll be the devil's work this day, Thorpe," says Gorham at last, with gloomy brow.

And Thorpe only bows his head.

Three hours later look upon the scene. The open prairie on the hither side of the village is no longer tenantless, as it was at dawn. Two parallel

lines confront each other there. In dogged submission to the orders of their captors and the mandate of the big white chief which has been laid before them, silent, sullen, muffled to the eyes in dingy robe or blanket, the braves have slowly moved out from their lurking-places among the tepees and shuffled down the gentle slope until well away from the outskirts of their town, and just in front of a long, silent rank of dismounted troopers they squat upon the ground. No word is spoken by either side. Here crouch the savage leaders of the hostile tribe, and, in long-extended line, scores of their fiercest and bravest. Others still lurk among the squaws and lodges. Others peer with glittering, malignant eyes from under heaps of foul-smelling robes or *parfleches*. Those in the outing glance but furtively at the blue line before them. They are silent as the dead, yet the war-cry trembles on their lips. They wait, but wait expectant. They crouch, but it is the tiger's crouch, ready for a spring. The word has been passed that all arms must be surrendered, and every arm is there, ready, hidden, but "with the lightning sleeping in it."

Back among those brown, dingy tepees, breathless with excitement, squaws are scurrying to and fro; children are being huddled away to the farther side. ("Look at that, Curly," mutters Warren, under his frozen moustache, as he passes rapidly along in rear. "Isn't that enough to show they mean mischief?") Some of the Indian police and interpreters are still searching for warriors in hiding. Yet has not the old chief bowed his assent to the orders and given his directions that his people should comply? Nothing must be—can be—done so long as the Indian makes no overt move. The dismounted men of two troops are in long single rank. Some of the men shiver a little, for cold and excitement are telling now, as in many cases overcoats have been thrown aside, but brave men tremble oftentimes until the first shot comes, and then the nervous strain is gone, for the hot blood leaps and tingles through the veins. Back some distance the horse-herders are aligned. Off to the flanks and rear comrade troops gaze silently on the scene. From the crest of a low bluff the black muzzle of the Hotchkiss gun peers from its knot of watchful batterymen. Farquhar, vigilant and grave, has just sent Warren with other orders. A half-breed Indian steps forth, as though to carry its import to the chief. At him the eyes of the old maniac of a medicine-man glare with tigerish fury. He lowers his feathered head. He crouches.

Then, suddenly, a cat-like leap, a wild yell. Off goes every blanket, as though hurled by the explosion from within. In simultaneous crash the flame and lead have leaped upon the trooper line, and now through the veiling smoke every Indian is fighting like a demon. Down goes many a sturdy soldier, veteran sergeant, brave-faced boy. The line reels with the sudden shock, but in an instant men like Thorpe and Brewster and Randolph leap forward among the men and their voices ring with the clamor of battle. Back up the slope, scurrying, stooping low, firing, dropping in their tracks, the Indians are making for the shelter of their tepees,—for the skirts of the squaws. What Sioux woman fears to die in defence of her brave? What Sioux warrior disdains to shield himself from foe's blow and to shoot from the covert of the sheltering form of his devoted wife?

"For God's sake, men, head 'em off! Don't let them back among the women," is the yell. But Indian tactics, stooping to anything, stopping at nothing, are too much for men trained to fight only as soldiers and gentlemen. Already squaws are rushing forward, knife and revolver in hand. Already the hidden savages are firing from under tent or *travois*. Already a score of the best and bravest of the Twelfth have bit the dust. Curly Brewster's arm is smashed by rifle-bullet; Thorpe, cheering on his men, heading them in their rapid return fire, plunges suddenly to earth with one gasping cry, "Oh, God! My little ones!" Rolfe, riding like mad a dozen yards ahead of his men in wild effort to cut off the backward move, tumbles in senseless heap at the very feet of a knife-wielding fury of a woman who is only laid low just as her clutch is on his hair, her gleaming blade at his throat. Ay, on this bleak and barren and cheerless field, under these leaden skies, beside the black waters, streaked now with curdling red, the battle-flend is loose: there is, indeed, "the devil's work this day," but where the blame lies as between the soldier who must fight or die, and those who, far and near, East and West, so promptly lashed him as squaw-shooter, babe-slayer, let the God of battles decide.

XIV.

A month later, and Holden has his wounded safely housed under the roof of the hospital at old Pawnee, many severely shattered or suffering great pain. Many will bear to their dying day mementoes of that savage December battle. Some of the twoscore are doing very well; others, perhaps, have done better, and are sleeping under the flag. A busy man is Holden, and a very proud one, as he has the right to be, for, one and all, the troopers love to speak of him as their "fighting sawbones." He was in the thick of it all when the rush of the rearward mounted troops swept into and through those fire-spitting lodges, and the Indians, warriors, squaws, and children, were scattering, fighting fiercely all the way, to the shelter of the ravines among the bluffs. Tireless as ever, he and his assistants are constantly at the bedsides of the wounded. So is the chaplain, one of the church militant, whose "soul's in arms and eager for the fray," for his friends of the Twelfth are under two fires. Gallantly and well have they withstood that which, with sudden treachery at the hands of their savage foes, flashed in their very faces. But they have no redress as against this—this civilized lashing at their very backs. The parson's sermon Sunday morning in answer to the drivelling sentimentality of certain misguided ecclesiastics far from the scene of conflict almost lifted old Kenyon and his comrades out of their seats. The major hugged his chaplain after service and stopped to shake hands with him every time he met him during the afternoon. In many a pulpit east of the Missouri, with tearful fervor was the picture drawn of those helpless, pleading Indian mothers, those shrieking, terrified little Indian babes, ruthlessly slaughtered by a brutal and infuriated soldiery. Nor were the clergy without warrant for their "bottom facts," since in some mysterious way the representatives of the press, hovering about that impersonal section of military anatomy known as head-quarters, were flooding the columns of their journals with paragraphs about the wanton killing of women and children in the fight in front of the Twelfth. "Holy Joe," as the parson had been termed, knew well the day when, in the seclusion and simplicity of his seminary life, he would have swallowed whole just such statements and turned up the whites of his eyes in sympathetic horror at the recital. But the man of God on the banks of the Merrimac and his brother in the cross on the Upper Missouri see very different sides of the vexing Indian question. "Holy Joe" at Pawnee this sparkling month of January was mad clear through at the indignities and aspersions cast upon his blue-coated comrades. He wrestled with the brethren of his cloth and downed them. He even dared to establish a censorship of the press and to keep from the hands of his precious wounded those journals which had assailed the Twelfth.

He had had his hands full, poor fellow, long before the wounded came, for those were dire days and nights after the news was flashed to the post and the widowed and fatherless in their affliction were thrown upon his hands. Poor Mrs. Thorpe! Ah, she was only one of several. There was wailing among the wives and little ones down where once the soldiers' families were so thickly clustered. There were other households in dread anxiety. There were women broken down with grief and sleepless watching. There was one so ill she could not even now be told she would never look upon the face of her gallant soldier again. But draw the veil. It was on such bleeding hearts and on the men who bore the brunt of the fiercest fighting of the campaign that the lash of press and pulpit fell.

But old Kenyon was in his element. To the best and kindest of men there is in being able to say "Didn't I tell you so?" a joy that surpasses the sweets of religious consolation. It was something to hear him declaiming among the artillery and infantry officers during the days that followed the announcement of official investigation at the expense of the Pawnee battalions. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have never ceased to thank God I didn't take the chance for promotion that came in the reorganization twenty years ago. I was one of the senior captains of infantry then. I could have got one of those cavalry vacancies just as well as not,—been a yellow major ten years before the leaves dropped on my shoulders in the blue; but if by any chance I were ordered into the dragons to-day I'd swap out or quit for good. From the time those Bloods and Pieguns got their deserved thrashing at the hands of Tim Baker's battalion I've known enough to steer clear

of it. You know those facts as well as I do. You know those Indians had been murdering, robbing, burning, pillaging, for two years. You know how all Montana begged and implored General Sheridan to put a stop to it. There was no catching them until winter, and then when he sent those Second Cavalry fellows up there with orders to thrash Sheol out of them, what was the result? Didn't the papers East and West turn to and damn him and them? Didn't they dub him 'Piegan Phil' from that time forth? No, sir, no cavalry service for me. There's only one thing harder than the knocks that they have been getting for the last twenty years on the frontier, and that's the knocks they've had to bear at home."

But towards the end of January the old post was beginning to pluck up heart again, and, to the keen delight of Mrs. Berrien and Winifred, their particular major was able to drive with them, bundled up in his furs, and lolling back in the cushions of Berengaria's barouche, as he termed his wife's comfortable carriage, with that rejoicing matron by his side, distributing smiles and sunshine and joyous nods of recognition wherever she went; everybody waving hand or hat or handkerchief as they bowed along, and Winifred—bonny Winifred—beaming upon her father from the front seat. Very, very sweet Miss Berrien was looking just now, said all who saw her; yet there was a shade of wistfulness in her face, a constant expression about those deep, dark eyes that seemed to tell they were ever on watch for one who never came. Shattered as was his sabre arm, Curly Brewster had scoffed at the idea of being sent back to Pawnee.

"What's the use?" he said. "I would be utterly alone there, while here I have all the fellows about me. What better care do I need?"

In the midst of all their trials and annoyances, in the thick of the whirl of events that followed their sharp and sudden fight, the officers and men of the Twelfth found themselves more closely drawn together even than before. Very little was said when outsiders were by as to the depth of feeling aroused in their ranks by the unaccountable criticism of the press. Very little had to be said in the official investigation of the affair to clear them, one and all, of the array of allegations lodged at their doors. But that every man, from the colonel down, bore away from the field of their winter's travail a sense of injury beyond the scar of savage missile, who could doubt?—who could blame? It did not prevent their having some quiet fun of their own, however. Gray-haired Farquhar was whimsical in his sympathy with Rolfe, whose scalp had been saved by the man of all others he had most reviled,—Sergeant Ellis. Randolph, from the recesses of the hospital tent, poked no end of gibes at Ridgeway, who had lost his eye-glasses in the morning fight and had been nearly run off with by the Sioux. As for Rolfe's plight, "he lost all the skin from the side instead of the top of his head," laughed Gorham. It was pitiable enough to make the boys forget the austerity of his past, for to his dying day Rolfe would carry the marks of his involuntary "scrap with a squaw," as Randolph termed it. "Rolfe's scars have come to the surface," chimed in Warren, who never could get along with him. They all hoped he would go back to Pawnee with the wounded train; and he did. So, too, did Ellis, wearing on the arm in a sling the new chevrons of a first sergeant, won, as said his colonel in presenting them, "together with the heartiest recommendation for a medal of honor I could write, for bravery on the field of battle." Rolfe turned his bandaged head away when Holden gave him all the story. He knew not what to think, much less what to say. Ellis had leaped through the swarm of fighting braves and with the butt of his carbine dashed aside the unsexed fiend whose clutching claws were in the captain's hair, and then had fought like a tiger over the prostrate body and saved the life of the man who had maligned him.

"One half-second more, and you were gone, Rolfe," said Holden, gravely.

"I never said he wasn't a fine soldier," answered Rolfe, faintly. "Perhaps I didn't know him aright."

"That isn't all there is to it, Rolfe," was the doctor's reply. "He is more than a soldier. He is a gentleman; and I know it."

Yet when Rolfe expressed a desire to see and speak with Ellis later he calmly begged the doctor to excuse him.

But just why Brewster would not go home with the wounded the boys couldn't quite understand. He would be off duty for months. He might not swing sabre again for a year. Miss Berrien was there, all readiness, no

doubt, to thank him warmly for all he had done to save her and her mother from the blizzard, from the Indians, and heaven knows what all,—to bless him for his rescue of papa,—to beam upon him with those wondrous dark eyes, thought poor Ridgeway, who felt somehow that, after all, his cake was all dough. And yet Curly wouldn't go. What was more, he had never so much as exchanged one word with Winifred Berrien from the moment of the discovery of the ambulance. It was "B throop," as Murphy said, that had the honor of conveying the ladies on to camp and the bedside of the astonished major. It was a blow to Winifred to learn that within twelve hours after their arrival the old battalion had ridden away, Brewster with it.

"I know why Curly doesn't dare go back," said one of the sages of the bachelor mess. "He's afraid Knowles will come out and insist on lugging him off to town to be nursed under his roof, or else of her going out to nurse him. Begad! it may be tough, but it's a heap safer here." And so "Antinous" remained with his fellows in the wintry field, and old Berrien, who never could be got to write a letter to anybody, found he could stand it no longer. He bade Berengaria write and say—well, something; something really must be said about how they appreciated his conduct; "by-gones be by-gones;" something, anything; he didn't know; she did: she always knew just what to say. "So write, Bess."

"But I have, Dick."

"Berengaria! And without my consent?"

"Richard Plantagenet, Coeur-de-Lion, Tête-de-Veau, of course,—ten days ago."

"What did you say?"

"Everything that was proper, I trust."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't he answer?"

"How could he, Dick? You can't with two hands; he has but one, the left at that."

"He might have got somebody to write for him. I did."

"So did he."

"Thought you said he didn't say anything."

"Well, he didn't. He said everything that was gentlemanly, courteous, appreciative, and yet—nothing. A model letter, Dick."

"What does Winnie say?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't she see it?"

"Why should she, Dick? Two months ago you practically forbade their meeting."

"Oh, I know; but—I didn't know him then."

"Not even after seven years' service with him, Dick?"

"Oh, well, that—that party in petticoats there in town, I didn't know her as well as—well, as after I heard all about her from those fellows in the Eleventh."

"But I knew her, Dick, from the start."

"I know you did, Bess. You said so; and I suppose I've been an ass," said Berrien, ruefully.

"You sometimes do cross the danger-line, Dick dear. That is, when I let you."

The major had nothing to say in response to this accusation. He pondered in silence a moment. "Well, a fellow can change his mind, can't he, as well as a woman?"

"Not as well as a woman, Dick. Still, he can change. And suppose a certain fellow were to change his mind now and take six months' leave and go away to be cured?"

"What! Brewster change his mind?—about Winnie, do you mean? Why, confound him! I'd round him up so quick—The idea of his going back on Winnie! Why, if I thought such a thing possible I'd have him here on his knees at her feet inside of a week."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Dick," said she, laughing softly.

"Wouldn't? Why not?"

"Just because two women wouldn't let you,—I for one, Winnie for two."

"You still think she cares for him?"

"I won't answer that, Dick. But this," with sudden change from her laughing manner, "I will say: no matter what she cared or how she suffered, neither you nor I, Dick, nor any one on this wide earth, would ever wring one word from her lips."

And over at Holden's things were going on in an odd groove. It was Kenyon who was a frequent visitor there now, not Rolfe. Mrs. Holden was still in St. Louis with her olive-branches, for the doctor had frankly told her that just so long as he had all these wounded on his hands the children would be in his way.

"He means me," said Jennie to Miss Guthrie, with prompt resentment. "But he says next month he'll come on here,—business will require it as well as pleasure,—pay us a ten days' visit, and take us home. Then you'll come too, won't you, Nita?" But Miss Guthrie shook her head.

"You promised us," said Mrs. Holden, reproachfully; "and Rolfe won't be there to worry you this time," she faltered. "He's going to take a long leave and go abroad."

"But even that," wrote Jennie to her liege, "did not seem to comfort her. She says she will never, probably, visit Pawnee again; and I know well as can be it is all on account of that terrible fright. What can there have been behind it all? Now that the Twelfth are coming home and you have everything running smoothly, don't you think it possible to find out something about that strange affair? You have never written a word, and I can see Nita's eyes questioning me every time she knows I have a letter. The other day I was in her room, and, looking over some old albums that I drew from the bottom of a desk, I came across a picture of hers just like the one that is in the little silver frame on the toilet-table in her room at Pawnee, except that this was blurred and worn. 'Why, Nita!' I cried, unthinkingly, as she entered, 'I thought you told me mine was the only one left of this kind, and here's one that looks as if it might have been worn next some fellow's heart and kissed a million—' and then I stopped short and dropped it, for she had turned white as death and was stretching out her hands. 'Where did you find that?' she whispered at last. 'Between the leaves of this old album,' I said. 'It was lying there loosely.' 'I had not seen it for six years. I thought I had burned it with—' And then she broke off suddenly, and shuddered, but seized it and took it away. If she would only talk to me of Jack; but she will not, even though I know that ever since the suicide of Mr. Percival last August Mr. Guthrie has been working day and night reopening the old matter. All the friends of the Guthries are now more than ever confident that Jack was absolutely innocent,—that Mr. Percival as president of the bank had made away with those missing funds and securities and charged it to Jack and to his friend Harold Worden. An effort has been made to get at Mr. Percival's papers, all of them, but his widow is still so broken that she cannot be seen by any one, say her physicians. It is believed she knows something of the inner history of the whole case, and that she is striving to hide what she knows for her children's sake. Of course people say she has behaved very ill,—that she ought to sell and restore to the bank real estate and property that from time to time Mr. Percival had settled upon her. But she only goes into hysterics when lawyers are mentioned. Mr. Guthrie is now in a highly nervous and excitable state, which naturally reacts upon Nita. I wish we could get her away from here. He went West, you remember, when he left her with us at Pawnee. He went in the hopes of finding some trace of Mr. Worden, so I learn now, and to urge the immediate return to St. Louis of Jack's old and intimate friend to demand justice at the hands of the Percivals, for he was ruined irretrievably by Percival's accusation when dismissed from the bank. But he has vanished utterly, and I know that they have about given him up for dead. A detective agency has been at work for months, and twice of late men have come to the house asking if it were not possible to find somewhere a picture of Mr. Worden; but Nita says none exist that she knows of. I believe that she burned all that she had.

"Why will she not trust me and tell me about it,—she who used to have no secret from me? We know that he was deeply in love with her, and that she was believed to care for him; but there was a fearful scene between him and Mr. Guthrie over poor Jack's body. The old gentleman was wild with grief, and in his misery he upbraided Worden as the cause

of it all,—accused him of being the thief, and cursed him for concealing his crime at the expense of Jack's life and honor. Possibly he did believe it then; but since Percival's death everything is changed. I believe he would give all he owns to make amends to Worden now, and sometimes I think that that is what is killing Nita."

"That that is what is killing Nita," read Holden again, this time half aloud, as he pondered over the words. Then a sound at the door attracted him. He glanced up quickly.

"Oh, come in, sergeant. I did not hear you knock."

"I beg your pardon, sir," was the answer in Ellis's deep voice, a faint flush rising to his pale, black-bearded face. "I knocked twice at the outer door, and then, knowing the doctor to be here, ventured into the hall. Am I too early, sir?"

"You are just in time. Come in. Shut that door and sit down. How's the arm to-day, Ellis?"

Obediently the tall trooper had stepped within and closed the door, but he still remained erect, a shade of hesitation in his manner. "The arm seems doing well, sir."

"And yet you yourself do not pick up as I could wish. Take that chair, Ellis; we shall not be interrupted, and I want to talk with you about your case. You have won honor and troops of friends in this campaign, and when the regiment gets back and they find you pale and languid, so utterly unlike yourself and unfit to take your duties as first sergeant, they will say I was at fault. Can't stand that, you know: so I have spoken to Major Kenyon about the matter, and he has directed that you move out of hospital forthwith and under my roof. No, keep your seat. You are to report to me for special duty in making up the field papers and reports, and I shall need you right here where I can supervise it all and look after you."

For a moment the two men sat gazing straight into each other's eyes. Then again, trembling slightly, Ellis strove to rise.

"Dr. Holden, I—I ought not to take advantage of this. Indeed, I cannot."

"That will do, sir," was the quietly smiling reply. "Orders are orders, sergeant, and, being a patient, you are doubly under mine. What's more, you can ask no question until that chevron is replaced by the shoulder-strap. *Ellis, under what name shall the officers of the Twelfth ask that you be made one of their number?*"

Making no reply, the sergeant bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

Late that evening old Kenyon, dropping in to see the doctor, found the tall cavalryman seated at a desk in Holden's library, and, as he promptly arose and stood erect in acknowledgment of the presence of the post commander, the major strode straight up to him and held out his hand:

"Sergeant, I am as proud and pleased as your own father could be. When a whole regiment recommends a man for a commission, as this day's mail tells us, it's worth more than all the senatorial backing in Columbia. It may not fetch it, but I'd rather have it. Now, have you any friends to aid you?"

"None in the world, sir."

"No relatives? no kin? Not even a Congressman?"

"Not even a Congressman. A sister, perhaps; but that is all."

"Well, well, well! Never mind, though, my lad; we'll see you through. What you must do is get strong and well. You're but the ghost of yourself, and the doctor and I have moved you over here as a matter we owe the regiment. I thought you were told to go to bed an hour ago. Which is your room?"

"The doctor has given me the run of the top floor, sir, but mine is the front room on this side," answered Ellis, gravely.

"Well, it's time for you to turn in: so I order it. Let me see. This is the 25th of January. A month from now, or two at most, I hope to see you with a strap on your shoulder, and long before that with the flush of health in your cheek. Now good-night to you, and pleasant dreams." And the major strode away.

Only an hour after sunset the silver disk of the moon had risen cloudless and unobscured, and now, as the bugle was calling the belated ones back

to the post for night inspection of quarters, the burnished shield was high aloft, flooding the broad valley with its radiant sheen, throwing black shadows upon the broad road-way, the white picket-fence, the glistening verandas at the post. Holden, returning from a late visit to some of his patients at the hospital, stopped and looked quickly and intently up at the little gallery overhanging the eastward wall. In the front room, that which he had assigned to Ellis, a light burned dimly. The venetian window of the rear room leading to the gallery was dark, yet open, and on the little ledge, leaning against the casement, the moonlight gleaming on his face and form, a tall soldier was gazing intently eastward. Quietly Holden strode along, entered the gate, went noiselessly into the hall and up the stairs. The door from Nita's room to the landing stood wide open. At this juncture a person standing outside would have seen the silent occupant of "Robbers' Roost" turn with sudden start and peer into the room, for Holden, his eyes fixed upon the gleaming, glistening space between the two rear windows and just over the toilet table, had purposely dropped his heavy stick with resounding clatter upon the landing floor. "I thought so," he muttered, in serene satisfaction. Then, picking up his stick, he calmly strolled across the threshold and into the dark room.

"Beautiful view of a moonlight night, Ellis. That was Miss Guthrie's favorite perch when she was here."

XV.

A great city is draped in mourning. On every side, at half-staff, the national flag hangs limp and lifeless in the moist and misty air, as though of its own volition drooping in honor of the soldier dead. Under the sodden skies, through thronged yet silent streets, in long, long column chosen detachments of soldiery are leading to its final resting-place the shrouded clay of him who to such glorious purpose had led the Union blue in every field from the Mississippi to the sea, and who through long years of honored service ranked foremost on the rolls of the army,—foremost, perhaps, in the great heart of the people. For days, as though in sympathy with the wide-spread grief, the heavens have poured their floods upon the brown and leafless slopes. All nature seems plunged in wintry gloom. The black smoke from a host of stacks and chimneys has settled down upon the silent city, covering it like a pall. From North and South, from East and West, battalions and batteries, national and State, have been concentrating to take part in the last honors to the illustrious chief, and, dripping, yet disciplined, without the stir of martial music, the men have marched from the trains to the rendezvous assigned them about the town.

At last the hour has come. The weeping skies have checked their tears. The streets and sidewalks along the line of march swarm with citizens whose hushed voices and reverent mien speak eloquently of their sense of the national loss. From many a stately mansion and modest homestead out beyond the business section festoons of black are fluttering in the rising breeze, the flag is twined with crape, the windows, balconies, and steps are alive with spectators. And, far out on the westward avenue, on a sheltered portico that projects from a solid, old-fashioned residence of cut stone and almost overhangs the street, there is gathered a little bevy of fair forms and faces which we saw together for the first time that Indian-summery afternoon of the reception at Pawnee. The rapid trot of orderlies and mounted police, sent ahead to warn the populace off the street and back to the sidewalk, and the distant wailing of cavalry trumpets far down the avenue, have told that now the funeral column is approaching; and from the warmth of the cosey parlor, well wrapped in mantles and furs, the ladies have come forth into the chilly February day,—Mrs. Berrien, Mrs. Holden and her children, Winifred, whose soft cheeks are aglow and whose dark eyes turn instantly, eagerly towards the head of the advancing escort, Nita Guthrie, pallid, languid when unobserved by her guests, yet brightening instantly, bravely, when addressed, and striving to be her old gracious, radiant self for the sake of these and other visitors from Pawnee; for the Twelfth has been detailed especially to lead the escort of the great commander, and all the way from the frontier and only a few days home

from the stirring scenes of its fierce campaign the regiment has been brought hither by the orders of a general who knows their worth as well he knows their wrongs, and whose soldier heart has felt for them in all their trials. It was in his power to give this honor to others, but, though his own old regiment is within easy call, he means that the people shall see for themselves what manner of men are these whom press and pulpit have assailed and against whose fair fame the shafts of slander have been hurled, only to fall blunted and broken, or, like boomerangs, come hurtling back about the ears of the thrower. Vindicated by the verdict of his peers, doubly vindicated by the highest powers of the land, gray-haired Farquhar is chosen to command the escort, and, though the flower of the nation's soldiery marches in the funeral train this day, the eyes of all the gathered throng are strained to see and hail and honor the standard and the guidons of the men who bore the brunt of battle only two short months gone by.

And with the squadrons and the guns from Pawnee came such of the wounded officers as were well enough to be transported hither, and with them half a dozen of the ladies of the garrison. To the huge delight of the old battalion, two of whose troops are cruelly thinned in numbers now, the jovial major is permitted by Dr. Holden to mount "Old Glory" and take his position in front of the line. To the tremulous joy of Winifred Berrien, Mr. Brewster has telegraphed from Washington, whither he was summoned immediately after the close of the investigation at the agency, bidding them bring his horse and equipments, for even though he cannot draw sabre he means to ride with "the black troop" on this day of days. She has not seen him since that wonderful morning when, like a young snow-kink, he burst through the fleecy barriers about them and stood before her rejoicing eyes their rescuer, her father's preserver, her lover, her hero; and ever since in his pride he has held aloof from her and all she holds dear. She can hardly hush the fluttering of her heart as now, near at hand, she hears the familiar strains of the trumpets of the Twelfth, still sounding the mournful dead-march. Other ladies of the Twelfth are here,—Mrs. Hazlett, Mrs. Gorham, and Mrs. Warren; and small wonder can there be that their soft eyes fill with tears. Ever since the brief and bloody campaign the sad, solemn tones have been their daily music. The crape is not yet rusting on the sword-hilts of their lords, worn in honor of poor Thorpe and Rand and Burrows, when it is renewed for the general-in-chief.

And now the crowds have drifted back from the asphalt. The platoon of mounted police has slowly clattered by. Then in long rank, boot to boot, muffled in their blue overcoats, the yellow-lined capes turned back, led by their veteran chief and guiding their spirited grays with hardly a touch of rein, the trumpeters of the Twelfth cover the street from curb to curb, the brazen bells uplifted and pouring forth their mournful strains. A little space, and then, mounted on mettlesome bay in the rich housings of a general officer, there rides the marshal of the parade, followed by rank after rank of staff-officers, all in the sombre dark blue of the service. The autumn frosts of a vigorous life have silvered the strands at his temple and tinged with ruddy glow the cheeks of that firm and soldierly face, but the eyes gleam clear and keen as ever they shone a quarter-century ago, when he and Farquhar spurred through the misty forest-aisles about Dinwiddie and led the cheering troopers to the charge on Pickett's crouching line at the Forks. He knows the fair party on the Guthrie balcony at a single glance, and touches the visor of his forage-cap as he moves slowly by, then summons an aide, gives him a low-toned order, and the officer reins aside to let his comrades pass, then jogs back down the avenue to meet the column. And now necks are craning on every side, and a murmur runs along the crowded banquette,—

A murmur that fain would break forth in a cheer,

but for the solemn occasion of their coming. Eyes gleam and brighten; lips stir with inarticulate greeting; hands, kerchiefs, and hats are waved in voiceless acclaim. Any other time, and all the great city would burst into tumultuous cheer, for here rides gray-haired Farquhar at the head of his staff, and just behind them, commanding the Twelfth, still pallid from his wounds, but erect and soldierly as ever, the senior major, dear old Berrien, lowers his sabre in acknowledgment of the salute of the aide, bends his ear

to listen to the message, glances quickly at the balcony into the smiling face of his wife, meeting Winifred's dark and glowing eyes, but shakes his head, motions to Dr. Holden, who is at his left rear, and ambles on. Holden nods appreciatively on receipt of what seems to be a similar message, reins out of column, followed by his orderly, dismounts at the side street, and presently is standing by his wife's side, welcomed most cordially by Miss Guthrie to the now crowded balcony. In column of platoons stretching from walk to walk, clear across the street, ranks carefully aligned, every man's head and eyes straight to the front, the leading troops of the Twelfth are now clinking steadily by. Hazlett has glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the lovely picture on the gallery, but, riding at attention as they are, and on duty, he makes no sign. Randolph and Ridgeway, heading their platoons, strive to do two things at once,—look as though they saw and appreciated the fluttering greetings of hand and handkerchief and smiling eyes to their right, and still look as though they did not see it at all. The sorrels, the grays, have gone by, the bay troop is passing, and now yonder comes Gorham over on the other side of the street, the nearest he can get to his regulation position of four yards to the left of his leading platoon, and out from the sheltering screen of tree-branches and in front of the centre of the first subdivision of the blacks, his sabre arm still in its sling, his face pale with confinement and suffering, but tall and stalwart, rides Curly.

"Oh, there's Mr. Brewster! Mr. Brewster! Oh, why *doesn't* he look?" cries Miss Guthrie, as the handkerchiefs begin waving furiously, and fair, eager faces press forward in the effort to attract his attention,—all but Winifred, who, though bravely smiling like the rest, is clutching with trembling hands the back of her mother's chair and shrinking behind her mother's form. It is impossible for him not to see the fluttering signals. He half glances towards that thronging gallery, and in a second the light leaps to his eyes, a flush to his pallid cheek. Instinctively his arm twitches in the effort of the hand to reach the cap-visor, and the instant twinge of shooting pain brings him to his senses. He has one brief, fleeting look, however, at the beaming face he loves, and he has just time for a half-gesture with the bridle-hand, a little nod, and then, as on he rides, he feels rather than sees that one sweet face that beamed upon him has suddenly paled, that one graceful form is now staggering back into Holden's waiting and expectant arms. Only two platoons in the black troop to-day, for the others sleep beneath the wintry sod or still languish in the hospital ward. Only two platoons. Brewster heads the first; a tall, dark-eyed, dark-moustached sergeant the second.

"There's Sergeant Ellis!" cries Mrs. Berrien, in her pride and pleasure. "And he's shaved off his beard! Did you ever see him look so young and well?"

But Mrs. Holden, too, has turned, and does not heed. Her watchful eyes, her attentive ears, have other work to do. Obedient to her husband's touch, she has drawn close to his side. It is into her arms and his that, with one quick, gasping, stifled cry, Nita Guthrie has fallen as though stricken by a bolt from heaven. It is by these loving arms the limp and prostrate form is quickly borne within and laid upon the sofa, and Holden whispers to his devoted wife, "It is all clear now."

That night, the long ceremonies of the day concluded, a throng of fair women and brave men are gathered in the parlors and corridor of the great hotel. Down in the marbled court below, some Italian musicians are playing soft, sweet music. Out in the street, under the glare of the electric light, a fine regiment of State troops has drawn up in long-extended line and is standing at ease while its officers are bidding farewell to a host of friends upon the walks below. Here and above are soldiers of all branches of the service, who with the morning's sun will be scattering to their stations again. Some are clustered in the broad vestibules and on the office floor. Others, the juniors mainly, are paying their respects to the wife of the commanding general and to the ladies of the Twelfth, for on the morrow they too, with the regiment, take flight for their prairie home. The hour is late, and several of those present have just come in from a somewhat subdued and quiet entertainment given in their honor at one of the beautiful homes of the city. The solemn nature of the duty that has called them hither precludes the possibility of any general gathering, but the dinner to which the Berriens and others were bidden has lasted so long

that Winifred began to believe it would never end, and Mrs. Berrien has seen all too plainly that, though she strove to appear joyous and appreciative, her daughter longed to leave the scene and return to the hotel, where, as was well known, many of the officers were to spend the evening. Not until nightfall had the Twelfth passed by on its return from the march to the distant cemetery, and as they jogged along at ease one or two of the troop or platoon commanders, in answer to joyous hail from the sidewalk, had reined out of column by old Berrien's permission and dismounted under the portico, but Brewster, smiling, had shaken his head and gone on with his blacks to the muddy cantonment far down at the southern verge. Winifred was already dressed for dinner. She had hastened to her room as soon as they returned from the Guthries', and Mrs. Berrien made no comment. She well understood that the girl's one thought was to be ready to welcome if he should come: there was no telling at what minute he might be announced. And, though they were not to leave the hotel until nearly seven, Winifred was ready at four. The mother heart yearned over her child as she saw how the shadows deepened in her dark eyes when the column went on out of sight in the wintry gloaming, Brewster with it. At that moment she could almost share her husband's idea of bringing the young man to his knees then and there. What business had he playing the indifferent in this utterly unsoldierly fashion? How dare he treat Winifred with coldness? She had done him no wrong. Not since that night of the last hop at Pawnee, the night the marching orders came, had there been opportunity for the girl to speak to him at all. Of course the major had been brusque and repellent, and had virtually forbidden his further attentions; but, heavens, that was not Winifred's doing, and both the major and herself had endeavored to show him, without unnecessary allusion to the matter, that, whatsoever might have been the suspicions or impressions aroused by the singular conduct of that middle-aged married flirt at Pawnee, they no longer entertained the faintest ill opinion of him. Indeed, Mrs. Berrien never had. Blue-blooded herself, her faith in *bon sang* was deep-rooted. She had always liked Brewster, but she was a loyal wife and would in no wise act counter to her husband's wishes. It was now, when Mr. Brewster seemed allowing his pride and resentment to prompt him to this undeserved and cruel wounding of her daughter's heart, that Mrs. Berrien first felt any unkindliness. She could have made him suffer for it, but that she knew it would hurt Winifred as well. Without a word, but just so soon as the last of the yellow cape-linings disappeared from view, Winifred had turned from the parlor and again sought her room. Mrs. Berrien sent a bell-boy for Mr. Randolph, who, having dismounted at the entrance, was standing, the centre of a group of friends, in the marble-floored office below, and Randolph came up with the next trip of the elevator.

"Do you go with us to the dinner at the A—s' to-night, Mr. Randolph?"

"No, Mrs. Berrien; I believe only those who are so fortunate as to be the husbands of certain ladies of the Twelfth are bidden. We are going to have a little gathering here to see Curly off."

"And where does Curly go?—and when?"

"Back to Washington by the first train, Mrs. Berrien. He's been offered a detail at the War Department."

"How delightful that is for Mr. Brewster! Why, the Twelfth is getting some little recognition, after all. Up to this moment the general's welcome home is the only word we've had from a soul. Then you'll all be here to-night, will you?"

"Most of us. Rolfe's here, too," laughed Randolph, "but he sat in a deep window during the procession and doesn't mean to show in public yet. I'm told he wants to make up with Curly before he goes to-night, but Curly won't let him." And Randolph knit his brows. "I wouldn't if I were Brewster. Wouldn't it be odd if they took the same train, though? I suppose he won't care to exhibit that new cheek of his to Miss Guthrie. Will she be here after the dinner?"

"I doubt it, Mr. Randolph. Miss Guthrie is not at all well. She had a sinking-spell of some kind this afternoon during the parade, and has not left her room since. Say to Mr. Brewster for me that we shall hope to see him before he leaves, will you? We'll be back about ten o'clock."

But it is after ten, long after, that now they are gathered in the parlors, and music, laughter, and the sound of merry voices ring through the wide corridors. Winifred, the wistful look gone from her dark eyes, a soft flush on her cheek, is standing near one of the high windows, the centre of a group of ladies and officers among whom at this moment is Brewster, his right arm still in its sling. Though she strives, after her first fluttering welcome, not to glance at him again, just now at least, she cannot quite control her eyes. She cannot but mark with shy delight how her father's broad palm is laid upon her hero's shoulder, as the veteran trooper looks into the younger soldier's face with an expression she is thankful to see. All around the big, stiffly-furnished, formal room, with laughter and with gladness old friends are meeting again for the first time in years,—one at least of the joys of our nomad army life. The buzz of conversation, the remarks of Mr. Ridgeway, who clings to her side, and the sweet, thrilling strains of "Rigoletto," floating up from the rotunda, fall upon listless ears. Winifred is striving to catch his words, for now her mother has joined them, and her cordial, kindly voice mingles with those about her. She cannot hear what is said, except in mere snatches, a word here and there, but she can and does see that, though thoroughly courteous, Brewster is dignified, almost unresponsive. When her father makes some jovial allusion to his narrow escape at the Porcupine and would apparently refer to Brewster's rush to the rescue, the latter seems to wave it aside and turn at once to another subject. Why will he be so—so unlike his old self?

Hark! From the street below the ringing call of the bugle! Randolph pokes his head in through the other window:

"Come out, all of you. Come and see them march away." It is that handsome regiment from the Queen City. And in a trice, men and women, they are pouring out upon the roof of the portico.

"Come along!" shouts old Berrien. "Come along! Let's give 'em a cavalry send-off." And away he goes at the heels of the throng. "Come, Berengaria, you want to see this regiment, I tell you. It's a beauty. And such a band!" But Berengaria holds back an instant.

"Winifred, dear, your wraps are not here, and I fear it is too chilly for you."

"Oh, I'll throw my cape over her," bursts in Ridgeway. "Just the thing!—Come, Miss Berrien.—Where's your cape, Curly? You bring Mrs. Berrien, will you?" And, rejoicing in his finesse, Mr. Ridgeway offers his arm.

"My cape's down-stairs in the office," answers Brewster, shortly.

"Yes, and whatever you do, Brewster, don't you go out in the night air without it," quietly remarks Dr. Holden at this juncture, as he follows the party.

"Orders are orders," laughs Mrs. Berrien. "Sorry for you, Mr. Brewster, but you'll have to see them through our eyes.—Yes, thank you, Mr. Ridgeway," as she possesses herself of that young trooper's arm, "I shall be very glad of your cape." And Ridgeway, with one stupefied backward glance, recovers himself and goes.

Winifred is still standing by the curtained window, half hidden by the projection of the chimney and its marble mantel. Very, very lovely she is in her dinner toilet, a simple gown, clinging in its soft, creamy folds about her slender form, a necklace of rare pearls, a beautiful quaint old heirloom, looped below her fair, rounded throat, its pendant rising and falling rapidly, unevenly now, for her heart is throbbing hard. One moment Brewster hesitates, casts a quick glance around, then steps forward to her side.

"Possibly we can see from this window, Miss Berrien," he says, as he raises the shade. And together they disappear into the curtained alcove.

But they cannot see. This window, like the other, looks upon the roof of the portico, and the backs of their numerous friends are visible, but not the street,—not the departing soldiery in whom such interest is felt. It is chilly here by the cold, glassy barrier. A bright coal fire is blazing in the grate. Both have been warned not to take cold, yet neither seems to think of that fire.

"No, I'm afraid we can't see them here," says Winifred, inanely. "But won't you go and get your cape?"

"I saw them to-day, and I can see them again to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Where?" And now the dark eyes, full of trouble, glance quickly up.

Hear those sounds from below! The shrill voice of the colonel: "Column of fours. Break from the right to march to the left." The inevitable boom, boom, br-r-oom, boom, boom, of the drums. Loud plaudits and cheers from the crowd. Lively applause from the portico. Low voices are indistinguishable here at the window. Brewster pulls down the shade; it may shut out the noise, thin as it is, and, so long as one can't see anything, why have it up?

"Where?" she repeats. "I thought they went East, and that we—" But she gets no further. The pearl pendant is rising and falling like a storm-tossed shallop. Her slender fingers are nervously twisting and untwisting her filmy handkerchief. Tramp, tramp, tramp, echoing the drum-beats, the column of fours is striding away down the applauding thoroughfare. Then, as the band clears the left flank of the line and opens out across the street, joyous, spirited, ringing, it bursts into martial song. Where had she heard that introduction before? Surely there's something familiar. But she has no time to think of that now.

"I supposed—you never cared for—detached service," she falters. "But—is it your wound?"

He shakes his head:

"Three months ago I would not have left the regiment. Now I am better anywhere away from it."

Oh, Curly, Curly! "What fools these mortals be!" You should have sense enough to see how utterly the situation has changed. You ought to know that something more than gratitude has prompted all old Berrien's clumsy efforts at cordiality. You ought to see by Mrs. Berrien's unaffected kindness that the cloud has been dispelled. Why stand in your own light, a victim to this bumptious pride, striving to persuade yourself that had it not been for the fortunes of war her father would have interposed to-day as sternly and positively as he did before, and she—she would probably have as meekly, tamely submitted as she did that bitter night of parting at the gate? Can you never forgive that unresponsive hand, that half-shrinking, constrained good-by?

He is silent, waiting for her reply. He will not look at her, for her beauty dazzles, almost drives him wild with passionate love and longing. He has worshipped her, adored her as loyal knight might worship his queen of love and beauty. Down in his heart of hearts her image has lived through every instant of the fierce campaign, and reigns there now, rebel against it though he may. Her silence daunts him. If he had thought to pique or trap her into questioning, it was unworthy of his love and her. Her little hands are clasping now. She has started, raised her head, is listening intently. Absorbed only in her, in his love, in his wrongs, Brewster has lost all ear for the thrilling, martial music growing fainter and fainter down the street, but the look in her sweet face startles him. The color has fled. The dark eyes are dilating. One little hand is uplifted, as if to ward off any other sound. Borne on the night wind the strains come full and rich upon the ear. No wonder the girl is silenced, stunned. Oh for the clasping mother's arms now! Oh for the love, the wordless sympathy, that was hers that cold, gray wintry morning when the battalion with its loved ones strode buoyantly away down the winding road at Pawnee! All the heart-breaking sorrow, all the vague, throbbing, quivering pain, come back to her again as now she leans breathless against the casement, listening to the same sad, sweet, tearful old song,—

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!

One instant only she stands trembling there, then a great sob surges up in her throat, and, burying her face in her hands, she bursts away, she runs she knows not whither. Out into the deserted corridor, along the carpeted aisle, she speeds. Then to her left, wide open, brightly lighted, she spies the elevator, and, with the leap of hunted hare to its form, she springs within. No one there. She tries to shut the sliding door, but now some one is there,—Brewster,—and his one arm is too strong for her two. An instant more and he is with her, blessing the fates that had carried off the attendant for a surreptitious look at the departing regiment. With quick

decision Curly pulls the starting-rope, and, when the car has glided softly upward just half-way to the next floor, checks its motion, then springs to her side. Never till that instant had he known the full misery of a crippled and useless arm.

"Winifred, sweet one, listen!" he cries, seizing a slender wrist and striving to draw her hand away, as, sobbing, she crouches in the corner of the cage, while his brave young heart is thumping with a joy and exultation it never knew before. His blue eyes are aflame with love and gladness.

"Listen! Don't cry so! I must tell you."

R-r-r-r-ring! goes the confounded elevator-bell. She springs to her feet, stifling her sobs, conquering her womanly weakness.

"Oh, do let me out!" she cries, dashing away the tears.

"I won't," he answers, with such joyous, teasing triumph in his deep tones. "Though a million men a minute ring that bell, I'll never let you go now,—never. You cruel, wicked, heartless girl, you sent me away—"

"Oh, do let me out, Mr. Brewster!" she pleads. "Indeed you must." (R-r-r-r-ring.) "There's that awful bell again."

"You sent me away," he calmly continues, while his eyes dance and gleam, "utterly miserable because of your coldness and constraint. You knew I worshipped the very ground you stood upon. You knew I loved you better than anything in the wide world—" (R-r-r-r-r- B-r-r-r-r-ring!)

"I must go," she pleads, struggling hard to free the hand he has clasped. "Oh, do, Mr. Brewster!"

"You shall,—you shall, the very instant you have paid toll, Miss Berrien," he laughs, low. (R-r-r-r-r- B-r-r-r-r-ring!) "I'll put you out on any floor you wish when you have said just two words."

"Oh, quick! Do let me go!" And she makes a frantic lunge at the starting-rope, but too late. His daring arm is round her now. He can use but one, and that has enfolded and drawn her close to his breast. The clatter of the bell is deafening. "Oh, please," she murmurs, struggling in vain, and glancing up in his glorified face.

"Not until you say, 'Yes, Carroll.' Now, quick! Winifred, do you love me, just a little?" No answer. Head bowed again, and now on the only available resting-place. (B-r-r-r- B-r-r-r-r-r- B-r-r-r-r-RING!) "I can't hear," he laughs low and joyously, and the blond head bows until the curling moustache is sweeping her flushed and tear-wet cheek. "Did you speak, Miss Berrien?"

"Yes, Carroll." A mere whisper.

"Louder, please, Miss Berrien." Oh, what eloquence there is in that one clasping arm!

"Oh, please let me go! Yes, yes! YES!—if I must." And then the bell rattles madly, but unavailingly, and for the instant neither hears. For the instant she can speak no more, for the soft, red lips are sealed.

Two minutes later, as that brightly-lighted car glides down and comes to a stop at the parlor floor, a flushed and wrathful youth confronts the tall cavalryman who calmly steps forth as though on air and holds out a warning hand.

"Young man, if ever I hear of you quitting your post again and allowing a novice to get caught between floors you'll get into trouble. It's lucky for you I'm the only one who can tell anything about it this time." But the wrath is gone, and with bulging eyes the boy glares at the round gold piece in his palm, then at the vanishing lieutenant, and then into the empty car.

Homeward bound! The horses are all aboard. The second battalion has steamed away. Berrien's men from the car windows are answering the cheers of the crowds of citizens assembled to see them off. The ladies, safely ensconced in the cosy interior of the Pullman, are saying adieu to the number of friends, army and civilian, who have accompanied them to the train. The conductor has just reported "All ready, sir," to Major Berrien, who goes back in command, and Winifred, clinging to her mother's side, peers eagerly over the heads of the surrounding throng. Holden signals to his better half to come off, unless she prefers going back to Pawnee without him, and with much laughter and playful effort to keep her aboard, in which the jovial major is most prominent, that popular young matron is finally lifted from the rear platform. Mr. Ridgeway, who has attached him-

self to Miss Berrien's side, becomes suddenly aware that she has disappeared and returned to the interior, also that Curly Brewster, waving a brown telegraph envelope over his head, has shouldered his way into the crowd and is making for the car. "Wants another good-by word, I suppose," growls Ridgeway to himself, in deep disgust, yet comforted with the thought that the train will be off in a moment, leaving Brewster behind. Far forward a bell begins to ring, the steam to hiss; the couplings of the box-cars jerk and strain; the horses snort and stamp in their wooden cages; the motion reaches the rear of the train, and the Pullman leaps forward with sudden start, then settles into slow, gentle glide along the polished rails.

"Tumble off, Brewster!" shouts Ridgeway, in feverish anxiety. "You'll be carried away if you don't."

"Shut up, Ridge," whispers Randolph, unsympathetically. "He's carried away for good. It's you that's left."

"Why, hello! here's Brewster!" booms the major, as he enters the sunshiny car, when at last the crowded station has faded from view. "Thought you were ordered to Washington, lad? Changed your mind, eh?—What, Berengaria?"

"Be quiet, Dick," whispers his smiling wife. "He hasn't changed his mind. Neither has Winifred."

But Holden is not the only one of the Pawnee party who remains. Sergeant Ellis has a furlough to visit Louisville, and is to take the train thither. In his cavalry uniform he was at the station to see his comrades safely started, and the last cheers of the troopers were for him, as he stood with kindling eye and flushing cheek, the centre of a crowd of curious citizens. As the train disappears around the distant curve, Holden touches his shoulder.

"At noon, Ellis?"

"At noon, sir," is the prompt response; and the sergeant recovers himself, and, springing to attention, raises his hand in salute. Holden smiles.

"I fancy that's about the last time you'll be doing that sort of thing," he says, significantly.

"You may rest assured that the impulse will remain, doctor. It is the outward sign of an inward respect that every day has only served to strengthen."

At noon Holden is at the hotel with a carriage, and Ellis, transmogrified, a decidedly distinguished-looking civilian, steps forth from the vestibule and joins the doctor.

"To Warren L. Guthrie's office," is the brief order, and the carriage rolls rapidly away.

"Mrs. Holden is with Miss Guthrie now," says Holden, after a moment's silence. "As yet she is to be told nothing,—as you desire; but should we hear favorably as to the commission before our return to Pawnee—?" he asks, tentatively.

"No, doctor. If we meet again it must be as I was, not what this campaign has made me."

"What you have made yourself, man! Don't talk of it in that way. The Lord made you a gentleman. You made yourself a soldier."

Ellis smiles.

"A gentleman despite night prowling and petty larceny?"

"Well," says Holden, "that's something I leave you to settle with her. It seems you only carried out a fair warning, though of course you had no idea of the ghastly effect it would have. But you never told me how you reached that balcony."

"Easily enough, doctor. I simply took a light rope and grappling-hook from the fire-house, climbed up the rear porch at the end away from where Kathleen and Murphy were, went along the south slope of the main roof to the chimney, slung the rope about it and lowered myself gently to the balcony, then threw off my overcoat and stood at the open window. She had gone, and I thought I was too late, but, catching sight of the very picture whose return she had demanded and which I had sworn to have again as well as to see her, I was just entering, when I heard her step upon the stairs. I did not see her. I do not see how it was possible for her to see me; yet there came that scream of terror and the fall and then the rush. It all flashed over me in an instant that I had been guilty of a mad-

brained prank,—that it would never do to be caught there; it could never be explained. I was up on the roof in a second, snatched away the hook and rope, crouched down to the back porch, waited a moment for Murphy and Kathleen to run inside, then slid to the ground, hid the rope under the wood-pile in the dark cellar, squeezed through a gap in the fence into the captain's yard next door,—they were all over at the Hazletts',—then donned my overcoat and joined the men running up from the laundresses' quarters. Late at night, as the sentry told Captain Rolfe, I went back, ostensibly to get my pipe, and recovered the rope and hook. That was all."

Holden ponders a moment:

"My wife has told me what she knew of your interview with Mr. Guthrie after poor Jack's death; but Miss Guthrie would never speak of what passed between herself and you."

On the pale, clear-cut face the lines of care and sorrow and privation seem to deepen. The shadows darken about the mournful eyes. "I suppose I should never have blamed her as I did," he answers, "but I was mad with grief over Jack, with helpless, hopeless indignation over Percival's accusation; and then, of all others, to have her turn against me as she did,—that was the bitterest cup! Her father's influence in her overwrought condition was what did it, I suppose; but she drove me from her sight as though I were indeed a felon, demanded the return of every line and trinket she had ever given me,—even that prized little *carte de visite* I had carried about me for a year. It was then, when she declared she would never look upon my face again, that I went wild with misery, or despair, I suppose. I swore that sooner or later she should see me, and that before I died her picture would be back here in its old place, and then I left her. God knows, the experiences of the years that followed might have knocked the romantic nonsense out of any man. My poor sister seemed to be the only one who had any faith left in me. I wandered all over the West as Ralph Erroll, mining, 'grub-staking,' working like a dog. I was starving in the Hills when Brewster came to my aid. I couldn't take his money without telling him something of my story, but I gave no names. He doesn't know to-day anything about the old trouble,—doesn't dream that he well knows the people who were once my most cherished friends. It was through him I enlisted, and within three months a mine I had located and yet couldn't sell for a dollar began to pay. By the time we reached Pawnee my half-interest in it proved worth all my years of toil. Then I thought to see her again,—took my furlough at the very time her father was West trying to find me and undo the wrong he had done, and—you know the rest. She was here, and I returned only to learn that she was about to leave and that Captain Rolfe was her accepted lover. Bearded, aged, uniformed as I was, I believed she would not know me even if we were to meet face to face; and believing, more, that no vestige of the regard she once felt for me remained, believing, too, that she was to marry Captain Rolfe, I was bitter, brutal, mad enough to strive to carry out my vow. Twice I had seen her on that balcony on the moonlit evenings, and I determined that the night of her departure she should see me for the last time. You know the rest. I shaved clean, so as to look as much as possible as I did in the old days, wore my civilian dress, and—nearly killed her."

"It was a fearful experiment," says Holden, gravely. "About the maddest thing you could have done."

"I was mad, doctor, when I heard she was to marry him. God knows I have realized it daily, hourly, ever since. And, yet, how could she have seen me? She never reached the door."

"Simplest thing in the world. Nothing but the old principle in optics,—the angle of incidence and the angle of reflection. That mirror over the toilet table did the job. I saw you in the moonlight at the balcony window when you couldn't see me in the dark hall, and neither of us could have seen the other had the mirror been away. Now here's Mr. Guthrie's. Mind you, you've got to make amends for that hair-brained performance at Pawnee: so no word of reproach to him. He's old and broken."

Three minutes later the clerk has retired, after ushering Holden and his friend into the private office. The instant the latch has clicked, a gray-haired, sorrow-stricken man, tears standing in his fading eyes, hands

quivering and trembling, totters forward, and might have fallen but for the strong arms that catch and clasp him.

"My boy's friend! my boy's friend,—whom I so wronged!" he falters, and then for a while there is solemn silence.

"Is Mr. Percival's confession complete, and have you seen it?" asks Ellis, gently.

"I have, my boy, at last."

"And it clears me, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Utterly and entirely," the old man cries. "I thank my God I was wrong!—I was wrong!"

One scene more. Pawnee again. The night train has come from the East. Holden's carriage is at the station, and so is Brewster.

"All right?—all arranged?" whispers the doctor, as he springs from the car and grasps the lieutenant's hand.

"All right! Kenyon's just left him," answers Curly, and then busies himself lifting the merry children from the step, welcoming Mrs. Holden, and carefully assisting Nita Guthrie to the platform.

"You happy fellow!" she murmurs. "How can I congratulate you? It's announced, is it not?" And for a moment she seems, despite pallor and fatigue, the old buoyant, radiant Nita.

"Announced?" answers Curly. "My mother-in-law elect—God bless her!—says my face announced it before that elevator could reach the lower floor."

They drive rapidly up the winding road, and, though plainly nervous and excited, the fair guest never loses her presence of mind. She has something appreciative to say as they pass each familiar object,—the lower gate, where the spruce sentry stands at a carry in salute; the guard-house, where the relief is just forming; the broad west gate; the brightly-lighted barracks across the parade; the group of trumpeters in the moonlight out under the tall, glistening flag-staff. Then come the rush of Murphy and Kathleen to open the door and assist them to alight; the rapturous greeting between the children and their Hibernian friends; the fragrance of coffee floating in from the kitchen; the hickory logs snapping and sparkling in the fireplace; the old familiar rooms; the swinging lamp in the hall.

"Welcome to Pawnee once more, Nita," says Holden, clasping both her hands. "We've had enough of pale cheeks and drooping spirits. We've brought you here to recall the roses,—to win you back to joy and health, and to your own old room, Nita. Now, will you promise not to faint this time, no matter what spooks you see?"

She is trembling violently. She looks into his beaming face with eager, questioning, imploring eyes.

"Come, dear," whispers Mrs. Holden. "I'm going up with you."

The doctor summons the children into the dining-room to see the lovely flowers on the table. Mrs. Holden twines her arm about her cousin's waist, and up the stair they slowly go. Nita trembles more and more. They are within a few steps of the landing, and as they come in sight of the open door Nita shrinks closer to her cousin's side. Three steps more, and in the dark chamber there gleams that silvery shield of mirror between the dim white curtains, reflecting the dazzling moonlight from without. They reach the landing, and Miss Guthrie pauses, breathless, unnerved. She can go no farther.

"Nita, it was no ghost you saw," whispers Mrs. Holden. "Shall I call him?"

One instant the blue eyes dilate, wild with hope, incredulity, joy, and fear, all intermingled. Then there is the sound of quick, springing step along the hall. A tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed soldier fairly leaps towards them. Nita turns quickly at the sound, and then with outstretched arms throws herself forward to meet him. No terror, no anguish now, but, as she is clasped to his heart, joy unutterable in her stifled cry, in the one word,—

"Harold!"

THE NEWSPAPER-MAN AS A CONFIDANT.

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

THAT newspapers print all they know, is a popular belief held by nearly every one.

That newspapers print more than they know, is a vulgar belief held by that large and ignorant portion of every community which does not read newspapers to be informed, but to be interested and, if possible, shocked.

That newspapers print all that they hear, is a supposition entertained by the people who bring what they think is news to newspaper-offices.

That newspapers print nothing that they hear from irresponsible sources, without investigation, is the truth, known to all trained newspaper-men. That they do not print all they know, is known also to all trained newspaper-men. That they do not print more than from one-tenth to one-half of what they know, is the truth; and it is known only to one or two men in every newspaper-office, whose business it is to decide whether a "story" is worth "following out," and whether, after "following out," it is proper for publication. Even these men, unless they are of an introspective and retrospective turn of mind, do not realize the enormous quantity of chaff they winnow for the public's daily loaf.

Fierce as competition is, there could to-day be started in every large city of the East a newspaper which would outstrip every other newspaper in the vital interest of its news by simply printing what the other newspapers refused to print. This news would all of it, too, be within legal and conventional bounds of decency.

Then why not start such a newspaper? will be asked. Such newspapers have been started in plenty, but none were sustained.

The reason, simple though seemingly paradoxical, is that the stock in trade of every solidly-established newspaper is the news it does not print. In other words, confidence is the source of every piece of really valuable news; and to maintain that confidence and obtain that news the newspaper-man must daily sacrifice a vast amount of readily printable and vastly readable matter the publication of which would cut him off from his sources of supply.

This is the reason why the newspaper-man is the best confidant in the world. He cannot betray confidences in type, for fear of cutting off future supplies of news. He cannot betray them in speech, for fear that some one else will betray them in type and thereby expose him to the reproaches both of the source of his news and the source of his income.

If the theory be not conclusive, let me call a witness to the fact. I may not do so by name,—too many thousands know it,—but I may describe the witness as a man who for a dozen years has been connected with the administration of justice in one of the great Eastern cities. His language was, "I have always taken newspaper-men into my confidence, and I have been betrayed but once."

In that dozen years that man had seen and talked to a dozen newspaper-men a day. The confidence to which he admitted them was the most salable and the most printable imaginable. The eminence of his position made the mention of his name in print a finger-board which would halt the attention of the most careless newspaper-reader. The nature of it would make any secret he could reveal of startling interest. He had probably never laid the injunction of secrecy on any one of the men to whom he had talked. They intuitively understood what was for print and what was not; and but one of them had broken faith. In that dozen years that man had seen a hundred lawyers break faith with everything in heaven and earth but their clients' interests. He had seen doctors by the dozen prostitute knowledge and pervert science to save the lives or liberties of wretches with "position" to shield them or with money to pay an "expert's" fee. He had come into contact scores of times with that curious obliquity of vision of the clergy which prevented them so often from observing the age and condition of persons joined by them in wedlock that a remedy had to be applied by statute in their State, to the profitable scandalizing of the cloth in New Jersey. Yet he had observed only a single dishonorable action on the part of the newspaper-craft. This certainly was not because the newspaper-men were less full of human frailty than their brethren of the professions which are called learned. It was simply because those men who were tempted to betray his confidence could not afford to do so.

So strong does this habit of secrecy become in some men that it on occasions destroys their news-sense. "I must get out of this position once," said a political editor and correspondent to me: "I am getting stoop-shouldered with confidences."

Sometimes, again, a confidence is forced on a newspaper-man in such a way that he has to grin and bear it while news of the finest quality which has long been in his possession is printed in some rival paper. The most maddening instance of this sort that ever came under my observation was where a newspaper-man of my acquaintance was visited by a member of a foreign political and secret organization,—the Carbonari, let us call it. "My life is conspired against," said this friend, "by members of a rival faction in our order. I must take some steps to defeat their ends, or they will surely kill me. It is against the law of the Carbonari for a member to communicate with the Piedouche detective agency, who are known to be in the pay of the Italian government. But the help of the Piedouche I must have. They are the only men who can ferret this thing out. You must put me into communication with them. You can readily see why this must not be published."

To have refused this favor to the hunted man would have been unthinkable. The newspaper-man complied,—and for weeks had the misery of seeing the plot (for actual plot it was) unravelled by the skill of the Piedouche. Count Fosco's taking-off was scarcely a less wonderful web of skilled malignity than that which the skill of the Piedouche foiled. Finally, when the "story" was almost ripe, the climax almost ready, the newspaper-man came down to his office one morning, reached

for the pile of rival papers laid ready for inspection on his desk, and saw, in job type, on the front page of the first one he laid hands on, the caption of the drama of which he had been a confidential spectator for a month. I think that if on that day his father had murdered his mother before the eyes of him alone he would have written the story with his own hand and then delivered his parent to the police in order to verify it.

The confidences of criminals to newspaper-men are the drollest, in their complete ingenuousness and simple trust, of all confidences. I once knew a burglar who in an interval of pauperized reform had been befriended by a reporter. When he returned to his proper vocation he bethought him of his newspaper friend, and, seeking him, offered to inform him of the location of his first job, in order that he might be on hand and describe the operation with a knowledge of the details which would aid his technique. He was surprised and pained when his friend stopped his recital and pointed out that he would have to communicate any such information to the police, and was pacified only when he was reminded that, as all burglaries were reported to the police, it would be impossible for his friend to have a "beat" on the news, and that, as the hour at which burglaries were committed was after the hour when the reporter's paper stopped taking copy, the advantage derived from a personal participation in the offence would hardly compensate for its risks.

This man, of course, was ignorant, and a member of what may be called the middle class of criminals. I have known an instance of as absolute a trust in one of the most elegant and accomplished criminals known to the Rogues' Gallery. He was an adventurer of polished manners and glib tongue. Wandering far into the West, he gained, before he openly identified himself with the criminal class, a Territorial office of responsibility. In the course of his duties he became well acquainted with a taciturn, able newspaper-man, whose discretion he had occasion frequently to observe. Years afterwards they met in a big Western town. The former official was, by this time, apparently a man of vast but quite invisible means of support. "I am working the gold brick game," he said, frankly. "I would like you to come into it; but, if you prefer to remain poor but honest, I can tell you at least how we did up an old cockatoo here to-day for seventeen thousand dollars. You can wait till we get out of town, then go to the police, tell them you're 'on' to the story, make them admit it, and then get a beat on the town." As in the working of the gold brick game the swindled person always believes himself to be a receiver of stolen goods, the clever participant in a most profitable crime, the newspaper-man had no scruples about pledging secrecy until his versatile friend had got out of harm's way,—when he published the story, which was, of course, a "beat."

So much for the confidences of the predatory. Let us pass to those of the priestly. One night, not many months ago, two men met at the door of a metropolitan newspaper-office. One was coming out, the other was going in. They recognized each other with some difficulty, so slight was their acquaintance, exchanged salutations, and then, upon

the incomer's informing the outgoer that the purpose of his call was a visit to him, passed up the street in earnest conversation. One might not have known that one of the pair was an editor, but he never would have missed naming the other as an ecclesiastic. For two squares they strolled, the churchman doing most of the talking, the newsman listening and throwing in an occasional word. Then, when their ways parted, they stopped, and the listener took the part of orator. "I will tell you frankly, doctor," he said, "that there is not a newspaper in this country that would not gladly print every word that you propose to say, and not a single one of them would give you the slightest editorial support. You would be just as much liable to church discipline as if you had said it to your bishop in convocation."

"I will think it over," said the divine; and the two parted.

This was, I think, the most remarkable case of confidence in my observation. The ecclesiastic was rector of one of the largest and oldest parishes in the East. He had seen the newspaper-man but twice before; yet he put before him a most tempting *morceau* in the way of a "religious sensation," and parted from him on a street-corner without even the perfunctory enjoinder to secrecy which men lay in imparting the most trivial bit of gossip whose paternity they do not care to own. Of course the question of conscience entered largely into this case. The newspaper-man knew by reputation and admired the clergyman, and did not care to see his useful future sacrificed for a newspaper "scoop."

Lawyers, I think, who carry so much about them that the world may not know, enjoy the discreet and appreciative confidence of a trusted newspaper-man better than any other class of men, unless it be politicians. If any one experienced court reporter should sit down and indite the history of proceedings that were contemplated but never brought, I fancy that both the fashionable and financial quarters of most large cities would be roofless.

And of the financiers, those confidences of theirs are, by all odds, the most droll, and moreover the most dangerous. "Come around and see me at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon," said a broker to a friend of mine recently. "I won't fail till after banking-hours: so that you can have it all to yourself."

That was the drollest monetary confidence I ever knew. Of the dangerous ones, space will not suffice to speak. It is enough to say that the temptations which beset the money reporter or financial editor to keep his information to himself, instead of imparting it to his paper and his public, are probably the strongest known to modern life. That the financial columns of the great newspapers are pretty generally "straight" is the strongest testimony to the integrity of the youngest of professions that can anywhere be found.

The financial editor who does not die rich is either an ass or a very honest man,—perhaps both—according to the morality of the world of finance. He towers above the ten-story buildings of Fourth Street or Wall Street as the ten righteous would have towered above the Oriental architecture of the cities of the plain—had they been found.

A. E. Watrous.

HORSEMANSHIP AND POLO.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]



FOXHALL KEENE.

THE medical faculty from the days of Æsculapius to the present has given its endorsement to no safer or wiser prescription than "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." When the digestive organs are sluggish, or the nervous tissues are inert, or at war with one another, the person to whom these refractory agents belong has only to mount a horse and ride forth over country roads, under the breezy skies, and he may feel sure that he will speedily restore the tone of his system. One must, of course, know how to ride before he enters upon such a course of treatment.

Unquestionably the best riders are those who begin in boyhood and learn stirrups. Farm-boys ride in this manner, using only the halter-rope. In this way

to ride bareback or without ner, and even without bridles, they arrive at the true art of equitation, which consists in being at one with the body of the horse by virtue of the legs alone; the arms being unconcerned in the enterprise, except as guides in the direction of the animal. In this manner the marauding Indians and the expert hunters and cowboys of the Plains are able to ride; although they may be provided with saddles and bridles, they keep their arms in such positions that they can use bow and arrow, carbine, or lasso, with as much ease as if they were on foot. In the eyes of a really expert horseman, the spectacle of a rider using the bridle as a means of steadying himself in his seat is ludicrous or melancholy; but in



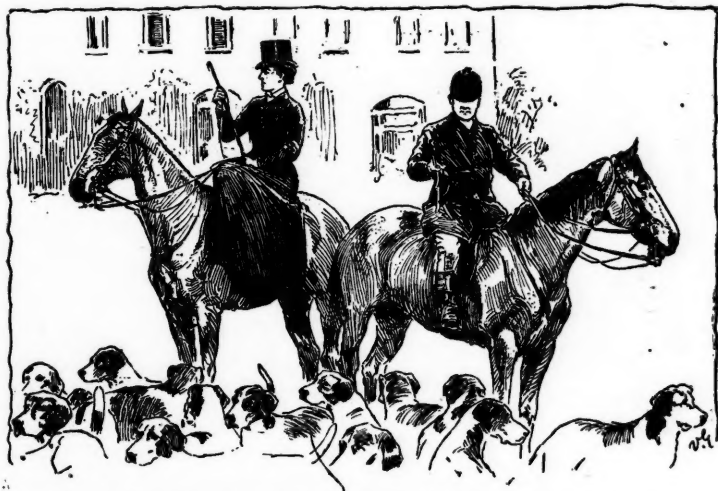
FIRST USE OF THE HORSE BY THE ANCIENTS.

either case it shocks his sense of fitness and fills him with contempt for the person who thus abuses one of

the noblest of human prerogatives,—that of mastery over the animal kingdom.

The saddle should be light and thin, especially if it has no ventilator in the centre. The merits of the ventilator are clearly shown in the McClellan saddle, which, although heavier than the ordinary saddle of the schools and stables, rarely chafes the horse, and is unsurpassed as a military equipment to be used on all sorts of animals and by all sorts of riders, with the least possible damage to the one and the greatest amount of comfort and safety to the other.

The stirrup was invented to steady the rider and to make his seat secure. This use ought to be respected to-day and forever; but the capacities of the machine are such that riders frequently lose sight of its original purpose. In the opinion of the writer, the stirrup-leathers should be of such a length that when the rider stands up in the stirrups



LADY MIDDLETON (ENGLAND'S LEADING LADY-RIDER) AND HER HEAD WHIPPER-IN.

he will clear the pommel by at least two inches. The position of the leg from the knee down should be nearly vertical. Rising to the trot seems to be the best mode of progression, although most of the armies of the world sit motionless while trotting. It is certainly the prettiest style. There is a question whether it is not just as easy to the horse as army fashion; and since the horse is unable to write or speak, we have as yet no written or oral treatises from him to support or oppose this proposition. In *Æsop's fables*, when the lion is called in by a painter to admire the picture of a man bestriding a lion and tearing open his jaws by main strength, the animal reminds the artist that if he himself wielded the brush the lion would be on top, and it would be the man whose jaws were being dislocated.

The bridle should be used only to guide the horse. Absolutely, and without exception, it should not be used to steady the rider in his

seat. The saddle-horse that is rightly taught and ridden turns to right or left as he feels the bridle-rein laid upon the left or the right side of his neck. And the rider who correctly practises the *manège* (our ancestors used the English word "manage," but it has now become obsolete) rides as follows. He sits on the saddle, immovable; his knees grasp the horse's sides and are nearly vertical to his body; his feet rest lightly on the stirrups just back of the toes, and are vertical to his knees; his right arm hangs at ease; his left arm forms nearly a right angle at his elbow, the left hand grasping the bridle. Of course this is not the



COSSACK MODE OF RIDING.

way in which jockeys ride mile courses for greatest speed; on such occasions a rider should have the stirrup of such a length as to just clear the pommel when standing. Taking a strong hold of the horse's head (but not enough to choke him), he then sits just as still as it is possible, letting the horse, as we say, run under him.

The two gaits for a saddle-horse are trotting and cantering. The canter should be long and sweeping; while nearly every man (according to the way he is formed) has his opinion which is preferable, a short trot or a long one.

I have found that many men with long legs prefer a long-gaited horse, while short-legged men prefer the reverse. A canter, to me, is one of the pleasantest of gaits; and not only that, it is also by long odds the hardest to ride gracefully.

No exercise is better adapted to promote the physical well-being of a person whose constitution is in reasonably good order, free from ruptures or impending aneu-

risms, than that of horseback-riding. It gives play to a larger variety of the muscles than any other exercise, and, up to a certain point, without fatigue. The rider, even when he travels alone, is not alone; his horse is a continual companion; and when he rides with a competent horseman or horsewoman he combines about as many of the elements of healthful pleasure in one recreation as are allotted to mortals. Conversation is not impracticable, although on such trips two people could not undertake to discuss the tariff, or problems of three bodies in astronomy, or affinities of salts and bases in chemistry; but bright repartee, interchanges of sentiment and emotion, are quite within their

power. This is one of the greatest charms of horseback-riding. Driving furnishes nothing in comparison; walking and the bicycle are out-classed; equitation is first, and the rest nowhere.

Horsemanship originated in Asia. Our earliest records of this noble exercise locate it in Asia Minor among the Trojans. Hector in the *Iliad* is the "horse-taming Hector." In the catalogue of the warriors who contended for Helen on the Plains of the Troad, the Greeks (from Europe) are mentioned only as navigators, archers, and spearmen; but when the poet comes to the Trojans (Asiatic, and their allies from Asia Minor) he begins, "Asius, son of Hyrtacus, whom large and fiery steeds bore from Arisbe, from the river Silleis."—"The sturdy heart of Pylæmenes, from the Eneti, whence is the race of wild horses."—"And the portals of Troy were opened, and the troops rushed out, both foot and horse." And the closing verse of the *Iliad* is familiar to all scholars: "Thus indeed they performed the funeral rites of the horse-subduing Hector."

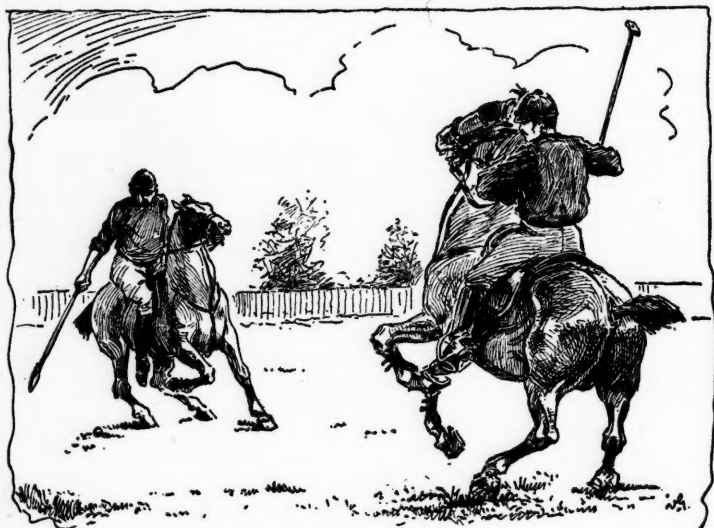
It may be noted, however, that what we now term cavalry combats were not known at that period. Both Greek and Asiatic heroes rode in two-wheeled chariots open at the rear and the axles close to the ground, the wheels being of small size. From these chariots or cars they hurled their spears. When it came to swords, they leaped to the ground and fought on foot. The first mention we have of horseback-fighting is in Persian and Assyrian annals. The inhabitants of South-western Europe lived in a hilly, rugged country unsuited to cavalry warfare. Such a method of fighting as well as of exercise was naturally practised on the vast plains of Asia Minor and Arabia. When the ten thousand Greeks hired by the younger Cyrus marched against his brother Artaxerxes in that expedition which has made Xenophon at once immortal and the terror of every school-boy in Christendom who finds himself plunged into the "Anabasis" before he has mastered the Greek verb, the Greeks fought on foot, while the Persian Cyrus on horseback charged almost alone into the ranks of horsemen that attended his brother, and was cut down by their scimitars. The Persians and the Arabs were—like Dazzle in "London Assurance"—virtually "born on horseback." A vivid picture of the early training in equitation of a Persian prince is afforded us in the "Boyhood of Cyrus" by Xenophon. There could be no better style for us to copy than that of the Greeks. If we look at any one of the many models of Greek warriors, we shall see at once that they look perfectly



ANCIENT "BAREBACK" RIDER (GERMAN BARBARIAN).

at home on horseback,—the legs at the proper angle, the body upright, and in fact the whole appearance an exceedingly graceful one.

Every one is familiar with the story of the wise man Duban in the Arabian Nights. The king is sick, probably dyspeptic, from rich living; his liver is torpid; no one of his court physicians can cure



ENGLISH POLO-PLAYERS.

him. Duban undertakes the task, gives him a polo-stick in the hollow handle of which, he *says*, he has inserted powerful drugs which will only operate through the handle at those times when the hand of the monarch sweats. The patient plays polo vigorously with his courtiers, perspires, gets well. He credits Duban and the drugs with the cure; but the real cure lies in the exercise.

In Europe and America there are ample facilities for us if we wish to take a leaf from the book of the wise and enterprising Asiatics of those by-gone centuries. The game of polo is unquestionably of Asiatic origin. The first requirement for successful polo is a smooth and well-kept field. Our supply of ponies comes from the Far West. You can go to nearly any Western town or ranch and for a comparatively small sum secure any number of small ponies well trained in the rudiments of polo: that is, they have had their training in rounding up and cutting out cattle. The game of polo is played with four men on each side. It is one-ball billiards, with the earth for a table, and the skies—not the ceiling of a close room—for a canopy; daylight instead of gaslight; pure air and the most varied exhilarating exercise, instead of noxious atmosphere and a monotonous and wearing walk around the table.

But to enjoy polo and to handle a mallet well in any one of the

numerous clubs that exist in the vicinity of New York you must know how to ride. You can't manage your pony and swing a polo-mallet at the same time unless you have the firmest of seats and rely on your legs alone to retain your equilibrium. You must know how to ride like a cowboy, a Mexican, a Comanche Indian, or a Persian; then, if you have a quick eye, a nimble arm, and an inborn taste for sport, you are qualified to play polo.

There seems no doubt that polo is the hardest game to play of all out-door sports. It may not require as much brute strength as foot-ball or rowing, but it certainly needs a great deal of strength, skill, good judgment, quickness of eyesight, and determination. Team play comes into the game far more than one would suppose. Comparing it with foot-ball, we find very many more tricks in foot-ball than in polo; yet this game abounds in tricks which have to be known by every man on the team,—every man having to do his particular share in the game, to say nothing of the required skill in the management of his pony.

Take two teams of equal skill at individual play, and the side that have made a study of team play will invariably win against their less united opponents.

What makes this game so difficult is that after you know what you are to do you first have to act yourself and then have to get your pony of the same mind.

Great quickness is a necessity of this game, as in every severe match nine-tenths of all plays happen in the fraction of a second. Now one can see how a good horseman (when, for instance, racing for the ball) will in nearly every instance accomplish his purpose by his superior horsemanship. This principle is instanced on the turf. A first-class jockey riding an inferior horse will frequently win against a better horse handled by a less skilful rider.

Foxhall Keene.



"ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR."

MANY have smiled at the extravagant conceits of that breezy Western humorist who soberly declares that he once rode on a train which went so fast that it was dangerous for a passenger to gaze out of the car window, lest he have his eyesight broken off and carried away by the solidified atmosphere. The same veracious chronicler is authority for the statement that "there was not a particle of noise to be heard, because the train got so far in advance of it, and people along the track said the rattle and roar of the train kept about a mile behind it. The very sunbeams did not have a chance to get in the windows, and, of course, the shadow of the cars lagged away back about a mile and a quarter in the rear." It does not surprise us to be assured farther along that the speed of this train was so great that it eventually got ahead of the sun, deranging every watch on board, but finally rewarding its passengers with the sight of the greatest phenomenon ever witnessed,—the sun setting in the east, the train had travelled so much ahead of it.

However great a degree of amused incredulity this may excite, its effect upon the modern mind cannot be more provocative of ridicule than were, to his contemporaries, the eager but not over-confident claims and expectations of the inventor of the locomotive engine.

When George Stephenson, somewhat more than sixty years ago, ventured modestly to assert that his little four-and-a-half-ton locomotive, the Rocket, was actually capable of whirling along one or two light carriages at the astounding velocity of twelve miles an hour, he was laughed to scorn by the highly intelligent Parliamentary committee engaged in the investigation of his new method of land-travel. At the present day, with regularly-scheduled trains, on many lines, thundering across wide continents, tirelessly, hour after hour, at the rate of a mile a minute, it is the deliberate judgment of the most conservative students of railway science that the ultimate limit of speed is still in the far distance, and that one hundred miles per hour will not be deemed an extraordinary rate of travel by the time the first decade of the twentieth century shall have closed.

The subject of the possibilities remaining undeveloped as regards the annihilation of distances by rapid railroading has recently excited great popular interest; and it is the purpose of this article to set forth briefly, and with as complete an avoidance of technicalities as may be practicable, the past achievements, the present status, and the apparent prospects in this direction.

Until a comparatively recent period the railways of Great Britain were admittedly superior to those of America in point of speed and safety. The former possessed advantages, from the beginning, which are only now, slowly, laboriously, and at great cost, being acquired by our own roads. It is probably not transgressing the bounds of demonstrable fact to say that ninety per cent. of the railroad mileage of the

United States has been originally built under conditions which necessitated the hastiest and flimsiest construction, precluding the most fundamental considerations of thoroughness, true economy, and safety in operation: indeed, leaving out the extensions built by the older and wealthier lines, it is the practice even now to string out a thin line of ragged cross-ties on the natural soil of imperfectly-graded levels, spike down the rails at the rate of several miles per day, and begin to earn interest upon the inevitable mortgage at the earliest possible moment, always with the expectation of reconstructing and bettering the road at some time in the misty future.

The English roads, on the other hand, have practically from the inception of the system been built and operated under the most rigid government inspection and supervision. The thoroughly substantial character of their "permanent way," the absence of grade-crossings, the stringent and strictly-enforced laws against trespassing upon the tracks, and the operation of an *absolute* block system (something that scarcely exists in this country) have heretofore been points in favor of rapid travel on the British lines which even our confessedly superior motive power has failed to enable our American roads to overcome.

For, as regards the construction and operation of locomotives, as well as the manipulation of trains in service, it may be said without a suspicion of boasting that American skill has nothing to learn from our cousins across the sea. The product of our locomotive-works has crowded out that of the English mechanics in England's own pet colonies, and in point of intelligence, discipline, and devotion to duty our railway operatives have no equals in the world.

It is the belief of the writer that the hundred-miles-an-hour locomotive is already with us, and, while the time has not yet arrived to run even the most important trains at this terrific speed, it will require but a few years to make it as safe and as comfortable as the "flyers" of to-day.

The ablest minds in the country are even now engrossed with the problems which, when solved, will bring about the conditions requisite to this result, and by the time it shall have been reached the characteristic "rapidity" of our population will be loudly demanding faster—much faster—travel.

The prevailing ideas regarding railway speeds are very erroneous at any rate. The majority of people, even the most intelligent among those who habitually travel, obtain their conceptions of speed from the figures of the time-table, forgetting that in nearly every instance considerable portions of the route must be traversed at much less than the average rate required to cover the total distance in the schedule time. There are very few, if any, of the fast express trains which do not on some part of each "run" reach or exceed a speed of a mile a minute. Yet, by reason of superior roadway and well-constructed cars, the accelerated velocity is unnoticed; while running at from sixty to seventy miles an hour the passenger calmly peruses his newspaper or book, children play in the aisle, and a glass brimful of water may be carried from one end to the other of the smoothly-rolling coach without the spilling of a drop.

The record of exceptional or test runs made by trains under extraordinary circumstances is of value only as demonstrating the capabilities inherent in our railway system, and as indicating its future possibilities.

Numerous instances are reported of trains in this country covering short distances at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour. A train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs Road is credited with having, on October 25, 1891, run a distance of six miles at a speed of eighty-eight and one-fifth miles an hour: no strongly confirmative evidence of this, however, has been produced. In August last a train on the London and Northeastern Railway, of England, attained the enormous and until then unprecedented speed of eighty-six miles per hour, drawn by a single compound engine of a peculiarly English type.

This was eclipsed, however, and the present "world's record" established, on August 27, 1891, by a train on the New York division of the Reading Railroad, which ran one mile in thirty-nine and four-fifths seconds, or at the rate of ninety and one-half miles an hour, and twelve miles at an average speed per mile of forty-three and two-fifths seconds. The train weighed about one hundred tons, exclusive of the engine. This record is probably the most authentic ever made, the run having been accomplished on a carefully-measured track and accurately timed by several well-known gentlemen holding stop-watches, such as those used on race-tracks. The engine, known as No. 206, is of the standard Reading pattern, with four driving-wheels five feet eight and one-half inches in diameter, and had a prior official record of hauling a regular train thirteen miles in ten minutes, or at the rate of a mile in forty-six seconds.

On November 12, 1891, a special train on the Pennsylvania Railroad made the trip from New York to Washington in four hours and eleven minutes, including ten minutes' delay. Allowing for the latter, this demonstrates a speed of fifty-seven miles per hour, and is believed to be the best time ever made between the national metropolis and the national capital.

The best record for sustained speed is undoubtedly that made on the New York Central Road on September 14 of last year, when a special train, weighing two hundred and thirty tons, was run from the Grand Central Dépôt, New York City, to East Buffalo, a distance of four hundred and thirty-six miles, in four hundred and twenty-six minutes, deducting time lost in stops. This was at the rate of sixty-one and forty-four hundredths miles per hour. The most remarkable feature of this trip was the run from New York to Albany, one hundred and forty-three miles, which was made in one hundred and forty minutes without a stop.

Prior to this achievement on Mr. Depew's line the best recorded speed for an approximate distance had been made by the London and Northwestern of England, which ran a train from London to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, in four hundred and thirty-three minutes, exclusive of stops.

The "long distance" record of the world was established as long ago as 1876, when a special Pennsylvania Railroad train, carrying

Jarrett & Palmer's theatrical company, was run from New York to San Francisco, a distance of three thousand three hundred and thirteen and one-half miles, in eighty-four hours and seventeen minutes, or a trifle over three days and a half. This was at an average rate of forty miles per hour, *including* seventy-two stops and seven changes of engine. The train was moved from New York to Pittsburg by the same engines, without a single stop, covering four hundred and thirty-eight and one-half miles, in ten hours and five minutes, a rate of forty-three and one-half miles an hour. The maximum speed on this trip, strangely enough, was made on the Union Pacific Railroad, where the train attained a velocity equal to seventy-two miles per hour.

For combined length and speed of run the nearest approach to this was made by the famous flying special which carried John Mackay, the multi-millionaire miner, from San Francisco to New York a few months ago. The thirty-three hundred miles from the Pacific to the Atlantic, over mountains, cañons, plains, and rivers, was covered in a fraction over four days, or at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, including stops and delays of various sorts.

But occasional and phenomenal bursts of speed, such as those just recounted, while of interest as showing the progress of railroad science, are of less importance to the public at large than the rapid acceleration of regularly-scheduled trains used day after day by the ordinary traveller. For several years past, and notably within the last six months, railway managers have evinced a pronounced disposition to shorten the time of passenger-trains on important routes. This movement has advanced cautiously, but steadily. While it is a notorious fact that a fierce and occasionally vindictive spirit of rivalry exists between some of our lines which are competitors for traffic, it must be set down to the credit of our railway administration in general that the paramount importance of safety to travellers seems never to be lost sight of in their business contentions.

The fastest train in Great Britain, and for many years regarded as the fastest in the world, is the celebrated "Flying Scotchman." Its schedule time from London to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, deducting regular stops, is eight and one-half hours, equal to a speed of fifty-one and six-tenths miles per hour. The same train reaches Aberdeen, five hundred and twenty-three miles from London, in eleven hours and forty-five minutes, or at the rate of forty-four and one-half miles per hour for the entire journey.

The honor of running the "fastest regular train in the world" for a like distance is now claimed by, and doubtless of right belongs to, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, whose Empire State Express, in service daily since October 26 last, makes the trip from New York to Buffalo, a distance of four hundred and forty miles, at an average running speed of fifty-two and twelve hundredths miles per hour, the highest rate scheduled being fifty-six and three-fourths miles an hour over a stretch of eighty miles.

This wonderful "flyer" is closely pressed for the championship by the Royal Blue Line train between New York and Washington, two hundred and twenty-six miles in five hours, including stops. Making

allowance for delay, this distance has been frequently covered at the rate of fifty-two miles per hour. The Congressional Limited Express of the Pennsylvania Railroad is scheduled to run between the same points in five hours and five minutes, with about three miles additional track to cover.

The fastest scheduled train between New York and Chicago, and the fastest for the distance in the United States, is the Pennsylvania Railroad "Limited," which runs the nine hundred and twelve miles, including stops, in twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes.

A very important consideration in connection with these extraordinarily rapid trains is the question of their precision of movement and constancy to schedule time. Continual improvement is being accomplished in this regard on all lines. It is probable that with respect to absolute promptitude and regularity the Reading Railroad's "two-hour train" from Philadelphia to New York is entitled to claim supremacy. This train is scheduled to run ninety miles in one hundred and ten minutes, but, owing to the fact that it passes through a number of populous cities and makes several stops, its actual average speed is much greater than these figures would imply. A transcript of the official "train-sheet" for five months shows that this train during that time made one hundred and thirty trips,—that is, a trip every day except Sundays,—and that on one hundred and twenty-one trips it arrived at its destination "on time" to the second, while on the remaining nine days the maximum variation from the time-table did not exceed a few minutes.

And what of the future? When will our monster steeds of steel skim over the frightened earth at a hundred-miles-an-hour gait?

The facts set forth above ought to establish to the satisfaction of the most sceptical that we now possess the motive power on any or all of our important lines of travel to attain this speed with ease, subject to slight modifications in other physical conditions.

Until Mr. Edison or one of his fellow-searchers into nature's secrets shall have discovered a method whereby electricity can be extracted directly from coal without the intervention of an intermediary agent, we shall doubtless continue to employ steam as a motive force on our railways, and the locomotive engine will not differ in any essential feature from the general lines upon which it is at present constructed.

Experiments and improvements are constantly in progress, the prevailing "fad" among our mechanical engineers being the effort to adapt to the exigencies of our roads the English type of fast-running locomotives, which are compound engines with a single pair of very large driving-wheels. On long runs, with light trains, on straight lines, easy grades, and with no violent curves, this pattern of engine is very serviceable and has attained great speed. For the requirements of the service upon our own lines it is probable that the distinctively American locomotive, with two pairs of drivers not more than six feet in diameter, will continue to be the standard type. It excels in manageableness and tractive power, can be started more quickly, reach full speed in a shorter distance, and be stopped in a less space, than the great English "bicycles."

If we are to have swifter trains it will be necessary to check the tendency towards increasing the weight of coaches and palace cars. The long journeys incident to our great territory and widely-diffused population, together with the popular demand for the highest forms of luxury in travel, have compelled the extension of space and the addition of "modern conveniences" on our trains until they have become veritable hotels on wheels. The "dead weight" of one of our magnificent limited trains is from two hundred and twenty-five to three hundred tons, while the actual weight of the "Flying Scotchman" is but eighty tons. This is an interesting point of comparison.

Another very essential requisite is the perfection of the roadway. On the great trunk lines of the East gratifying progress has been made and is making in this direction. From iron rails weighing forty pounds to the yard we have advanced to rails of steel of a weight of one hundred pounds per yard, strong enough to bear the shock and hammering of one-hundred-ton locomotives, and the finest bridge-work in the world is to be found on our principal lines. As the intelligent prosecution of roadway improvement will doubtless keep pace with the general progress of railway operation, it is safe to predict that the "permanent way" will be prepared for the exactions placed upon it by the increased weight and speed of trains.

Would faster trains be dangerous?

No. In the history of railroads no instance can be found where a train has been derailed by reason of running at a high rate of speed. There is no more danger, intrinsically, at one hundred miles an hour than at forty. The dangers to be guarded against bear little or no relation to the question of speed. The strict supervision of tracks and bridges, the abolishment of crossings at grade, the fencing in of all lines of railway and the prevention of trespassing thereon,—above all, an effective system of signals and safeguards for the guidance and protection of trains,—these requirements met, the hundred-miles-an-hour "flyer" will be a safer conveyance than a city horse-car.

Chas. R. Deacon.

DAYS AND NIGHTS.

HIGHER the daily hours of anguish rise,
And mount around me as the swelling deep,
Till past my mouth and eyes their moments flow,
And I am drowned in sleep.

But soon the tide of night begins to ebb :
Chained on the barren shore of dawn I lie,
Again to feel the day's slow-rising flood,
Again to live and die.

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

POMPTHERO.

I WENT into the country grocery and asked for Pompthero. Why in the world I did so I cannot tell; for old Hanneman's rosy-faced, impudent clerk dealt me as many unlovely epithets and quite as much cutting ribaldry as others who faced him over the counter. His keen blue eyes had never yet failed to take me in as material for jest. True, I never made much of an appearance; for it is all an old water-carrier can do to feed the inner man first, and then hide the outer with what rags he may; but I had many a time gone away from the grocery with Pompthero's sarcasm pelting my retreat, and a sore feeling down somewhere about the place where feelings originate. Yet I went again and again, until I think he grew weary of drawing my caricature in words, and indifferent to my frequent presence, often looking over me, and even through me, without giving so much as the nod and smile I waited for. But one day I thought I noticed a change in him. He said "good-morning" pleasantly, and when I went away dropped an odd weight of best Cheshire in my coat-pocket. It was to me as though the heavens had fallen, and the next time an opportunity presented itself I thought I must go and see what was the matter with Pompthero. No sooner had I inquired for him than I espied him astride an empty sugar-barrel, beating a thoughtful tattoo against its echoing sides with his heels. "Now then," he said, all at once coming down from his perch, "roll up your sleeves, unbutton your elbows, blow your nose, and look tidy!" After that apostrophe to himself, he was ready for business, and I heard his resounding voice the next moment from behind the cheese-counter, "Make room there, Ned. Here comes the Comet."

I stepped on one side, and "the Comet" entered. She was a corpulent, untidy woman, but for what reason he designated her "the Comet" I could not say. I only know he hated her, and often felt tempted to run the risk of losing his place, just to have the happiness of giving her face to face some of his sharp shot. As it was, he evinced his dislike in the plainest way open to him. "The Comet" waited patiently enough before the counter while he slashed off a piece of bacon and threw it into the mouth of a hungry four-footed visitor, sliced a piece of cheese and tossed it to me, thrust his hand into the biscuit-tin for his own edification, and then turned to her with a bland "What can I do for you, ma'am?" I oftentimes wondered why she didn't complain; for he would serve anybody and everybody before "the Comet," and mess around ostentatiously with something unimportant for five or ten minutes if there happened to be no other customer on hand he could give preference to. But she always stood her ground and waited, and this would rile Pompthero all the more, since he had a latent hope each time of driving her to deal elsewhere. However, just here I must give some sort of a reason for Pompthero's popularity. I called him fondly to myself, "My handsome lad!" Others said, "That fine-looking young fellow, Pompthero!" The young ladies

murmured, "What lovely curls and blue eyes!" Old Hanneman growled at times while swallowing his impudence hardly, "Confound the chap! Yet he brings more custom to my shop in an hour than I can charm here in a week." This was why the proprietor of the grocery put up with him. Myself, I had seen a little corner in Pompthero's heart that I hardly think had been made visible to any other, and for the warmth of that one little corner *I* liked him.

"The Comet" despatched, he strode up to me with, "Well, Buckets, how do you fare?" and the next moment was chatting familiarly, and more respectfully, too.

"I wish I could find my lad, Pompthero," I said, after a pause. "He promised in his boyhood just such stature and looks as yours."

"What, you have a son?"

"I *had*; though he may be dead now, for aught I know. His mother was passionately attached to him, and he to her. Well, she died, and my lad ran away from home. I have never seen or heard of him since. During her sickness there was scarce a day but what I found him singing, 'What is home without a mother?' and I suppose the prospect after her death was too much for him."

"Mother! 'What is home without a mother?'" muttered Pompthero, under his breath, and as he got up and walked behind the counter his sleeve brushed surreptitiously near his eyes.

Just then Hanneman's married daughter entered the store from the private door leading to the house, and called, "Pompthero!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you busy?"

"Very, ma'am."

"Well, I'll send some one to relieve you while you take Rachel and the children for a drive."

Rachel was the children's nurse, and another for whom Pompthero had conceived an antipathy.

"Did you understand, Pompthero? Rachel and the children will be ready in a few minutes."

"I'd like to save the youngsters' necks," said Pompthero, "but if you send me out with that young woman I'll drive her to the devil!"

"Pompthero!"

"Ah, well, you'll find her out, mark my word for it."

I scented trouble, for Pompthero was worked up to fever-heat. The maid, Rachel, was a miserable tattler, and constantly "on the peep and squint," as Pompthero would elegantly remark. "I'll stake my life on it," he said to me once, after watching the girl pass through the shop, "that minx would prig anything she could lay her hand to."

The puzzled mistress would take him to task day after day with, "I do not see why you treat Rachel so, Pompthero. You really must put a guard on your tongue."

To which he invariably replied, "Ah, you'll find her out."

Find her out they did, with her trunks full of household utensils and the best linen the establishment boasted. That day saw her dismissal, and Pompthero, though he refrained from saying anything, trod as one on air, and quite forgot for once to hail the arrival of "the Comet."

The next time the owner of that airy epithet came to buy, Pomphthero was unpacking some newly-arrived cheeses, and regarded her with an evil eye. "H'm," growled he, as he stripped the linen back from the cheese destined for present use and threw it under the counter, "there goes the tail of some old woman's shirt!"

"What?" screamed "the Comet."

"Back of the cheese," said Pomphthero, blandly explanatory. "When they can't wear 'em any longer, that's what they use 'em for."

"The Comet" sailed out of the shop in high dudgeon, and, to the immense satisfaction of the wicked grocery clerk, never patronized it again.

"Where's old Mrs. Richardson?" said Hanneman, wonderingly. "She used to be a good customer."

"She took away a dose to last her lifetime the other week," said Pomphthero, and, turning his attention to a fresh customer, with fascinating smiles and true business wiles made him purchase three times the amount of stuff he came for, and sent Hanneman away chuckling, "Well, he's a card! But I think we can afford to lose Mrs. Richardson."

"I meant you should, afford or not," said Pomphthero, dryly.—"Is that you, Buckets? Come in."

"I met old Mrs. Laird on the way up-town," said I. "I suppose she's coming here."

"Ah? I'm always glad to see that old lady."

I stared at him in astonishment.

"She never wears a long face, though she's got as much reason to as some others, and, let what will be, she has a merry twinkle and a bright word for a fellow."

And just then the subject of conversation appeared.

"Well, mother," said Pomphthero, "what brings you here again?" It was the mildest manner of speech he could vouchsafe as a greeting.

"Don't call me mother," said the dear old lady, with assumed annoyance. "I'd be sorry to be the mother of such a bad lad as you."

"I should never have been a bad lad to you, mother," said Pomphthero, slowly, like one uneasy and snubbed. He tied up her parcels, and waited on her deftly but silently, letting the scales sink well with her purchases and substituting best quality for inferior price.

"Mo-ther," he said at last, "this is quite a load for you. Let me carry it up this evening after supper."

But she declined, and he had to be content with helping her to the door.

"Buckets," he said to me, struggling strangely with his voice, "she won't let me call her mother. Yet I could worship that dear old soul, and that's something for me to do."

I thought so too.

The next time I went to see Pomphthero, old Hanneman confronted me with the words,—

"Pomphthero's gone to Australia. I always thought he'd end by doing something a bit too wild for his own constitution."

Lillian A. North.

IBSEN'S EARLIER WORK.

A NORSE MYTH ON THE NORSE STAGE.

IN the autumn of 1851, a struggling young Norwegian of three-and-twenty was invited to leave his garret in Christiania and settle as dramatic poet to the local theatre in busy and vivacious Bergen. The offer was, in a pecuniary sense, meagre enough,—some two hundred dollars a year,—but it was accepted, and its acceptance was perhaps the most important event in the literary history of the time. For the young poet, whose “intense, thin, pallid face in the rear of a huge black beard” (as Björnson describes him) had not long disappeared from the college benches, was one who needed only that intimate practical connection with the theatre which is not to be had for the asking, to become the first dramatist of his time. To the six years of his Bergen sojourn Ibsen owes in no small measure his mastery of dramatic technique. It was scarcely of less importance, however, that at Bergen he found himself for the first time in contact with the heart of the national life. Christiania was, no doubt, the seat of officialdom and authority; but Christiania had foregone the honor of being the spiritual metropolis of Norway in the effort to become an outpost of European culture, a suburb of Copenhagen; it was cosmopolitan, in the sense that it lacked enthusiasm for the glories of the national past, and provincial, in the sense that its cosmopolitanism was imperfectly acquired. Bergen, on the other hand, was the soil in which all the half-articulate enthusiasms which had their root in patriotic sentiment burst into luxuriant flower and fruit. Here the Maalstræver strove to graft the fresh and forcible idioms of the Norse dialects upon the smooth and rather emasculate Danish of polite conversation; here the Norse sagas were treasured and recited, and old sea-captains with the viking blood in their veins and buttons of true Norse stag-horn on their coats, came to listen and applaud.

Henrik Ibsen was not the man to be overcome by enthusiasm for a people to whose defects he was from the first profoundly sensitive. But it was impossible for him to be quite unaffected by the ardent atmosphere around him, and his keen dramatic instinct discovered extraordinary opportunities in the class of subjects which preoccupied the patriotic imagination. The national history, with its civil feuds and foreign invasions, was still comparatively new ground; nor had historical scholarship yet clothed it in that panoply of minute detail which is rather a barrier than an aid to the poet. And behind it lay a region impenetrably obscure indeed to the historian, but steeped in the weird light of imaginative tradition, and peopled with the gods and heroes of the grandest of European mythologies.

The series of dramas produced by Ibsen at Bergen belongs exclusively to this domain. The struggle with the Danes in the sixteenth century is the theme of his second historical play, “*Lady Inger at Östråt*” (1855), in which he thus emphatically abandoned the path of universal history which he had entered in his first, the juvenile and

unsuccessful "Catiline." It is a preparatory effort for the greatest of his historical tragedies, "The Pretenders," written eight years later at Christiania. But it was the legendary and mythical sagas that most powerfully attracted him both as to subject and form. "The Feast at Solhaug" and "Olaf Liljekrans" were slighter essays in this field. A greater—indeed, in some respects a unique—interest belongs to the grand and lurid drama which, conceived at the very close of his Bergen sojourn, concentrates and embodies in one noble achievement the artistic aims and impulses which that sojourn had quickened to him. "The Vikings in Helgeland" differs, indeed, from all its predecessors in being founded upon a story which could not for a moment be called provincial or obscure,—one, on the contrary, made famous by the touch of many poets, and resonant in the mouths of men: so that the reader turns to it with a curiosity analogous in kind to that with which the foreign student, on his first acquaintance with Shakespeare, prepares to see what the author of Hamlet has made of the famous tales of Troilus and Timon. The story of Siegfried and the Nibelungen is, at least in Germanic Europe, a household word, thanks partly to the great unknown poet or poets who wove the legend into the most dramatic and many-sided of old German epics, partly to the colossal music of Wagner. The magnificent lays of the Edda, in which fragments of the story are enshrined, and the prose paraphrase of the "*Völsunga Saga*," have played a smaller part in its fame. No doubt it originated in Germany, among the castled and caverned crags of Rhineland. And yet it was in Scandinavia that it survived in its most primitive and unsophisticated form. In Germany the pagan myths rapidly lost their hold before the advance of Christianity, and, while the supernatural elements in them faded or were transformed, the permanent stuff of human passion and adventure was freely handled by the poetic craftsmen of a later time, who were more concerned (as the way of poets is) to adapt the traditions they found to their own ideal of manners than to hand them down intact. In the North, on the contrary, the tardy and difficult triumph of Christianity just before the close of the first thousand years of the Christian era found the poetic literature of the country, in all its grandest features, complete.

The fundamental situation of the story is one of extraordinary dramatic force. The valkyr Brynhild is the Medea of Northern legend, clothed in the fascination of mysterious potency, vehement and terrible alike in her hate and in her love. She has plighted her troth to Sigurd (Siegfried); but Sigurd, beguiled to forgetfulness by a magic draught, has looked with eyes of love upon the fair Gudrun (Kriemhild), and when Gunnar, the brother of Gudrun, sets forth to win the redoubted Brynhild for himself, follows without a pang. Her bower is encompassed with a girdle of fire, and only he who crosses it can win her. It is Sigurd, transformed into the likeness of Gunnar, who performs this feat, and then, without transgressing his fidelity to Gunnar, passes the night in Brynhild's bower. Brynhild, thus deceived, has become Gunnar's wife; but, in spite of his noble character, the marriage is unhappy; she is consumed with secret passion for Sigurd, whom she had embraced in Gunnar's form. Sigurd is now the husband of

Gudrun; and a dispute between the two wives brings the truth to light. Provoked beyond endurance by Brynhild's boast of Gunnar's prowess, Gudrun flings in her face the irrepressible retort that Gunnar had stood by and let Sigurd win his wife. The wound is deadly, and the vindictive passion it arouses implacable. Her imperious pride is cut to the quick; her hidden love of Sigurd is at once inflamed by the knowledge that he had once taken Gunnar's place, and envenomed by the sense that he had deceived her. Life is intolerable to her while he and Gudrun live. She eggs her husband on to avenge her. He refuses to lay hands on the man to whose heroism he owes his wife, even at that wife's bidding; but his younger brother Gutthorm, after being artfully fed, as one poem has it, on "sliced serpents and wolf's flesh," consents to the ferocious and wily deed. Sigurd is slain as he sleeps; Gudrun awakes to find herself drenched in his blood; she shrieks, and at her shriek "the goblets on the wall ring again, and the geese in the yard cry out." And Brynhild hears it in her bed, and laughs aloud, "once and only once with all her heart," and then, in her husband's presence and in his despite, ends her life that she may be burned on the pyre with Sigurd and ride to Valhall with the hero and the victim of her love.

This demonic creature is the original of Hjordis, the dark contriver of the harms in Ibsen's drama. But the social conditions in which she moves are wholly different. Brynhild is surrounded by an atmosphere of myth; she walks on enchanted ground; fire surrounds her at divine bidding; her lover loses memory through a magic draught and changes his form at will. But Hjordis is an Icelandic lady, daughter of a chieftain, and Sigurd a roving sea-king who, with his young wife Dagny, is a favorite guest at the court of King Athelstane of England. In short, the tenth century as it conceived itself to be is replaced by the tenth century as it was. The marvellous survives only as belief, the supernatural only as a vivid and continuous anticipation of what does not occur. The magic draught which causes Sigurd to forget his original betrothal disappears, and the original betrothal with it; while instead of a "transformation," or, as the Nibelungen has it, a "cap of darkness," he employs no more insidious means of entering the bower where Gunnar is expected than a pitch-dark night and no lamps. Obviously, therefore, he could not venture, like his transformed prototype, to approach it through a circle of revealing flames; and so the fire is replaced by a huge bear, which permits him to risk his life without imperilling his incognito. Class distinctions, too, which play little part in the Edda, are introduced, though in no very accentuated form; and the distinction of pagan and Christian faith is called in, as we shall see, to heighten the pathos of the catastrophe. On the other hand, the grand prototypes of the story are never left out of sight, and their mythic features, themselves incompatible with its changed venue, are often felicitously transmuted into natural human traits. If Hjordis, for instance, is no longer, like Brynhild, a valkyr, her nature is full of touches caught from the wild daughters of Odin. She does not ride along the stormy air, nor lure men to the deep with mystic spells, but her imagination is full of the thought of those who do, and her passionate heart goes out to them with the joy of a kindred

nature. "Thou shalt see sights here," she tells her gentle foster-sister Dagny, "such as thou hast not seen in the halls of the English king. . . . We shall go down to the sea when the storm begins once more; thou shalt see the billows rushing upon the land like wild white-maned horses,—and then the whales far out in the offing! They dash against each other like steel-clad knights! Ha! what joy to be a witch-wife and ride on a whale's back,—to speed before the skiff, and wake the storm, and lure men to the deeps with lovely songs of sorcery!"

Dag.—"Fie, Hjördis! how canst thou talk so?"

Hj.—"Canst thou sing sorceries, Dagny?"

Dag. (*with horror*).—"I?"

Hj.—"Nay, hear me to the end! Think, Dagny, what it is to sit by the window in the eventide and hear the kelpie wailing in the boat-house; to sit waiting and listening for the dead men's ride to Valhall; for their way lies past us here in the North. They are the brave men that fell in fight, the strong women that did not drag out their lives tamely, like thee and me; they sweep through the storm-night on their black horses with jangling bells!" (*Embraces Dagny, and presses her wildly in her arms.*) "Ha, Dagny, think of riding the last ride on so rare a steed!"

It is indeed under the intoxication of this thought of "riding to Valhall by Sigurd's side" that she finally compasses his death. That which she had originally conceived indignantly as vengeance for the affront which he had put upon her womanhood is changed by the alchemy of her strangely-blended love and hate into an act of deliverance by which they two may escape from the bondage of uncongenial wedlock to the union of kindred souls in Valhall. And this powerful trait, which in the Nibelungen is softened down, is worked out with a subtilty quite beyond anything that Ibsen found in his sources.

The women of Ibsen's early plays tend to fall into two typical classes, which he opposes to one another with the antithetical rigor of youth. There are the women of imperious self-will, and the women of clinging, submissive devotion. His earliest play, "Catiline," was largely built upon the contrast between Catiline's devoted wife and better genius, Aurelia, and the fierce and vindictive Furia. The latter is a first sketch of Hjördis; the former, said to be drawn from Ibsen's mother, is reflected in the tender Dagny, as she is, later on, in the Agnes of "Brand" and the Solveig of "Peer Gynt." A delicate and refined woman, fearful of bloodshed and strife, and utterly devoid of the

sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence

which are the prerogative of Hjördis, she has little in common with the terrible Kriemhild of the Nibelungen, whose life after Siegfried's murder is one act of vengeance, prolonged, detailed, and complete. Indeed, her character strikes the reader at first as needlessly modern in its feminine sensitiveness; and there are moments when he even feels inclined to ask whether this fair foreign visitor among the vikings has not arrived in a pleasure-yacht and played a part in a London season at some period

more recent than the reign of Athelstane. However, there is fire within the delicate form, and it breaks out with startling vehemence when one subject is touched,—her husband's honor. At the eleventh hour Sigurd has reluctantly disclosed to her his part in the winning of Hjördis for Gunnar. When Hjördis boasts of his prowess she cannot contain herself, and the sensitive gentleness of her nature gives a more terrible emphasis to the outburst in which she flings back at Hjördis the fatal words, "It shall no longer be hidden! . . . Praise Gunnar nevermore for that deed, for Gunnar is a weakling. . . . Sigurd did the deed!"

There is, however, a further intention in this contrast. Hjördis, the spirit of storm and turbulence, typifies the age of lawless and irresponsible warfare that was passing away, Dagny the age of comparatively ordered society, of incipient civilization, which even in the North was slowly coming on. The court of Athelstane, with which she and Sigurd are significantly associated, was one of the few bright spots then existing in Europe. Hjördis is the ardent votary of the pagan faith which drove the pirate and the viking forth to desolate and to destroy; Dagny is a convert to the creed under the auspices of which the foundations of European order and culture were slowly and silently being laid. Between the two women stands Sigurd, and it is the peculiar pathos and significance of his character that he shares in the antagonistic impulses of both. By nature he is the bold and dashing adventurer, full of the joy of battle and the zest of warlike fame. If he ever wedded, it must be with a kindred spirit. "She whom I choose," he had once said, as Hjördis afterwards with cutting sarcasm reminds poor Dagny,—*"she whom I choose must not rest content with a humble lot; no honor must seem too high for her to strive for; she must go with me gladly a-viking, war-weed must she wear; she must egg me on to strife, and never wink her eyes when sword-blades lighten; for if she be faint-hearted, scant honor will be mine."* Such was she to be, the woman who could make life fair to him, and then—"then he chose *thee!*" Sigurd, in short, loved, and might have won, Hjördis, but, seeing that his foster-brother Gunnar loved her also, he renounced his love, and risked his life to win her for him, and then quietly married the gentle Dagny, never letting her for a moment suspect that his secret heart was with the stormy spirit whose secret heart was also with him. Such extravagance and self-devotion carry us at once from the age of the vikings into that of chivalry; and Sigurd's character is, in fact, the result of just that fusion of the warlike and the Christian ideal in which the essence of chivalry as an historical institution consists. Sigurd glories in war, but his greatest feat of arms is a piece of chivalrous devotion to his friend; nay, in a mood of which even chivalry could only half approve, he is ready to sacrifice all he possesses in order to ward off a perilous attack from that friend. In short,—and this marks the antithesis between the conflicting elements of his character,—it is Sigurd, the ambitious soldier, who throughout the play does his utmost to assuage, as Hjördis with more success does her utmost to excite, conflict and bloodshed. The catastrophe which appears about to dissolve forever the prolonged opposition of their lives in reality develops it at a single stroke into irreconcilable dissonance.

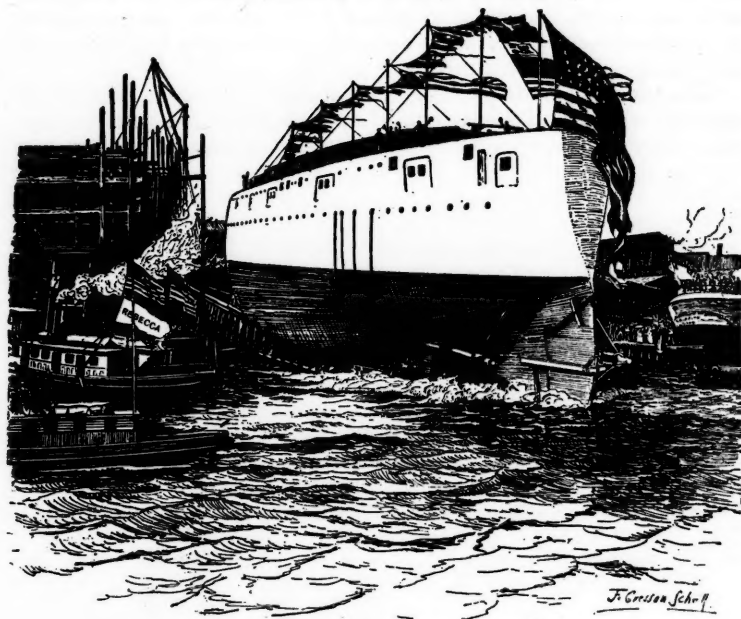
When already transfixed by the arrow of Hjördis and thrilled by her rapturous summons to the death-ride with her into Valhall, "Sigurd, my brother, now art thou mine at last!" he quietly discloses that her faith is no longer his. "Now less than ever! Here our ways part: I am a Christian man." And Hjördis, overcome by passion and grief, leaps the cliff, and when the dead heroes ride by upon the storm-wind she is with them,—but alone. It must be allowed that this confession of Sigurd's is a surprise, and, like all fifth-act surprises, hazardous; still, it belongs to that legitimate variety of the species which, like the discovery of Epicene's sex at the close of Jonson's great comedy, instantly illuminates and explains the whole course of the previous action. That Sigurd has learnt the Christian faith is throughout the implicit condition of his conduct. His death at Hjördis's hands is the result of his heroic renunciation of her; and he thus becomes a kind of anticipation of the tragedy of sacrifice which reaches its sublimest note in "Brand."

The story of Sigurd is not the only topic of the drama. Ibsen has with great skill inwoven another story which makes its import even plainer than it would otherwise be. Hjördis is the foster-daughter of Dagny's father, Örnulf, who is the slayer of her own father. At the outset of the drama he appears, in war-array, to avenge her flight with Gunnar. Hjördis and he exchange bitter words, Sigurd with difficulty allays the feud, and the two parties separate with mutual distrust. Gunnar's young son Egil is at a distance from home; Thorolf, the son of Örnulf, follows Gunnar as his guest. With poisonous whispers Hjördis excites Gunnar against the boy's life; at last, incensed at the plausible suggestion that Örnulf had waived his immediate vengeance upon Gunnar only in order to strike at him through his child, he stabs Thorolf. A little while after, Örnulf enters with the child Egil in his arms, whom he has saved by hard fighting, in which all his sons save Thorolf have fallen. The persuasion of Sigurd had turned his purpose, and he had saved where he came to slay. Gunnar with bitter remorse lays the body of Thorolf in the old viking's arms, and only the implacable Hjördis dares to mock his loss. And so in one pathetic moment the two potent forces by which the drama is worked out are contrasted,—the destroying genius of Hjördis, which has won her noble and generous husband to an act of base treachery, and the saving genius of Sigurd, which has won the sworn destroyer and avenger to an act of self-sacrificing chivalry.

Much might be said in criticism upon this remarkable drama, which must be admitted to gain its effect sometimes at considerable cost. Ibsen is a master, and his method is at times masterful. He sees his end with the utmost clearness, and makes for it with peremptory energy, heedless what he loses or overthrows on the way. No man was ever less the slave of his materials. Whatever subject he takes up he subdues to his own forcible and original thought, and makes it tell his story and drop its own. And so in his hands the myth of Sigurd and Brynhild has become a dramatic picture of the death-grapple of the infant genius of civilized Europe with the grand old dying giant of the pagan North.

C. H. Herford.

REBUILDING THE NAVY.



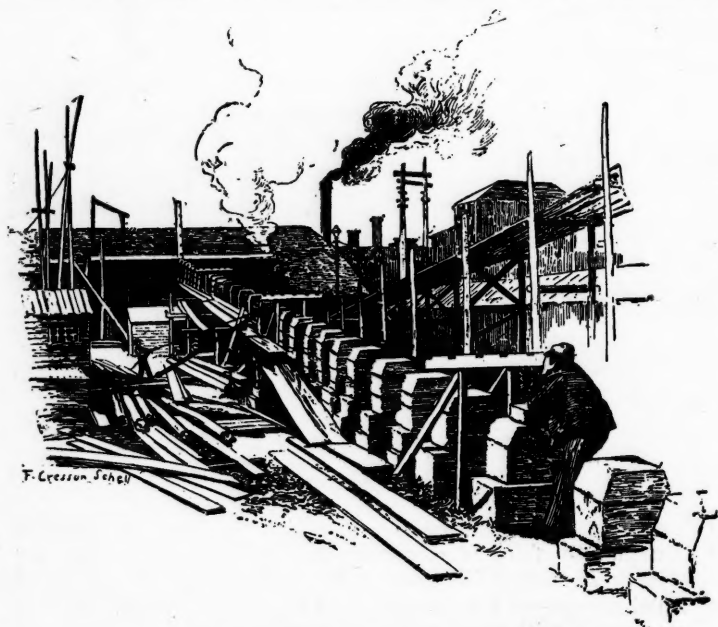
"THERE SHE GOES!"

BY right of primogeniture the American people is a maritime nation. By force of circumstances—and by this I mean the absorption of so many millions of emigrants from inland countries of continental Europe—it has retrograded in its marine instinct. Taking this into account, with the fact that many millions of our people have never seen the ocean and that their ideas of a ship are confined to the Mississippi steamboats or the smoke-vomiting stern-wheelers on the Ohio and other rivers, it is not surprising how difficult it has been to preserve a single ship-yard on our coasts.

England of all the European powers remains to-day a great maritime nation; she has outlived Holland, Spain, and France; and so long as the United States were dominated by the Anglo-Saxon spirit, not only our navy but also our merchant marine prospered and did us honor. With the close of the civil war, our merchant marine had practically disappeared from the high seas; our navy, like the army, seemed to fall into disrepute: it was only one step further to disrepair. As peace dawned upon a nation reunited by blood, the people seemed to shrink from all that pertained to war. While other nations, accepting the naval battles of our war as great object-lessons in naval

warfare and architecture, turned to rebuilding their navies, we closed our navy-yards and reduced our naval establishment to a handful of half-rotten old hulks. We had settled our internal strife: there could be no further need of guns, armor, or ships. That there has of late years been a partial revolution of sentiment among the people at large with respect to rebuilding the navy is a matter of congratulation to our whole people, for it must and will have a direct influence upon building up our merchant marine.

The transformation in the methods of building ships evidences the marvellous growth of science and of applied mechanics. In the days when wooden ships were the only ones that were dreamed of, there was

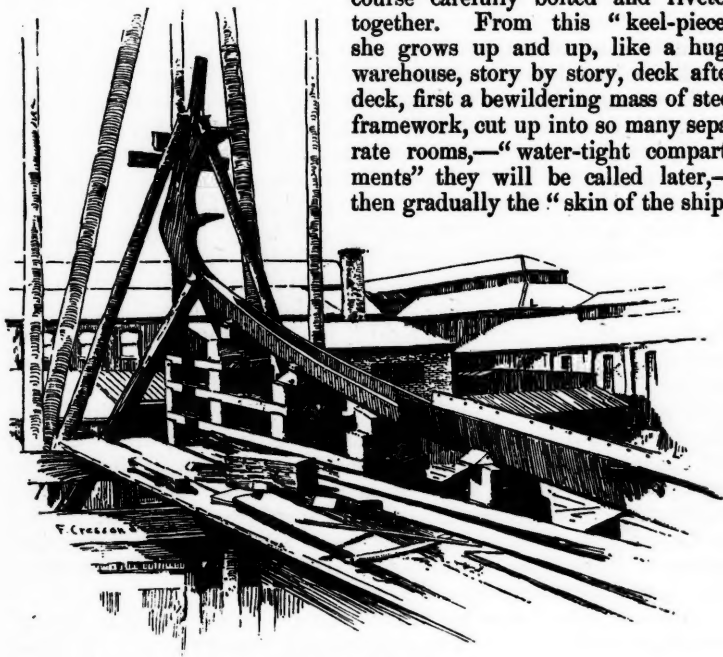


PLACING KEEL-BLOCKS IN POSITION FOR CRUISER NO. 13.

such a thing as a ship-carpenter; but so far as great men-of-war or modern merchantmen are concerned, ship-carpentry is now one of the lost arts. The adze, saw, auger, and kindred implements have given way to steam-driven tools that cut through steel plates as an ordinary table-knife slices gingerbread; for "treenails" are substituted red-hot bolts forged within a few feet of their destination and riveted into place by hammers that would brain a steer. Iron- and steel-workers, machinists, engineers, and chemists have replaced the old-time ship-builder with their modern inventions; and yet, for all the strength and weight of their improvements, the lines upon which the stability of the ship rest have little altered from the days when a five-hundred-ton vessel was looked upon as a marvel.

After the plans are drawn for a ship, she is "laid out" complete upon the floor of the "mould-loft;" in fact, there are frequently several vessels "laid out" side by side: this is the final step in the theoretical building of the vessel. Now comes the first practical one. Few there are who are not more or less familiar with the building of a house; we see the cellar and perhaps the sub-cellar dug, the foundations laid and made ready for the superstructure. To do this requires a piece of ground which our modern vernacular dubs a "building-lot." In a ship-yard the space where a vessel rests during the process of construction is usually spoken of as the "building-slip." There are, therefore, so many "building-lots" to each ship-yard, where the foundations or "keel-blocks" of each and every ship are laid that finally glides down the "ways" on the road to her natural element. The laying of these "keel-blocks" is one of the niceties of the art of ship-building. Each pile of blocks must vary in height with that part of the ship under which it rests; upon these "keel-blocks" the "keel-piece" is laid,—in olden times a choice piece of white oak, carefully selected and modelled; now it is of solid steel, in several sections, of

course carefully bolted and riveted together. From this "keel-piece" she grows up and up, like a huge warehouse, story by story, deck after deck, first a bewildering mass of steel framework, cut up into so many separate rooms,—“water-tight compartments” they will be called later,—then gradually the “skin of the ship”



THE STEM IN POSITION.

grows from day to day, putting on, so to speak, more flesh with every setting sun. In the case of armored vessels, such as the great battle-ships now building, these, like man, have a "true skin" and a "cuticle." At the time of launching, a modern man-of-war is little

more than a shell. Most of her outside and inside armor is placed in position after she is afloat; the same is true of all the carpenter- and joiner-work, as well as of the boilers, engines, masts, and general outfit. The engines are set up complete, side by side, in the machine-shop, and thoroughly tested in all their parts, before being placed in position in the hold of the vessel. This is—for the amateur—the best opportunity of judging how they drive this marine monster eighteen or twenty knots an hour through the water.

William Penn and his fellow-colonists early had an idea of the value of the Delaware as a ship-building centre. At a very early date Penn refers to the coal- and iron-fields in the Schuylkill Valley. Until iron superseded wood in hulls, the Delaware was not without competition in the building of first-class ships; but when the great change came about, the mineral resources of the Keystone State told so heavily in her favor that Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Chester now practically control iron ship-building on the Atlantic coast. The White Squadron, the first start at rebuilding the navy, was launched at Chester; and from that really momentous beginning has sprung all the good work that has been done towards giving us a navy worthy of our position as a great power and commensurate with the glorious record our navy and its sailors hold in the history of our country.

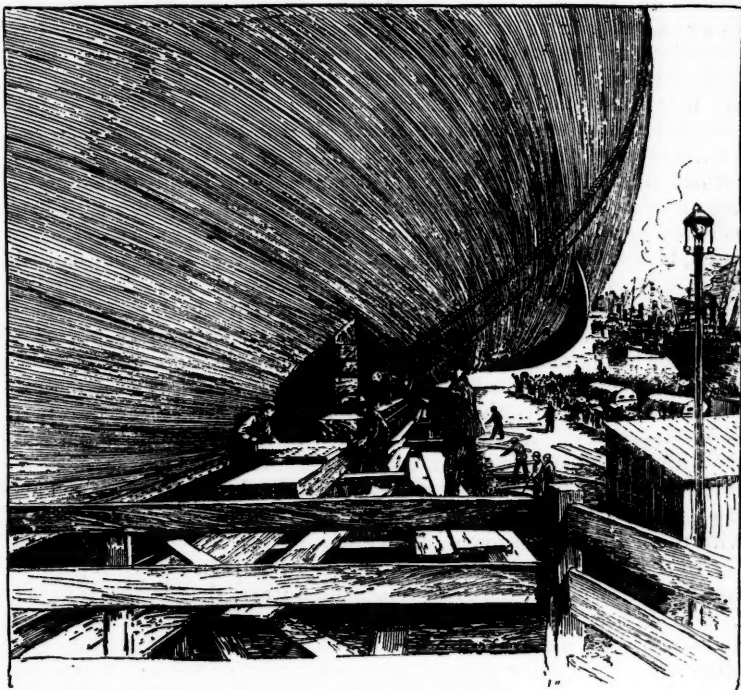
While iron has revolutionized the ship, it has done as much, if not more, for "Jack Tar," so that not only are we to have new ships, but we need a new breed of sailors to take charge of them,—machinists, plumbers, gas-men, and electric-plant experts, with "sailor legs" to their bodies. Modern battle-ships, with their "military masts," rapid fire, and machine guns, need something more than the old-time salt who could reef and furl and belay. In this connection the school-ships stationed at some of the principal cities are likely to turn out a high class of young men, some of whom may adopt the sea as a calling; besides this, the movement in New York City to form a Volunteer Marine Corps will yield in the near future most excellent results. It would be an admirable opportunity for Secretary Tracy to add another laurel wreath to the chaplet of his altogether model administration, to advocate before Congress a national recognition of a Volunteer Marine in all the States bordering on both oceans, the Gulf, and the Great Lakes, and the assignment of retired naval officers to its organization. There is hardly a ship in the new navy that is not undermanned, as to expert mechanics who are seamen as well.

Our National Guard is looked upon as the source whence shall spring a great army in time of need: a Volunteer Marine Corps should bear the same relationship to the navy.

Another most important branch of our navy is sorely in need of recruits, and that is the Engineer Corps. To-day each ship is all engine: there is not a corner one can turn to that the question of practical engineering does not bear upon. By fostering a Volunteer Marine Corps, not only might valuable additions be made to the rank and file of the service, but trained and skilled engineers would be attracted to the navy. (The title given in New York to this organization—"Reserve Marine"—I do not believe to be a good one. The word

"Volunteer," in whatever way applied, is much more appropriate and savors more strongly of the actual value of the service rendered.)

It is said to be very hard for the "leopard to change his spots;" but that is a much more easily accomplished evolution in natural history than to transform "Jack." He is essentially a man of habits, of



"STAND READY, THERE!"

precedent and custom; and to ship, for instance, a crew from a vessel like the Kearsarge to a modified "cheese-box," such as the Miantonomoh, is asking almost too much of the sailor. He has to learn his trade all over again; even the tactics are new, and they bother him enormously; he misses his yards and tackle; the water is within a few inches of the deck. We need "new Jacks" with our "new navy," and, as they cannot be contracted for, deliverable ready for business on a certain day, it behooves the government to lay plans to remedy this want, and the cure lies in the direction of school- and practice-ships, and a Volunteer Marine Corps, the latter to be specially provided for through the Navy Department.

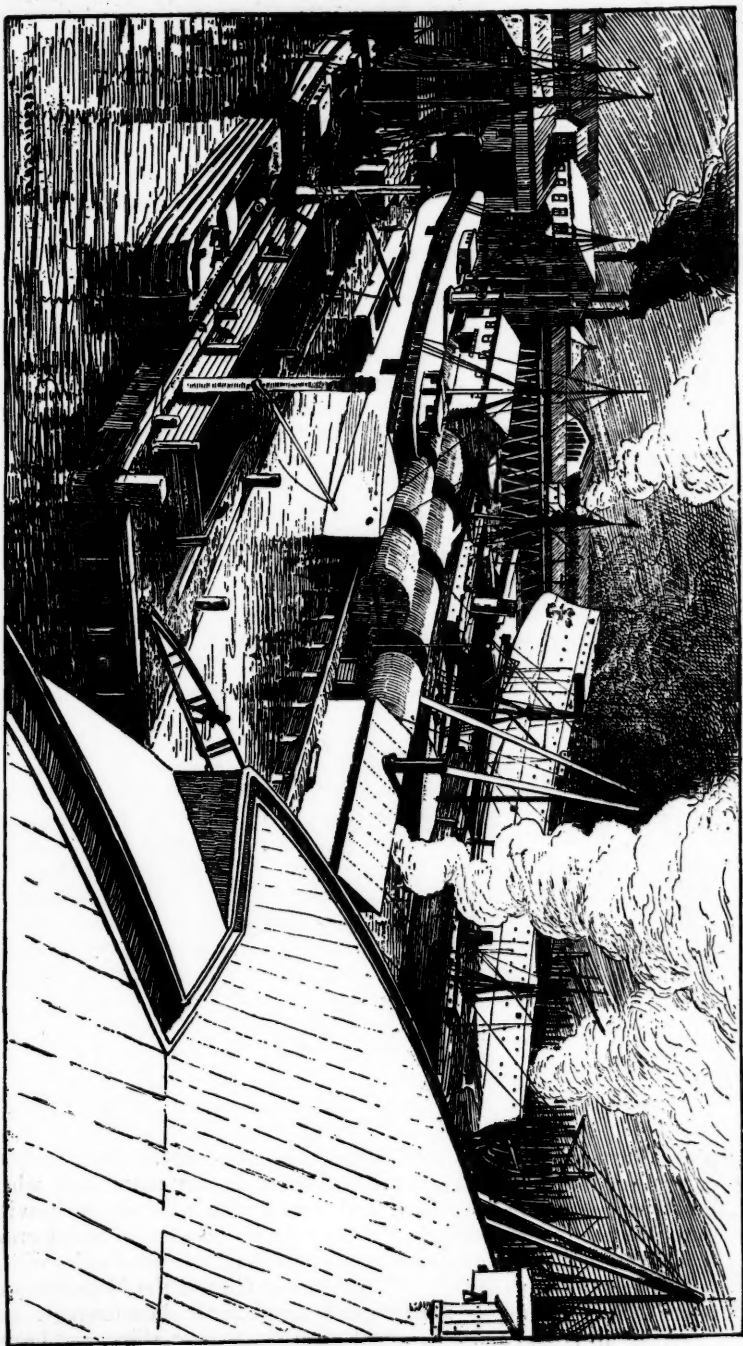
Another most important matter, one of vital importance in the rebuilding of our navy, is that of coaling-stations. The policy of this government has always been not to maintain outside of our own limits any colony or anything approaching a colony. Our new navy will

be composed of vessels dependent altogether upon their coal-supply to enable them to move at all. Deprive one of our modern battle-ships of her fuel, and she would be absolutely helpless, as she has no sail-area whatever. Even with ships of the class of the Philadelphia and the Newark, although they have a certain amount of sail-power, to depend upon it to any extent would reduce their cruising-radius to almost nil, and in time of war would annihilate their effectiveness either in defensive or in offensive operations. At present writing the United States has a coal-heap at Samoa and the privilege of buying coal at Honolulu, but we are entirely destitute of coaling-stations on the west coast of Central America. This lack of facilities cost the government forty-five thousand dollars for coal used when the Charleston chased the Itata. The Baltimore paid twenty-five thousand dollars for one supply at one of the Chilian ports. The English plan is to keep a coal-hulk at all their principal coaling-stations: thus a British war-ship cruising from one naval station to another, no matter at what speed, is always sure of an abundant supply of Welsh coal of the best grade. It is proposed now to buy of Denmark the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, for the purpose of establishing a coaling-station on our Atlantic seaboard. In 1867 Mr. Seward negotiated a treaty for the purchase of St. Thomas and St. John, but, although the people of the islands voted unanimously in favor of the sale, the United States Senate rejected the treaty, and there the matter ended. It is high time some decisive action were taken in this regard, as at present the edifying spectacle is presented of our war-ships being compelled to barter for their fuel from port to port, undoubtedly paying an outrageous price for inferior material such as would seriously interfere with the fighting efficiency of the vessel.

In the rebuilding of the navy, one firm has been an all-important factor in carrying out the great reformation; and that is the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company of Philadelphia. Indeed, without their great plant a new navy would be an impossibility: there are other private yards where one or possibly two ships might be building at the same time, but not all the private yards on the Atlantic coast combined could have on the stocks simultaneously two such cruisers as the New York and the Pirate and two battle-ships like the Massachusetts and the Indiana. The New York was launched December 2, 1891: on the 17th of that month the Cramps were able to telegraph the Navy Department that one hundred and twelve feet of the keel of Cruiser No. 13—sister-ship to the Pirate—had already been laid, on the same berth as that from which the New York had been launched only fifteen days before. This gives some idea of the vastness of their organization.

The first armor supplied to the new navy, owing to the lack of facilities in this country, was of British manufacture. Now three great steel-works, the Midvale Steel Company at Philadelphia, Carnegie, Phipps & Co. at Pittsburg, and the Bethlehem Iron Company at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, have acquired, at an enormous outlay of time and money, the necessary plant to turn out the heaviest armor plating, equal in tensile strength, toughness, and elasticity to any

GENERAL VIEW, OF CRANE'S SHIP-YARD, FROM THE DECK OF THE CRUISER NEW YORK.

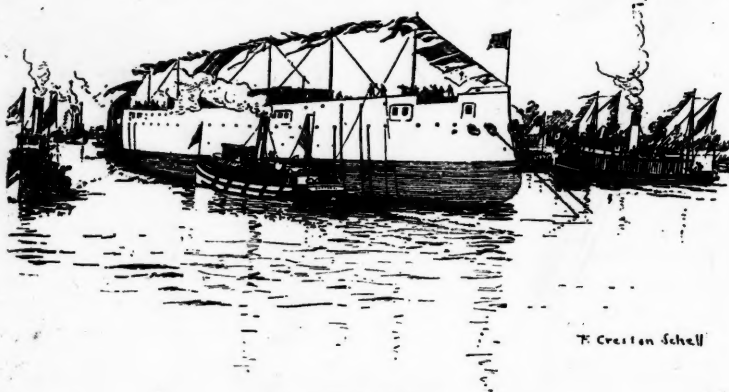


made at La Creusot or Sheffield. In the test in September, 1890, at the Annapolis Proving-Grounds, American armor plate more than held its own in competition with French- and English-made plates: the result was such a triumph for the home product that it has made the Annapolis Proving-Grounds as familiar in discussion in European naval circles as those at Spezia, Shoeburyness, Portsmouth, Gavres, and Ochta.

In guns, too, we are not far behind. We have no hundred-and-ten-ton guns, such as the Armstrongs have made; but the utility of these monsters in actual warfare remains to be proved. In fact, the question of guns or armor is as yet undetermined. There has been no naval combat worth mentioning since the Kearsarge sunk the Alabama off Cherbourg in 1865; and both of these were old-fashioned vessels. What a hundred-and-ten-ton gun could do, or how the vessel upon which it is mounted would behave in action, in a seaway, firing at a moving target, is, up to date, all theory.

The recent war in Chili taught few lessons for the guidance of naval experts. The ships were indifferently manned, and the "target-practice" was positively bad. The sinking of the Blanca Encalada by the torpedo-boats Condell and Lynch—the latter launching the lucky projectile at pistol-shot range in the harbor of Caldera while the iron-clad was at anchor, proved that the torpedo is a deadly assailant at short range only, and unreliable at long distances.

The Miantonomoh is as perfect a type of the "fighter afloat" as possibly may ever be designed. She has the enormous advantage of



HER NATURAL ELEMENT.

presenting a wonderfully small target to an adversary. As a harbor- or coast-defence vessel, she has no superior in any navy; and when her four sisters are completed and armed with ten-inch or heavier guns, no marine monster that could with any degree of safety cross the ocean could do any damage to any one of our coast cities which one of these ships defended. The one great fault of the Miantonomoh is her lack of high speed: ten knots is about her highest average.

After all is said and done about great guns, great ships, and heavy

armor, naval battles will, as of old, be won largely by the man who is in command of a fleet, squadron, or individual ship. It means seamanship, nerve, courage, and a thorough knowledge of the enemy and of her weak points, for no ship was ever built that had not some one vulnerable spot. There is published a small book for the private use of commanders of war-ships in our navy, giving as accurately as possible the details of every man-of-war afloat. This little volume is intended as a hand-book of information concerning a possible enemy's ship, so that in event of war with a rival power commanders may have some guide as to how formidable the different vessels of the opponent's navy may be. The first great naval battle that is fought will be to the loser not only a serious loss of pride, but also a pecuniary damage sufficient to bankrupt any but the wealthiest of nations. The loss of a cruiser like the New York would cost the government three million dollars or more, besides the loss of her services, perhaps at a critical moment, and the length of time required to replace her.

President Harrison has been particularly fortunate in his choice of Secretary of the Navy. The administration found in Mr. Tracy a landsman who entered with enthusiasm upon his nautical work. Not only has the work of rebuilding the navy progressed in all its details more rapidly and successfully than the most sanguine dared expect, but there has been such a thorough business-like management of the Department as to form a refreshing contrast to some other periods in its history, not so far off.

The rebuilding of the navy has undoubtedly come to stay; there is a feeling abroad among the people that this great country should not be placed in the position of being compelled to submit to uncalled-for insolence at the hands of a power like Chili. But above all things to be considered is the effect of a new navy upon our mercantile marine. There is, for instance, at present writing, not an American war-ship in European waters. This is a condition of affairs we cannot afford to endure. Where we have the power to fly the national ensign from the mast-head of a modern man-of-war, there will the same flag, displayed on American merchantmen, receive the credit and consideration due this great nation. Rebuilding the navy will repay the whole people.

Harry P. Mawson.

THE BALANCE.

"WHICH overweighs, or joy or grief?" asked I.
 "Listen and judge," the reverend graybeard said.
 "At a church gate these pass each other by,
 The wedding guests, the followers of the dead.

"The fair bride shudders, and her eyes are wet;
 The tearless widow sobs, her hot tears start.
 On every guest the funeral's gloom is set,
 No wedding gladness stirs one mourner's heart."

S. Decatur Smith, Jr.

TOUCH AND GO.

I HAD known her always, of course, but that morning I took special notice of her. She had come in to consult my father about some law business, and stayed with him a long time in his office, which was in one wing of the house we lived in. The office had a private entrance in full view of any one standing on the front porch: so when they came out together—my father was with her—I looked across and bowed. She returned my salutation,—more stiffly than usual, I thought,—and went on her way, out by the front gate and around the corner of the side-lot, which was her nearest way home. She wore a dark-blue gown which somehow suggested a uniform and made one mentally gird her with a sabre and arm her with a rifle. There was nothing heroic in her build, but she was hard and angular, like a sharp-shooter. My gaze followed her, and I fell a-wondering, as I had often wondered before, what her home life could be,—whether anybody loved her or was dependent on her, or had ever been.

When my father came across to where I stood leaning against the porch railing, I put a question to him:

"Father, does anybody live with Mrs. Brand? Does anybody love her?"

Father stared. "What put that in your head?" he demanded.

"She looks so hard, I just wondered."

"Well, she is hard, so she's bound to look it." His tone was testy. "She's as gritty and hard as rock. No; nobody lives with her. Why should they? She don't want anybody, that ever I heard of. She has no kin here-away, and hasn't seemed to pick up many acquaintances. She settled here before the war, but nobody rightly knows where she came from: some say one place, some say another. She's got some money, and infinite capacity for increasing it. She's the shrewdest business-woman I know."

"But when she was young," I persisted. "It's fifteen years since the close of the war, and she must have been a youngish woman when she came here. Did nobody seem to care for her then? Where was her husband?"

"God knows," he answered, irritably. "She didn't bring him along, and she's never produced him since. She came Mrs. Brand, and she's stayed Mrs. Brand, and that is all about it. She's always paid her way and seemed to want to be let alone, so she has been. People who want to live out their lives in solitude can work it mighty easy, even in a city,—especially if they are gifted, like Mrs. Brand, with the faculty of saying the wrong thing in the wrong place. The woman's like an arrow-weed,—mighty rank and rough, and not particularly sightly."

There was sufficient acrimony in the paternal tone to convince me that my father had been subjected to that disagreeable process known as rubbing up the wrong way.

"What is it, daddy?" I queried, soothingly.

He stooped for a stick and glanced aside, possibly a bit ashamed of his temper. But all the same he allowed me to coax from him the cause.

Many years before, when Virginia was in the occupation of armies, our town had been betrayed into the hands of the enemy. A man, not native born, but one who had lived among us many years, had gone out by night to a far-distant Federal encampment and sold the secret of country by-ways and through them brought armed men in legion upon us, who for a season occupied the place and harried the people. At first treachery was not suspected, and we took that which came to us as our part of the fortunes of war. But after the Federal troops had withdrawn it leaked out in some way that this man—Austin Sedley by name—had brought the calamity upon us.

Those were times when men acted first and thought afterwards: so when Sedley, ignorant that aught was known, or suspected, against him, incautiously returned, months afterwards, he was promptly arrested as a spy and traitor, tried by drum-head court-martial, so to speak, and condemned to be shot. The arrest was made late one afternoon, my brother, a soldier home on leave, taking active part in it and in the trial which immediately followed. He had known Sedley well, and had had him a good deal about our house in one capacity or another, liking the fellow for his handy pleasant ways and glib persuasive tongue. When, however, Sedley's treachery was made known to him, all his liking seemed to shrivel in the fire of his wrath, and he was specially stern and active in securing the man's arrest and condemnation.

Sedley was to be shot at daybreak, and in the interval he was locked up for safety in my father's office, then down-town, and the key of the temporary prison was confided to my brother. The jail had been blown up and rendered useless by the Federals. As ill luck would have it, a fire broke out in town that night, and every able-bodied man turned out with buckets and hose to stay the progress of the conflagration. The fire-department of that time was volunteer and poorly equipped, so that even a burning chimney would produce excitement and presage danger. After an hour, the fire was conquered, with only the actual loss of a wooden out-building, and the people went back to their beds and my brother to his guard duty.

To make a long story short, when the time came for leading Austin Sedley out to execution, and the detail came to fetch him, he wasn't there. Excitement flamed to fever-heat, and instant and thorough search was made, which revealed no clue whatever to the flitting. The room was in the same order it had been when the prisoner had been introduced, books and papers all undisturbed, and no sign of filed bolts or broken window-glass. Indeed, the man had been securely pinioned with stout new rope, which had disappeared along with him; and his escape looked little short of legerdemain. My brother swore positively that the key had never left his possession for a single instant, and furthermore that when he started, after the rest, to the fire he had taken the precaution to secure both outer doors of the building—a small one

—in which the office was located. The windows nailed down and the shutters securely barred on the outside showed that the prisoner had not escaped that way, to say nothing of the room being in the second story. The flue of the chimney was too small to have permitted egress to a child. So all the theories converged into conviction that somebody, somehow, had obtained entry to the house during the fire-excitement and released the condemned man.

Feeling ran so high about Sedley that my brother was severely and unjustly blamed for having left the building at all, and such disagreeable things were said anent his former liking for the man that the matter became ever after a sore point with both my father and himself. His reputation as a man and soldier stood too high, of course, for people to suspect him of complicity in the escape, or rescue, whichever it had been; but his honor was so keenly sensitive that even to be accused of negligence galled him.

It galled my father too, I found, even after the lapse of years, and despite the fact that the incident had passed, apparently, from the minds and speech of men, pushed aside, with other war lumber, by the striving actuality of the present. His visitor, it seemed, had contrived to touch him on just this little raw place.

They had got through their business talk, and Mrs. Brand was preparing to leave, when her eye chanced on a new photograph of my brother, then living in the West, which had come within the last few days and been taken into the office for exhibition to friends. The likeness was a good one, and the lady commented on it, but wound up by maladroitly remarking, "This is the son, I believe, judge, who assisted the escape of Austin Sedley, years ago." My father then and there, according to his own account, had flown into a great rage, and acrimoniously declared that his son "was too gallant a soldier and too honorable a man to betray a trust or connive at the escape of a convicted reprobate,"—that he was "too eager to help punish the spy and renegade to have given him a chance to dodge punishment, as she—Mrs. Brand—ought to know very well, if she would cast her memory back to that time." This, and a great deal more, he said, pouring in words like a broadside. And the woman had gone white as the wall, but whether with anger or mortification he could not say, and had folded her lips together in a hard line, drawn a little to one side, but had said no word, either of apology or explanation. When she had spoken again it had been of business, and he had accompanied her to the door, according to his old-fashioned wont with female clients, a trifle ashamed of his warmth over a malapropos speech, and irritated with himself and with her.

After soothing and sympathizing, I put the matter out of mind; nor did I return to it for nearly two years, when it unexpectedly cropped up again, like granite through drift.

One sunny afternoon I happened to be walking out in the direction of Mrs. Brand's house, when my attention was attracted by a knot of people standing just outside of her gate, talking together and looking at the house. It was a comfortable brick building, with a neat yard well set off with shrubs and flowers, for which the solitary woman had

a passion. As I crossed over to inquire if anything was the matter, a doctor's buggy dashed up, and the occupant descended and passed up the yard and into the house.

A by-stander told me that, about ten minutes before, he and several companions were passing, and saw Mrs. Brand's door open and that lady on her little porch striving to lift what seemed to be the inanimate body of a man. She had called to them, and they had gone in, thinking that it might be a case for the police. But no, she simply wanted assistance to move the man in to a bed, and somebody to go for a doctor. The fellow was a stranger,—a tramp, from his clothes and general appearance,—and they had remonstrated with Mrs. Brand, pointing out that it might be a risky thing for a lone woman to harbor a vagrant, of whom she knew nothing, and one of them had offered to go for a hospital wagon. She had silenced them sternly, saying that the man was ill unto death, and stricken on her door-stone. He must bide where he was, she said: she was not afraid.

So one had gone for a doctor, and another had remained inside to help the brave woman do what was needful. They were waiting, now, for their companion to come out with a report, and, perhaps, reconstructing the current opinion of Mrs. Brand. The tramp, they said, was cadaverous, and grizzled as to beard and hair, but whether from years or wild living they, of course, could not say. He might be almost any age from thirty up to fifty-five.

I lingered with them, and after a bit their friend came out and gave us the doctor's report. The man was indeed "ill unto death," and it was doubtful if he would see another sunrise. He had been made comfortable, and Mrs. Brand would not hear to having him moved. They were both alone, she said, and it seemed fitting that death should release the lonely in the house of the lonely. Our informant choked a little when he repeated that, and looked accusatively around, as though arraigning the city for Mrs. Brand's self-elected isolation. And so potent a factor is sympathy that for a moment every one present felt derelict and dreadfully responsible.

The next day there was a notice in the paper which gave the incident simply, with the information that at midnight the soul of the homeless tramp had passed over to the place of many mansions. The funeral would take place from the house of Mrs. Brand, the paper said, and be at that lady's expense. She had refused municipal aid or interference in the matter. Then came a few eulogistic remarks on the charity of the age and place as typified in this woman's act.

In part, doubtless, because I happened to be in a nervous, run-down condition physically at that time, and in part because of the pathos of that remark of Mrs. Brand's about the lonely dying in the house of the lonely, my mind dwelt on the incident persistently, and I insisted on going to the house before the funeral. My father went with me, and we were shown to the room where the bier was, and left alone with it for a few moments while the servant went to inform Mrs. Brand. The coffin was covered with fresh flowers and closed, but the slide was not secured. My father moved it, discovering to our gaze the face beneath. That strange vivification which the

first hours of death bring to most faces lingered still on this one, making it young for the time and restoring a lost expression. The grizzled beard had been taken off, and the hair was arranged after a fashion we both remembered. We looked at each other quickly, and then my father pushed the slide back into its place.

We had both recognized the dead man, and knew him for Austin Sedley, the convicted traitor and spy of nigh twenty years before.

None others seemed to know it, and we shared our knowledge with but few. Of what use was it to heap obloquy upon a corpse?—of what use to stir old bitterness against the dead? Time had brought so many changes, so many modifications, that to renew the past seemed vain, and even my father's old soreness vanished. The sight of death makes such a difference.

I used to wonder sometimes whether Mrs. Brand knew, and also whether, by any chance, there could have been any connection between the two. It troubled me at first, and one night I had a queer dream in which I beheld Mrs. Brand scaling a wall, like a cat, softly, under the cover of darkness, and stealing across a roof to a chimney in the centre, down the flue of which she, apparently, threw something. And in one of the changes of the dream the sky reddened as with the glare of a conflagration. Foolish as it may seem, I went down-town the next day and poked about all around the block in which used to stand that old building in which my father had his office. No discoveries rewarded me, however. All the houses in that block had been torn down and their places supplied with handsome new stores years before: even the memory of the old places was confused, and nobody could tell me accurately how the back building stood or the walls connected,—my father, when questioned, admitting that there had been many alterations in the building before it was torn down, and that he had only had his office there temporarily.

In evidence of a queer and utterly baseless theory then evolved, and of which I have always been ashamed to speak openly, I had one fact, and one only: the fire which broke out so opportunely for the condemned man that night of long ago had been on the premises of Mrs. Brand.

Like many another, I have pieced together scraps whose juxtaposition may have been purely accidental and stitched them in connection with the thread of fancy; while in sober earnest my own contact with the life of Mrs. Brand has been simply touch and go.

M. G. McClelland.

DEFEAT.

IN Cupid's war, before black eyes and brown
My stubborn heart would lay no weapon down;
But now, before two conquering eyes of blue,
My heart, defeated, owns its Waterloo.

Clinton Scollard.

AN INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

NO thoughtful student of dramatic art will regard any movement which looks to the elevation of the modern stage above the level of a mere money-getting institution as unimportant. It is obvious enough that the artistic achievement of the theatre in these days is by no means commensurate with the opportunities which it enjoys. Admirable new plays are now and then produced, and a few examples of the classic drama still survive. But the bulk of our entertainment is made up of riff-raff melodrama and noisy farce. Against such a tide of the cheap and nasty, sweeping away the old landmarks, criticism, even where it is rigidly conscientious, seems to be impotent; and too often criticism is false to its ideals. The occasional voice in the wilderness is lost in the tumult of popular applause. It is no wonder that some enthusiastic souls think they see in an Independent Theatre a chance of redemption.

This idea is, indeed, no longer a new one. The Théâtre Libre in Paris and the Freie Bühne in Berlin have each been in existence for some time,—long enough to enable us to judge somewhat of the success of their aims. In London the Independent Theatre is still in the experimental stage. In this country it only exists nebulously in the brains of a few faddists. Its New York sympathizers have just made known their designs; its Boston advocates are waiting for capital enough to put theirs into execution. A project so vague cannot be definitely criticised. But there are certain broad considerations which deserve to be borne in mind in estimating its possible influence upon the future of the drama. Is our Independent Theatre to exist for the gratification of the few or the education of the many? That is the question which it is first of all essential to answer. One of the promoters of the New York project has declared that he and his associates do not want the great intellectually unwashed; nor will they admit to their performances actors and critics, because these are joined to their idols. They seem to think that their æsthetic fermentation is not powerful enough to leaven the whole lump. A movement based upon such principles is not likely to do much more than give some very superior minds a few hours of supreme enjoyment,—rendered more exquisite by the consciousness of their superiority. Certainly it cannot be expected to stimulate the growth of public taste. The Bostonian elect of Ibsen, on the other hand, offer their restorative waters to every one that thirsteth; but here the trouble is that few persons have acquired a taste for the draught. What they wish to do is to obtain a hearing for their particular "ism." The salvation of dramatic art is no more likely to be attained by the cultivation of "isms" than by the exclusion of the Philistines. Spirits are not finely touched to fine issues in this fashion. Where the field is broad the outlook must be comprehensive.

It is fair to assume that our American dramatic reformers, how-

ever they may differ regarding details, have in mind the Théâtre Libre of M. Antoine in Paris as the model upon which they are to construct their own Temple of Art. But M. Antoine can hardly be called a reformer. He is a shrewd business-man as well as a good actor: he understands the Parisian public and he caters to its fancies. A sublime disregard of the box-office is no part of his dramatic philosophy. The Théâtre Libre is just as frankly a money-making institution as the Porte St.-Martin or the Gymnase. It is free in the sinister English sense of the word. It is a stage where plays that are repulsive, indecent, or immoral—or perhaps all three—are presented. M. Antoine has ready to his hand his dramatists of the order of the goddess Lubricity. Such conditions simply do not exist here. We have neither the public nor the authors for an experiment of this sort. If those who are interested in the American theatre attempted to write improper plays, the chances are that the result would be a strange compound of absurdity and vulgarity. To treat vice in the spirit of *persiflage* has never been a faculty native to the English race; our improprieties are committed too clumsily to amuse. The dramas which these excellent people have in their pockets are no doubt permeated, in spite of their trespasses upon forbidden ground, with the inspiration of the lay preacher; and that is fatal to art, which must interest while it instructs, and which can at best only insinuate a moral by indirection. Nor would American audiences endure such plays. What they regard as decency becomes prudery when translated into French. The Parisians would not understand a protest against microscopic studies of the breach of the seventh commandment. They would say that such studies derived their propriety from their vast importance in relation to life. In Paris even the honest *bourgeoisie* goes to M. Antoine's theatre in quest of the improper or the horrible and thinks no harm; and the *bourgeoisie* is not immoral. The Frenchman's attitude is not due to depravity of conduct, but to depravity of taste.

Since the ideals which the American advocates of an Independent Theatre hold are still but vaguely defined, it is perhaps fair to take the concrete instance furnished by the production of "Margaret Fleming" as coming near to a realization of them. We know that, in the words of one writer, "the laying bare of the social problem" is proposed as an important end. No one who has seen "Margaret Fleming," either in New York or in Boston, will accuse the author of undue reserve. It is described as a plea for purity in man, and it "lays bare the social problem" with a frankness hard to distinguish from indecency. The story may be briefly summarized. Philip Fleming, married to Margaret, has had an intrigue with another woman, who bears him a child, forgives him, and dies. The wife comes upon the scene, finds the child crying for sustenance, and after a severe mental struggle catches it to her breast and nurses it. This is the real climax of the play, and a sweet and decent climax it is. Then Margaret is stricken blind and goes mad, but recovers her wits in time to lecture her husband *à la* Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," and to tell him how she loathes him and can never forgive him. And this, save for some repulsive studies of depravity in the minor characters, is all there is to Mr.

Herne's "unconventional" study of social life in America, the lesson of which appears to be that if a man ought to be pure a woman ought to be vindictive. To unaccustomed nostrils the moral stench of the play is intolerable, whether foot-baths or the state of the infant stomach, adultery or insanity, are under discussion. I do not mean to plead for the ethical standard of the Young Person. But I do not think that art will ever make any progress by overstepping the bounds of taste, or that the theatre can be reformed by revolt against the principles to which all our great dramatists in the past have held.

And yet there is a field for the establishment of an Independent Theatre, if by that is meant a theatre sufficiently endowed to be independent of any consideration outside of those suggested by art. If our reformers will lead off in this direction, they will find many followers, even among such inferior cattle as actors and critics. As government aid seems to be out of the question, such a theatre must depend upon private liberality. In the present state of the public taste, it is a safe rule that the profit from a play is in inverse ratio to its excellence. A large annual deficit, therefore, would have to be counted upon, at least at the outset. Are there any wealthy men who would be willing to spend their money in this way? It has been shown how much private effort may do for musical culture; and universities and hospitals and libraries are founded almost every month in the year. Will there rise up some munificent patron of dramatic art? And if this should come to pass, upon what lines should the endowed theatre be conducted? It would be fatal to give it over to fads, as I fear that most of the advocates of the Independent Theatre would wish to do. It is not by Ibsen or by Mr. Herne that the English stage is to be redeemed. The man at the head of the new institution should combine with courage and with culture a practical knowledge of the playhouse and long experience in theatrical management. If I may say so without appearing to make invidious distinctions, Mr. A. M. Palmer would be an ideal choice for the position, if, as seems unlikely, he could be prevailed upon to accept it. The next requisite would be a carefully-chosen company of actors, like Mr. Palmer's own, or like Mr. Field's at the Boston Museum. The vicious "star" system has made such a company more and more difficult to get together; but it can be done, and the training which the new theatre would give might in time furnish outside managers with more skilful artists than modern hodge-podge methods are likely to develop. For now one man in his time no longer plays many parts; and whatever talent he has gets an eccentric and abnormal twist, until manner becomes mere mannerism. Our endowed theatre would help to obviate this evil.

The production of good plays—new or old—is even of more consequence than the training of good actors. Although this age exalts the interpreter at the expense of the creator, "the play's the thing" after all. Here catholicity of taste is essential. It is of much more consequence to the English stage that a play like "The Profligate" or "Lady Bountiful" should be written, than that audiences should be made acquainted with "A Doll's House" or "Hedda Gabler." We are more concerned in applauding the talent of Mr. Clyde Fitch or

Mr. Augustus Thomas than in making a Golden Calf out of Mr. Herne. An Independent Theatre should not be the mouth-piece of a school; it should rest firmly upon the traditions of art, in which case it would have to give the pseudo-realism of the time the cold shoulder. In brief, the development of the drama and not the exploitation of sociological fads should be its object. And it would have the unacted classical drama to draw upon. It could present from time to time the less-known plays of Shakspeare, which no manager since Phelps has been courageous enough to undertake, and the plays of Shakspeare's great contemporaries which are most deserving of immortality. It could revive the comedies of the eighteenth century; it could even give us such plays as "Jane Shore" and "The Mourning Bride," that we might see the kind of tragedy our fathers preferred and hear the lines which Dr. Johnson pronounced superior to anything in Shakspeare.

Are these the objects which the promoters of the Independent Theatre purpose to accomplish? If they are, then no sincere friend of the drama will withhold earnest and cordial support. Unfortunately, none of that band of enthusiasts has done or said anything so far to inspire the belief that such support is asked or can be given. If I quote the words of one of them I surely cannot be accused of misstating the case. This writer denies having any hobbies which he wishes to ride, and then proceeds to contradict himself by laying down rules which limit the scope of the undertaking to hobbies. I do not know what a drama "distinctively but not exclusively American," embracing "unconventional studies of American social life" and "laying bare the social problem," means if it does not mean this. Protests that "no one and no school" are to be followed do not break the force of the admission. There are, in fact, just three things proposed,—the production of plays with an American environment, modern or historical; the fostering of the unconventional, or, in other words, whatever defies the established canons of art; the representation on the stage of that aspect of the sexual relation which hitherto our dramatists have been rather chary of discussing except superficially. This is, I think, a fair conclusion to draw from the premises laid down by the writer. His denial that it is the intention of the Independent Theatre to present "a morbid study of sexual lawlessness" would go for more if we could be sure of his definition of morbid. So, too, the inference to be derived from the promise to give "unconventional studies of American social life" depends largely upon what is meant by unconventional. If freedom from those stage conventions which merely embody professional prejudices is intended, the purpose is an admirable one. But eccentricity is not necessarily originality, and no art can be safely and sanely developed by disregarding those cardinal principles the logic of which has been shown by experience.

The demand that life shall be set forth "as we see it" is another of those observations the bearing of which depends upon their application. The point from which we take our survey chiefly determines the value of our record. It is not so much the object as the medium which we must consider. Life as it is, in the customary sense of this

overworked phrase, is an impossibility in art. Those who think differently have the eye of the naturalist, not the eye of the artist. The criticism which extols a play for trivial realities that have no æsthetic value is as profitless as that which applauds a live ox and a genuine buzz-saw; and it is as childish as that of the uneducated person who declares that a certain painting suits him because the flowers look as if he could pluck them. The theatre is little likely to be advanced by pseudo-realism of this type. If the Independent Theatre has nothing better to offer, if its purposes are not as large as the noble art which it is anxious to restore, then we may as well look for our æsthetic redemption to the writers of the popular burlesque. They at least give us bad art without pretending that it is good.

Edward Fuller.

THE INDEPENDENT OR FREE THEATRE OF NEW YORK.

IT is probable, at the moment of writing, that the close of the present dramatic season will see a Free or Independent Theatre established in New York. The scheme, which has been often discussed during the past two or three years, is now assuming definite shape in the hands of men who are not only eager but competent to carry it through.

"What is a Free or Independent Theatre?" is the natural inquiry of the simple Philistine, who, having no artistic soul to save, has not troubled himself to acquire, furtively and rapidly, a superficial knowledge of the subject.

By a Free Theatre is meant a free-spoken theatre, or a theatre for the free expression of new or interesting dramatic forms. The Free Theatre of New York should occupy the same relation to the drama of to-day that the Grolier Club does to modern literature.

The publisher of books, magazines, or story-papers must of necessity print only those works which will in his judgment command the widest circle of readers. It would not pay him to appeal to the small number of book-lovers who constitute the Grolier Club. Yet this association prints limited editions of books which find a ready sale at high prices within the membership of the club, and, moreover, increase in value from year to year.

Like the modern magazine or weekly story, the play of to-day is constructed with a view to pleasing the greatest possible number of people. It is built on those broad lines which appeal at once to the gallery and to the boxes. In nine cases out of ten it is built of material which has been used so many times before that the carpenter who puts it together knows whether or not he can trust it to sustain its own weight. It is for plays of this sort that managers are constantly on the lookout. They are the ones which pay,—at least the managers think so,—and it is not surprising that in such a piece literature has but a small part.

But as there are enough students of literature to form a Grolier Club, so are there enough people seriously interested in the development of the American stage to secure for us a Free Theatre, at which shall be produced plays designed to interest and instruct a limited class of play-goers. The new association does not promise to give to the world a single new dramatist or play, but it does promise to offer during each season a certain number of representations of special literary, historic, artistic, or philosophic value. Like the Grolier Club, it will offer to a limited number of subscribers dramatic material which it would be impossible to obtain at a regular play-house.

The Free Theatre of New York will, to a certain extent, resemble in plan and methods its famous forerunner the Théâtre Libre of Paris. This organization owes its existence and success to its present head, M. Antoine, who was, a few years ago, an employee of a Paris gas-company at a very small salary, and a member of an amateur dramatic association which gave occasional performances of standard French plays. One day M. Antoine suggested to his associates that they should produce some new and untried pieces instead of the old stock favorites; and the final result of this suggestion was the production on March 30, 1887, of four new one-act plays, one of which found an immediate purchaser in the manager of the Odéon. This was the beginning of the Théâtre Libre, which is now one of the recognized institutions of Paris, occupying its own niche in the world of literature and the stage, which, in France, are blood relations.

The Théâtre Libre gives eight productions a year, the seats for which bring very high prices, while the demand for tickets is always much greater than the supply. I do not know that the Théâtre Libre has given a single great play to the world, or developed one dramatist, but its representations have always proved full of interest to those interested in the artistic side of the stage. To these the performances have been of value as opportunities for the study of unconventional dramatic forms and methods which were not likely to find expression in the regular play-houses.

The interest awakened by the representation at the Théâtre Libre led to the establishment of the Freie Berline Theater in Berlin and the Independent Theatre in London, neither of which has proved successful. It will lead eventually to the establishment of a similar temple of art in New York, where a decided impetus was given to the project early in December last, when Mr. A. M. Palmer gave New-Yorkers an opportunity to see James A. Herne's "Margaret Fleming."

Viewed through the window of the box-office, "Margaret Fleming" is a distinctly bad play, nor is it a thoroughly good one when looked at from an artistic stand-point, and certainly no manager would present it with the expectation of making any money out of it. But it possesses great value as an object-lesson for adolescent dramatists and others interested in the technique of the stage. Its author has had the courage to tell his own story and to tell it in his own way, and above all he has had the sublime courage to tell the truth.

It should be the mission of the Free Theatre to give a fair hearing to authors who come with plays which, like "Margaret Fleming,"

though not good box-office pieces, are still worthy of the attention of serious students of the drama.

It is an open question in the minds of the organizers of the Free Theatre whether they will succeed in doing more than they propose by giving to the world a new author or a play of permanent value. The experience of Mr. A. M. Palmer, who has given a large number of "authors' *matinées*" at which native dramas had a fair trial, has not been reassuring.

Out of all presented in this way, but three proved successful enough to warrant Mr. Palmer in trying to add them to his *répertoire*, while two of the others were purchased by other managers. The three which Mr. Palmer afterwards gave at evening performances were "Marjorie's Lovers," by Brander Matthews, "A Foregone Conclusion," by W. D. Howells, and "Elaine," adapted from Tennyson's poem by George Parsons Lathrop and the late Harry Edwards. Of these "Elaine" proved the most popular, though even that did not become a permanently successful piece. The two which found outside purchasers were "Helen's Inheritance" and "A Child of Naples."

But some of the organizers of our Free Theatre look for better results than this. They think that the coming decade will see wonderful and sweeping changes in dramatic methods, and they believe that the time is not far distant when their theatre will be recognized as the progressive stage of the country to which managers will look for new ideas and new men.

Certainly the enterprise has drawn together a number of people of varying callings and artistic ideals, but well calculated to infuse with new spirit and new blood any undertaking in which they may embark, and all anxious for the remarriage of Literature and the Drama.

Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, the chief promoter and leading spirit of the enterprise, was formerly instructor in elocution in Boston, and has been for the past eight years engaged in carrying on a dramatic school in which young men and women are fitted for the stage. It is probable that actors for the New Independent Theatre will be recruited, to a certain extent, from this school.

Mr. Bronson Howard, the leading dramatist of America, is also interested in the scheme, as are Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Frank R. Stockton, the former of whom has already made certain contributions to the stage, the most notable of which are "Yorick's Love," taken from the Spanish, and performed with moderate success by the late Lawrence Barrett, and "A Foregone Conclusion," already alluded to. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie is the editor of a well-known religious weekly, and is, moreover, a writer of recognized ability on secular matters. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is the editor of *St. Nicholas*, a young folks' magazine. Mr. Laurence Hutton is a well-known writer on subjects connected with the stage and literature. Mr. Edward Harrigan, whose co-operation is earnestly hoped for, has originated a certain form of the drama, and is enough of a realist to awaken the unbounded admiration of Mr. Howells and his followers. But his realism, unlike that of Mr. Herne, is art, not photography. He has reproduced on his stage, in an idealized form, the common types of

New-York life and character. The German, the negro, the Irishman, are depicted by Mr. Harrigan and his company of players with a humor, an attention to detail, and a fidelity to art, such as have never before been called into play for the delineation of such characters.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, from whom great things are expected, and Mr. Brander Matthews, a prolific writer on the stage of this and other countries, and a dramatist himself, are also enrolled; and it is expected that Mr. George W. Cable will throw aside certain inherited prejudices and lend his co-operation.

The first representation of the New York Free Theatre will, according to present plans, consist of three short plays, representing respectively early Greek, English, and American dramatic periods. The second representation will embrace short pieces by such writers of fiction as Mr. Stockton, Mr. Howells, Mr. Cable, and Mr. Aldrich. Both programmes are strong enough to insure large and exceptionally intelligent audiences, while the result of the experiment will be awaited with deep interest by a great number of people representing every artistic calling and every shade of artistic belief.

James L. Ford.

SLEEP.

LIKE the passionate palm that breathes all the odors of day
To the soul of the night,
Like a river that runs and frets on its turbulent way
To the quiet deep,
Like the swallow, weary of cold, that southward gleams
To her land of delight,
So the heart overfull of its sorrow flows over in dreams
Of compassionate sleep.

Ruth Johnston.

AFTER LIFE'S STORM.

FORGOT the old, sad pain of breath,—
With broken oar,
By a silent shore,
Becalmed in the peace of Death.

Nora C. Franklin.

GETTING THERE.

Scene, the Sanctum. Enter Mr. Robert Timsol.

The Editor (turning his head, and frowning slightly). Oh, it's you, is it? I thought you were in the backwoods.

Mr. Timsol. I am. This is a brief emergence. I came down to buy stock.

Ed. (with faint signs of interest). You're not going to attempt speculation again, surely? Have you lost an uncle?

T. (with dignity). I said stock, not stocks. No more Wall Street for me. I'm after a few short-horns and merinos—and a prize bull-dog, to keep off tramps.

Ed. So you've abandoned literature? Probably it is just as well. Does farming pay you any better?

T. I've sunk twelve hundred so far. One has to learn, you see, and that costs.

Ed. Doubtless, by your method. What are you practising your brains on lately?

T. The Conduct of Life. I've come to the conclusion that Getting There is the one business of the modern man. It doesn't matter what he is or how much he knows, but only what he can do; indeed, it doesn't matter what he can do, unless he does it. He may possess all the talents and all the virtues, but that fact is of interest only to himself and his immediate friends—except as he brings his gifts to bear. If you've got anything in you, show it; if you can do anything, do it: that is the gospel for the day. What are we here for? To make some sort of a mark; to be heard of; to benefit ourselves, and incidentally our neighbors; to arrive, as the French say. The measure of a man is in the ends he reaches, rather than the roads by which he reaches them. He has to be his own committee of ways and means, and to determine not only what he can accomplish; but how he had best set about it. Nobody cares for the process, but the result speaks for itself. Money talks; position and power and popularity need no apologist. Attain these in any notable degree, and you are a benefactor of the species, a model for youth. You remember that funeral sermon the English bishop preached on Beaconsfield?

Ed. All this is rather sweeping, you know, and apropos of nothing in particular. It's edifying to hear you theorists declaim on practical matters: it's like—er—

T. Don't stand on ceremony, I beg. Like a deaf man expounding Wagner, I suppose, or Dash lecturing on Shakespeare. You see, some few of us have the gift of understanding, and others that of doing. You fellows do these big things, and we explain why and how you do them. You ought to feel indebted to us, for you could never construct a philosophy of your successes.

Ed. Perhaps we don't care to give away the secret. Why don't you turn from preaching to practice, and do something yourself?

T. I mean to, when I get a good ready—as they say in my parts. You see, you can do things by instinct, but I have to study 'em out and know all about 'em first.

Ed. Can you do them then? Timsol, did you ever earn ten dollars—honestly, I mean?

T. Why, yes. You gave me fifteen for an article once.

Ed. (*gloomily*). I remember. I do imprudent things sometimes.

T. Now let me get on with the argument. One can't always tell which is the right road till he has tried the wrong one. If you are a past master of Sanskrit or heraldry or Corean mythology, and these wares are not in demand, unload them and take to soap or scientific advertising,—something that is live and commands respect. The woods are full of learned imbeciles and able ne'er-do-wells, who bring neither grist to mill nor fruit to market. Along every road that leads from the school-house to the cemetery you may see lame ducks and dead beats by the cord, by the ton, by the mile,—fizzles and failures, born to no end but to cumber earth and be elbowed aside in the Struggle for Existence. Did I ever tell you about the solemn student at prayer-meeting? Well, sir, he got up on end and said, "I am. Why am I?" And his hearers gave it up, and voted him rash to have raised the question. Yet it was easy to answer, if not for him: to move on, to progress, to acquire, to attain ends hardly to be reached by his moss-backed metaphysics. Life is practical, and thinking is for the sake of doing. Let our sons go West if they like; let them go to Arizona, or Samoa, or Zanzibar, or else stay where they are and work their brains and brawn for all they are worth; but, wherever they go and whatever line they take, let them be Somebody and do something—in short, let them Get There, if there is any "get" and "go" in them.

Ed. (*weariedly*). What is the good of all this clack, anyway?

T. (*loftily*). Wisdom, sir. Your question is that of Epictetus, and I answer it in his words: "What is the good of man? To understand the appearances of things." That is what I've been after all my life; and I flatter myself that I've attained a moderate degree of proficiency. I can explain your motives and aims and standards and mental processes—

Ed. (*alarmed*). Oh, don't, please!

T. I don't mean to: it would be labor wasted. That's the point. As I say, I could account for all that you practical men do, and give you a close estimate of the value of it when it is done—abstractly; but who cares for the abstract? Nobody. There was a time when Philosophy was held in honor; but now—

Ed. That was when people thought it might help them to do something. We know better now.

T. You think so; and the world is with you. That's why I've come over to your opinion. It's lonesome staying out in the cold, and hard work swimming up stream all by one's self. So I conform. I go over to the majority. I accept the conventions. I bow to the idols of the market-place. I sing the praises of Success, and aim at an humble place in its train. I join the procession, and hurrah with the rest of you for the candidates that are bound to win. As I told you, I'm in training. I mean to become a practical man.

Ed. I wouldn't try that if I were you. If you could write just as you talk—sometimes—without any effort at literary style, and on different subjects, you might get something in once in a while,—say in the Sunday papers; they have plenty of room.—See here, Timsol: if you will sit down at that table yonder, and keep perfectly quiet, and not disturb me any more, you may write out this slush—no frills or embellishments, mind—and I'll give you five dollars for it.

T. (*eagerly*). You will? That will nearly pay for this trip. Make it seventy, and I'll do up your remarks too, and put all the improvements on them. Don't say again that I'm not practical.

AS IT SEEMS.

Grim Jestings.—"Justice" had been done at last, and Time, the Arch-Satirist, had had his joke out with Tess." Such is Mr. Thomas Hardy's comment after his latest heroine has been hanged. Now, hanging is a most uncommon use to which to put a heroine, and jokes of this sort are "of doubtful taste," or worse. Of course the jesting is not at all on Mr. Hardy's part: he is in dead earnest in this arraignment of Life, Destiny, the present Order of Things. It goes without saying that the book is not built on the usual lines, that it is miles away from the commonplace and conventional. He has done nothing more powerful, nothing else so pathetic; and never has the pessimism which is the key-note of his mind come out so strongly. The story is from his heart and goes straight to the heart of the sympathetic reader. That is the trouble: one can hardly afford to be torn to pieces by vicarious woes, and this tale is too harrowing. Women who have been following poor Tess's fortunes with eager interest are crying out that they will never read anything of this author's again,—they are so worn by the cruelty of the climax, and they have not so much tragic emotion to spare.

The story, as I have said, is very strong,—all the stronger that there is no exaggeration in details, but that careful self-restraint which one expects of Mr. Hardy. He has willfully and wisely missed many opportunities of sentimentalizing, of moralizing, of laying on the colors thickly. Fine writing is not his object, nor gush of any kind—quite the contrary. He has no space for the ravings of passion, even when the situation seems to require them. Heart-strings may be wrenched, but the victims have as little as possible to say about it; the tragedy is in the facts, not in any posing of theirs. And yet it afflicts us more keenly than if it had occurred next door. Apart from the all-instructive British novel, what do we at this distance know of the life of English peasants? Yet this whole wretched business of Tess of the D'Urbervilles (if we are not Philistines) comes intimately home to us from the start. Its painfulness is broken by the long and lovely idyl of the dairy-farm, a series of scenes unmatched in recent literature. Then comes the mistaken marriage, from which the woful tale marches on with ruthless logic to its lamentable ending.

Logically,—yes, if you admit the minor premise of Tessie's slip when hardly more than a child. That is the one weak link in the chain. A girl of the people, though of uselessly ancient and noble ancestry (the family having gone to ruin long before), with the burden of shiftless parents and helpless younger children on her mind and hands, doomed to drudgery, fenced in by rude and grimy surroundings, she is yet not wholly illiterate, and by no means without capacity, elevation, and force. A gentler, sweeter, purer heroine no recent character-monger has evolved. As remote from low tastes, vulgar ambitions, and petty vanities as any of Shakespeare's women, this girl would hardly have fallen under mere external pressure: the spirit would have been able to keep the body pure. Grant the contrary, and all the rest follows. Such a woman might in a moment of frenzy commit a needless and hardly blamable murder, but her first "misfortune" is a hard pill to swallow.

Mr. Hardy's moral in this book will be *caviare* to the conventional. That character may be independent not only of conditions but of actions, that an adulteress may be pure at heart, and a murderess innocent as a baby,—this is a rough and ready way to put it. Thus coarsely stated, the position seems to disprove itself. But after reading the tale one is inclined to think otherwise, and to feel that the author has made a bold—a very bold—stroke for further civilization on the lines of justice and charity. Perhaps because we have more of these virtues, Tess (though she desired death) would never have been hanged in America: no reader of her history would agree to such a verdict.

The book fulfils in rare degree one of the dramatic conditions in subordinating the other characters to the central figure. It is all Tess, and the appreciation she never received on earth (for we feel toward her as if she had really lived) she is safe to win now. Like the author, we do not care very much for Mr. Angel Clare. He gets hard lines, but they are the result of his own blunders. A youth who undertakes to be emancipated had better settle matters in his own mind and get his convictions into consistent shape before he marries a girl like Tess. Mr. Clare was a superior man, but she was worth twenty of him, and both had to pay in person for their mistakes, with interest at a thousand per cent. a day.

This is what Mr. Hardy is in revolt against,—the cruelty of Life, the unreasonable and ungodliness of mundane arrangements, the huge discrepancy between the standards of Society and those of the Spirit, the lack of any apparent order behind, and better than, our blundering human usages. He cries with Clough,—

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel.

He is moved to complain with Owen Meredith,—

And we are punished for our purest deeds,
And chastened for our holiest thoughts; alas,
There is no reason found in all the creeds
Why these things are, or whence they come to pass.

His protest is not made for the first time, but it has gathered new vehemence and rancor. If you tell him that philosophy of this kind butters no parsnips, he will probably reply that we are here, so far as can be guessed, to do some honest thinking, and to state our thoughts fearlessly. And if you urge that this last result of his thoughts is very sad, very shocking, he will say that that is not his fault; his business is to observe life, and give you some of its facts, with a few general reflections by the way.

Mr. Hardy is an author whom the prudent will criticise with respect, and differ from with deference. We may regret that he has no more cheerful doctrine of the Kosmos to fall back upon than that of the old saw,—

Life is a jest, and all things show it.
I thought so once, and now I know it.

But it is inhumanity to his admirers to select the extremest possible case and make the bad joke so very grim. The jests of Mephistopheles may be endurable, but those of the hangman give us an uneasy feeling of being in dubious company.

"His Great Self."—This title recalls that of one of the late W. M. Baker's novels, "*His Majesty, Myself*;" but the books have nothing else in common, beyond merit and interest. Marion Harland has taken a new departure, and produced a semi-historical tale which is fully equal to any of her work of earlier days. The scene is the famous plantation of Colonel William Byrd, well remembered as one of the most brilliant and forceful men of the colonial period; the characters are the family of that magnate, his neighbors, and his luckless daughter. The author has carried herself back in spirit to that remote era, and writes of it with such abundant knowledge and sympathy that the aristocrats of old Virginia move before us in their habits as they lived, and the most picturesque society this continent has known since Montezuma seems no more distant than just "before the war." No stiffness, no jarring, no exaggeration enter into this revival of the Past. Yet it is not all brightness; the whistling of the lash is heard as it descends on human backs, and the moral effect of the Peculiar Institution upon at least one master is seen and felt. The negroes were not the only slaves in those days: the accomplished tyrant of Westover (who is here drawn with a free, firm, and skilful hand) kept an iron fist under a velvet glove, and the story of poor Evelyn Byrd may draw tears as fresh as if she had not been under the sod for a hundred and fifty years. Mrs. Terhune had a worthy theme, and has used it worthily. The book (which is dedicated to the present owners of Westover) is one to be read, remembered, and put on the shelf for the instruction and delight of coming generations.

Lives of Poe.—Certain British publishers are trying to revive one of the effete Lives of Poe, and advertising it as "the best." They ought to know better. It should be understood that all accounts of this author prior to 1885 are both inadequate and incorrect. This involves small blame to their writers, for Poe so industriously concealed and falsified the facts of his own history, especially in its earlier part, that the truth proved to be down a very deep well indeed. The first account of him, by Griswold (1850), was so venomous as to cause a reaction, and sundry efforts were made during the next thirty years to rehabilitate an unhappy and ill-used genius. Mr. Ingram's, the chief of these, which is now being pushed across the water, is misleading both in its details and in its general estimate of the man. Mr. G. E. Woodberry, who next took up the difficult task, did a deal of able detective work, unearthing Poe's connection with the U. S. army, and other queer things: his researches were conducted and the results stated in an eminently judicial spirit and with sufficient critical acumen, and what his book leaves to be desired is unlikely to be supplied by anybody. It is an offence against accuracy to put any of the other alleged Lives of Poe in rivalry with this.

"Professors."—This title has of late years been so promiscuously bestowed, or assumed, that it no longer distinguishes those to whom it properly belongs. It is merely a sort of handle to one's name, indicating (if so much) that the claimant teaches or has taught something, or practises some art supposed to be for the general benefit. Thus—apart from the now obsolescent "professors of religion"—we have professors of chiropody, of horse-training, of jugglery, and what not.

There is probably no use of "kicking" against this usage; but in colleges and universities, where names may be thought to have a definite meaning, two grades of officers are recognized—professors and instructors or tutors. The

latter would, no doubt, like to be confounded with the former, since the mistake makes them look bigger; but when one of the lower rank is diligently advertised as "professor," the question arises, what is the good—in the long run—of thus mixing things? He may have rendered eminent service to science,—in other ways; he may know far more than the Professor of his department; but he is not and cannot be a professor till made such by the Trustees.

Annie Jenness Miller, so well identified with "dress reform," appears as the author of a book entitled "Physical Beauty," recently published by Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York. At this modern era of too extensively bestowed advice, the suspicion "hackneyed" must instinctively fasten on anything incident to the subject of physical culture. Nevertheless, the author not only recommends her effort to thoughtful readers by the simple and admirable completeness with which she covers the ground, but by wisely combining with physical development the culture of bodily expression from an inward point, that cannot fail to invest the little work with a subtle interest to all lovers of human strength and beauty. The plea for a thorough system of public baths in populous cities it may be well to consider as a powerful step in a practical direction, and it is significantly indicative of the earnestness of the reform spirit animating the writer of "Physical Beauty" that in a book which provides so manifest a place for more or less sensational argument on the famous divided skirt, Mrs. Miller devotes but two little paragraphs to the bare recommendation of that much-mooted style of dress.

The Louisiana Lottery has hitherto been too much for the manhood of the State. It threatens to be too much for the influence of the Church, too; for a Roman Catholic paper in that region comes out with a vigorous assault upon the bishop, who had been guilty of denouncing the local institution. Probably the editor felt as the colored brethren of his section did when chicken-stealing was reproved from the pulpit—that Religion ought not to be debased by mixing it with secular matters. The Lottery is a national disgrace. It demoralizes not only Louisiana, but the whole land. The country districts are flooded with its circulars, as with those of the New York green-goods men—only that its enterprise has a scandalous color of legality. Decent people everywhere wish more power to the elbows of those who are now engaged in the honest effort to abolish this iniquity.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has been long enough in Japan to acquire what among us is called a "pull." Through this influence he was enabled to visit and inspect the Oho-Yashiro at Kitzuki, the oldest and most sacred shrine of the most oriental of countries, which was "first built by order of the Goddess of the Sun, in the time when deities alone existed." So he was informed by the Guji, or high-priest, with whom he hobnobbed; as also that no foreign devil (though perhaps we are not called by such hard names in Japan) before him had ever got beyond the temple court. The place and the occasion are described in his own picturesque and sensitive style, always quickly respondent to local influences, in a recent *Atlantic* article.

The series of Prize Questions which formed a feature of this magazine several years ago attracted so much interest that the publishers have concluded to invite competition again in answering others, and those who are interested in the matter will find full explanation of it in "Current Notes" of this number. The first subject is General George A. Custer.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Exterior of the Horse. By Armand Goubaux and Gustave Barrier. Translated and Edited by Simon J. J. Harger, V.M.D.

In most branches of science the movement toward a systematic statement and collection of facts is slow. Detached information, traditions, and quackeries lie heaped together in odd volumes, old pamphlets, inaccessible periodicals, and, worse still, in the unstable minds of investigators. Some day an energetic thinker comes along, gathers up all the learned *débris*, puts it into order, collates it, and expresses from it its essential conclusions. Then we have a standard work on a given subject. This is the process through which the material in *The Exterior of the Horse*, by MM. Armand Goubaux and Gustave Barrier, has gone before passing into the handsome and substantial volume of 916 pages now before us.

In France, where this great book was issued first in 1884, it is the recognized authority on the external aspect of the horse in so far as that affects his mechanical aptitudes and his commercial value. This side of the subject had previously been much obscured by theory and empirical treatment, but the authors started out with a directness of aim and a thoroughness of knowledge which withheld them from following the lead into obscurity. They made a work which has a practical value for the horseman and the breeder, as well as a scientific interest for the practitioner and the student. Indeed, to any one who is engaged in buying, selling, training, or in simply riding or driving horses the book is absolutely invaluable.

To give an example of its exhaustive character, it may be stated that, after a preliminary study of animal mechanics, the head alone is considered through sixty pages, the body through eighty-eight, and the members through one hundred and fifty. Each of these departments has a wealth of illustrations and of practical detail which makes clear even to the most unenlightened amateur all that need be known. Section third is devoted to Proportions, and goes back to the earliest historical sources, namely, Abou Bekr, and the Italian Grisone, for its interesting data, through which the study of equine beauties and graces becomes fascinating as well to the layman as to the veterinarian.

The fourth section treats of the horse in relation to locomotion, and includes in its wide-reaching investigations an exposition of Prof. Myrbridge's photographic experiments with the horse in motion. Then there are other sections, up to the eighth, in which is given the same careful information on the age and how to determine it by the teeth; on the coats, and the height; on the services of race-horses, horses of luxury, cavalry horses, and horses of industry and commerce; on vicious horses and their habits; and, finally, there is good advice on the choice of a horse to both seller and purchaser. The mere statement that the volume contains three hundred and forty-six illustrations is quite sufficient to show what cost and care have been involved in its production.

For all these benefits, the very large part of the community interested in the horse owes a debt of gratitude to the translator, Prof. Simon J. J. Harger, V.M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania, who has done his work admirably,

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and to the publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Co., who have spared no pains or expense in bringing forth a work which will undoubtedly become a standard here, as it is already in France, in the college as well as in the stable.

His Great Self. By
Marion Harland.

When one picks up a book which has the charm of a long summer day, with sunlight undimmed till evening, and a subtle unity of atmosphere which singles it out from every other day, such a book is likely to be a pleasant memory through all weathers. In *His Great Self* Marion Harland has given us such a book. It is unquestionably her finest achievement, and is likely to stand as the work which will be longest read among all her literary productions. Each artist has his period of highest development which he cannot afterwards hope to surpass, and it is not likely that Marion Harland will ever surpass this almost perfect story. It is not likely, either, that any other writer in the same field will ever surpass it. It has a unique and pervasive charm which could have been acquired only by the most loving study, the closest familiarity with the scene, and the deepest sense of the pathetic beauty of the characters. All these qualifications the author has brought to her work, and she has produced a tale likely to rest on the shelf near to Uncle Tom's Cabin, beyond which it rises, indeed, as a work of art must always rise above a work of sentiment.

His Great Self was Colonel William Evelyn Byrd, owner of a principality in the New World called Westover, on the James River in Virginia. Here, in patrician ease, with a throng of slaves and a great plantation, Colonel Byrd lived with his family in the middle of the last century. The family consisted of Madame Byrd, the colonel's second wife; Evelyn, his daughter by an earlier marriage; and several younger children. Evelyn, the belle of her time, was secretly in love with an English nobleman who under a disguise became a guest in Colonel Byrd's house during his absence. There were two other suitors of the lovely girl, both, in a measure, dependent on the colonel, and widely different in character. These, with the neighboring gentry, a smuggling skipper on the river, Evelyn's black servant Caliban, and a group of other negro servants, form the *dramatis personæ* of this old-time tragedy, which is as tender as some sweet bit of pathos, out of an Elizabethan drama. Indeed, it has a plot like those of yore, which were so well knit together that to reveal one link destroyed the total effect and anticipated the reader's pleasure. Surprise is a legitimate element in literary art which we make too little of nowadays. Here we have it in its most alluring form, and anybody who can resist its fascinations must indeed be cooled in fervor by the tepid cambric tea of impressionism. In this day of books without a head or a tale, *His Great Self*, with its depth of feeling and radiance of atmosphere, its organic story and continuity of interest, is a boon indeed. It will bring its author an accession of fame, as it will bring its publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Co., the gratitude of every reader—and he is legion—in search of a long day's delight.

**Only Human; or,
Justice.** By John
Strange Winter.

The orchestra stops, the curtain rises, and the audience looks into Jack Broughton's drawing-room at Monk's House, Brompton, London. It is a handsomely-set stage. There is luxury in dress and upholstery, and good breeding in the cast. The family is an old and wealthy one of the City, flourishing in the law for generations in Lincoln's Inn. Jack has married a lovely but poor wife.

His father has just died, leaving him the larger part of his fortune, and his mother and her family have retired from Monk's House to more humble quarters. Jack is no niggard with his income, and his wife soon learns how to reap where she has not sown. This very naturally leads to the second act.

The curtain now goes up on a scene of ruin and grief. Jack has used Sir James Craddock's securities, and has been found out too soon to enable him to replace them. He goes to jail, and his young wife and child are exposed to the immitigable woes of dependency in his mother's house. Jack is carried off to Portsmouth for ten years. The sisters-in-law heap bitter burdens on the wife's innocent head, but Jack's mother protects and cares for her. The mother dies when her son's term of imprisonment has nearly expired, and leaves to Midge, the wife, a large inheritance. Jack comes out of jail, and his united family embark for "the States," where the ticket-of-leave man soon becomes a silver-king. His daughter is a beautiful and winning girl. She makes a visit to Washington for the season, and this inevitably brings on the third act, with its telling climax.

As one reads John Strange Winter's entertaining book,—what book of hers is not entertaining?—this is the dramatic way in which it insensibly pictures itself on his mental retina. It is a modern society play told in print, and told with all the art of the trained novelist superadded to the sparkle and repartee and melodramatic suspense which characterize contemporary dramas. There are no stage waits, no awkward "supers," no mouldy scenes: every character speaks and looks to the life the man he is; and when, at the end, the spectator rises from his easy-chair and tosses the book amiably from him, he is sure to have had the full worth of his admission into its absorbing pages, and to bless the author for a thoroughly diverting evening. Only *Human* comes from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co., and is included in their excellent series of *Select Novels*.

The New Mistress.
A Tale. By Geo.
Manville Fenn.

It is refreshing to turn from melodrama to the pastoral, even when the melodrama is of the higher sort. Contrast is the stimulant of the mind. We cannot thrive by feeding too long on a single food, however nutritious. Hence to pass from John Strange Winter to Geo. Manville Fenn is like a wholesome change in the seasons, from snow to foliage.

In a little English country nook, called Plumton All Saints, the latter author has gathered for us a cluster of bucolic folk who enact a Pastoral somewhat like those of the simple old poets, only the parts are taken by latter-day people who are very modern in occupation and character. Hazel Thorne is the new school-mistress. She has seen better days, and is young and pretty,—so pretty and winning that Penelope of old had scarcely more suitors. There is the young and impetuous lover from town who follows Miss Hazel into her provincial retreat and is very persistent in his wooing; then the parish rector, grave and starched; the school-master, a timid admirer; the family counsellor and friend, who intrigues a bit, and would like to make his friendship a plea for his suitorship; and, lastly, the ex-butcher of the town, who has grown rich in land-speculation, but is a gentleman at heart, after all. Winding in and out among these characters as if she were playing at ladies'-chain in some village dance on the green, Hazel leads the story on to a sad climax which will touch a sympathetic chord in every heart that feels for gentle virtue under the world's ban. As is the case with each issue of Lippincotts' series of *Select Novels*, in

which *The New Mistress* has a place, it is a charming story, simply and clearly told. It is sure to win for its author new friends and fresh repute, and for its publishers renewed praise for an unerring taste in selection.

The Idealist. By
Henry T. King.

Ever since the *Sieur de Montaigne* poured out the wisdom of his spirit in the privacy of his Gascon château it has been the pleasant habit of a sort of brooding and thoughtful people to take the world into their confidence. Some have run their genial or tender ideas into the mould of the essay; others, like *Lavater* or *Roche-foucauld*, have carved out little cherry-stones of sentences for amulets to hang about our memories. Both forms of candor are the offshoots of reflection and quiet thought about self, and both have become a recognized medium for poets who have the mood, rather than the gift, of poetry.

In *The Idealist*, which the Lippincotts have just published, Mr. Henry T. King, who is already well known as the author of *The Egotist* and a volume of *Essays*, has chosen to combine both these methods of uttering his outspoken and manly thought. He gives us at times the brief epigram, as in this: "I stooped to pick a fleck off my clothing. It moved. It was a spot of sunshine. By the movement I lost it. I did not know it was sunshine till it was gone. The sunshine goes out of the house. It was not recognized till darkness came." Or, again, a longer revery, like *Literary Aspirations or Some Estimates of Character*. His papers, however, seldom reach to more than half a dozen pages, and most of them are much shorter.

But the substance, not the form, is, after all, the essential thing in such a book as *The Idealist*. Has the author character and originality? Is he sane and "sweetly reasonable"? It is safe to say that a wiser and more direct book has rarely found its way into print here in America in latter years than *The Idealist*. Mr. King has thought justly and reported his reflections in a nervous and well-balanced style that carries conviction with its candor. He has the penetrating mind of an ascetic joined with the observation of a man of the world. He has poured the results of a keen outlook upon contemporary life into the ancient mould of Lord Bacon, and the product is a grave essay, loaded with fancies, dignified and courteous as a sixteenth-century philosopher, but as modern in subject and in sentiment as this morning's newspaper. Could one shape his life after the maxims laid down by this altruistic Egotist, what a vast stride we should make toward the fair times that are to be!

*Cigarette Papers
for After-Dinner
Smoking.* By Jo-
seph Hatton.

If you should have puffed a ring of smoke from your lips a moment ago, and looked up toward the ceiling with revering eyes, then you are in just the right mood to come back to consciousness and *Cigarette Papers*, by Joseph Hatton.

First there is a cover in blues and golds and reds with a great striking design that invites you into the text like a hospitable landlord. Then, once in, there is a fine, pervasive odor of the best Havana, and the deadened noise, muffled by the smoke, of a throng of genial voices as in some top-loft of Bohemia. Mr. Hatton is the smoker and talker in chief, and he rambles agreeably along, from that veteran of the stage, Benjamin Webster, to Mark Lemon, and Charles Reade, and Sir Augustus Harris, who presides over Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres. Sala, Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Chatto, the publisher, General Booth, of the Salvation Army, and a score more of celebrities are seen

through the white clouds; and the author, with his friend Mr. Fox, treats us to a story or so, briefly told, yet bit into the metal like the lines of an etching. Some of the old literary haunts of London, the Temple and Fleet Street, come in for engaging gossip; and every now and then there is a pleasant twinkle of the eye which preludes a personal anecdote.

These little essays have appeared in periodicals and newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, but they are now blent into one harmonious volume, which the Messrs. Lippincott bring out in this country simultaneously with its issue in England. After-dinner chats they certainly are, such as congenial comrades over the nuts and liqueur utter in fragmentary sentences between the long contemplative puffs of a cigar. Reminiscence and prophecy, says Mr. Hatton, are the staple of such converse, and the recollections of a man of the world and of letters, with the passive prophecies of a good and amiable liver, are the burden of his sparkling message. The illustrations fit into the text as a patch of court-plaster into the charm of a laughing face.

**Type-Writing and
Business Corre-
spondence.** By O.
R. Palmer.

Only the other day it would have been necessary to employ a living amanuensis if you wished to avoid the burden of your own correspondence. To-day you may have an inanimate secretary which will do the work far better than a living one, and with incredible swiftness. The type-writer has become a necessity to the business world, and, as with all the necessities of life, we are beginning to have some established opinions about it. A literature of the machine is springing up, with its own terminology, and its own peculiar appeal to the class who manipulate the keys. Here, in a handsome volume of two hundred or more pages, published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., is a compendium of the whole subject, which will be of untold usefulness to the boy or girl who is setting out as an operator of the potent little engine. *Type-Writing and Business Correspondence* is from the pen of O. R. Palmer, Principal of Palmer's College of Short-Hand and Type-Writing in Philadelphia. It places in the hands of the novice just such information as will be most needed in an office. To insure its practical efficiency, the book has been divided into sections giving sample business letters from actual firms in widely-different trades. Publishing, Lumber, Insurance, Railroad, Iron, Law, Wood, Coal, Lime, Paints, and Drugs, all have ample space devoted to them; and besides these most important examples, there are Rules for Punctuation and for using the various kinds of type-writing machines. The book is, indeed, the essence of a business college boiled down into a convenient shape and made to illustrate Dr. Johnson's wise axiom that "Every art is best taught by example."

**Conventional Whist
Leads. Together
with some Sound
Advice to Players.**
Compiled by H. B. T.

"Sarah Battle (now with God)," says Elia, "was none of your lukewarm gamesters. She detested them." What a treat, then, to Sarah Battle would have been this spirited and earnest little book on her favorite game! Such an inveterate player as she would doubtless have recognized the code here laid down in clear type, as the simplest, most direct, and most useful yet brought together. It is the pith of many larger books, like Cavendish's, compressed into one handy little manual which can be put away in a card-box or carried in one's pocket. It is printed, like a rubric, in emphasizing red letters, with a black text about them which shows the most

thorough knowledge of the game and all its literature. An old hand will find its pages old friends; a new one will learn in them all that it is needful to know to render him a credit to himself and to the table. The present is a revised edition, issued, as was the earlier one, by the J. B. Lippincott Co., in a very appropriate and pleasing style.

Travels in Africa.
By Dr. William
Junker. Trans-
lated by A. H.
Keane, F.R.G.S.

Dr. Junker has gone through Central Africa with other eyes than Stanley or Wissmann. While these latter report upon widely different features of the country, and describe the life there, animate and inanimate, under varying conditions, this latest traveller also brings his own peculiar outlook.

As each new volume on the Dark Continent has come forth, it has become more and more apparent that we must know all, before we can know anything, about the inhabitants, the flora and fauna, and the natural appearance of that surprising land.

Those who have followed the developments of later African history will find their knowledge of the subject incomplete without this altogether delightful book by Dr. Junker, which comes from the J. B. Lippincott Co. Delightful it is, indeed; but it is only so because the writer has been able to throw about the scientific topics he principally treats of, all the charm, the romance of adventure, and the personal interest which are inseparable from the best books of travel.

Dr. Junker is a Russian traveller who went to mid-Africa in 1879 by way of the Nile and Khartum. This was his second expedition to the region, and, gaining by experience, he started out under better auspices than before, though he failed to find General Gordon, as he had hoped to do, at Cairo. He traversed a wide area of the wildest part of the equatorial country in his five years' journey, and brought back untold treasures in specimens for the scientist and natural historian. His has been a noble devotion to the cause of science, and, as he possesses the rare quality of being able to render his learned knowledge into popular reading, his book will appeal to almost all classes of readers.

The translation from the German has been admirably done by Mr. A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S., and the illustrations are not only up to the very last perfection of wood-cutting and reproduction, but they are a constant aid and embellishment to the handsome text.

CURRENT NOTES.

ROYAL

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Best Baking Powder

The Official Government Reports:

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the ROYAL BAKING POWDER to be of greater leavening strength than any other. (*Bulletin* 13, *Ag. Dep.*, p. 599.)

The Canadian Official Tests, recently made, show the ROYAL BAKING POWDER highest of all in leavening strength. (*Bulletin* 10, p. 16, *Inland Rev. Dep.*)

In practical use, therefore, the ROYAL BAKING POWDER goes further, makes purer and more perfect food, than any other.

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"The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.

"EDWARD G. LOVE, PH. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

"HENRY A. MOTT, M. D., PH. D."

"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.

"WM. MCMURTRIE, PH. D."

NEW SERIES OF PRIZE QUESTIONS

FITTING QUOTATIONS TO FAMOUS NAMES.

To stimulate research in the easily accessible fields of refined literature, we offer each month, for a term yet to be decided on, prizes for the four quotations from prose or poetry that shall bear the most fitting application to the famous person whose name is given below.

Quotations must not exceed four lines. Each competitor to make but one answer, signed with an assumed name, together with the real name and address of the sender. All quotations to be submitted to "Prize Questions," care LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, within thirty days from the date of this issue.

The four winning answers, with the assumed names of the senders, will be published, together with the four next appropriate quotations, two months from the date of this present number, in the order of their merit. Prizes will be forwarded as soon after publication of the answers as possible.

No quotation will be considered that is taken from prose or poetry written with direct reference to the subject.

The prizes are as follows:

First Prize.—ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS. 5 vols., imperial octavo.

Second Prize.—CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA (New Edition). 10 vols., octavo.

Third Prize.—BREWER'S READER'S HAND-BOOK.

" HISTORIC NOTE-BOOK.

" DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE.

" DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES.

EDWARDS'S WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES.

Fourth Prize.—ALLIBONE'S POETICAL QUOTATIONS and ALLIBONE'S PROSE QUOTATIONS.

The name for this month is

GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER.

WHAT COMFORT

Can a person enjoy who is afflicted with Catarrh? Expectorating, hawking, sneezing all the time—



an offence to himself and everyone else. The persistence with which this loathsome and dangerous malady clings to its victim is due to a scrofulous taint in the blood. The remedy is **AYER'S Sarsaparilla**. Those who give this medicine a persevering trial are permanently cured. When you are

troubled with **CATARRH**, take **AYER'S Sarsaparilla**, and take it faithfully. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them through the proper channels. Don't waste time in local treatment, which only aggravates and prolongs the disease, and don't be persuaded to try any other medicine. Your only hope is in

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you

A COLD SNAP

Produces a plentiful crop of colds, coughs, sore throat, bronchitis, croup, pneumonia, influenza, and other pulmonary disorders, the best remedy for which is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE DROJKY.—The one-horse drojky is meant to hold two persons. Our experience was that it held one and a bit. It is a common and an amusing sight to see some gallant officer deftly encircling the waist of his fair companion in one of these conveyances. His arm gets in the way so, he explains, and this is the only means of disposing of it that he can think of. The horses are first-rate, small in size, but able to do a great deal of hard work, and keep their good looks in spite of it. Nearly all of them are stallions, and are bred in Russia. The driver, who is sometimes a mere boy, wears a dark-blue dressing-gown kind of coat, a curiously-shaped hat, and high-topped boots, and makes quite a picturesque object. His dress seems to be a very hot one for summer, but the average driver is too poor to buy cooler clothing. It is astonishing what an amount of heat Russians seem capable of bearing. Even on the hot days of August a great many of the officers wear their thick military cloaks.

There are no fixed fares for the drojky. Every time you hire one a long course of bargaining ensues between you and the driver, until at length the latter consents to take about half what he first asked. Sixpence will take you a long way, and on one occasion I got a drive for twopence. In the absence of an agreed fare the driver charges what he likes. Once we paid two rubles (four shillings) for a drive of a few hundred yards in a two-horse carriage.—*Temple Bar.*

FIELDING'S "TOM JONES."—Notwithstanding the good prices he received for his books, Fielding was always more or less in difficulties from his reckless mode of living. "Tom Jones," however, was nearly being sacrificed in one of his impecunious fits for the sum of twenty-five pounds. The publisher, fortunately, asked for a day to consider if he could risk such a sum, and Fielding in the mean time met Thomson, the poet, to whom he told the transaction. Thomson scorned the idea of Fielding parting with his brains for such a sum, and offered to get him better terms. But Fielding felt himself partly pledged. Never did author wait more anxiously on a publisher hoping to be accepted than did Fielding hoping to be refused. He was refused! Joyfully he carried his manuscript to Thomson to fulfil his promise. The poet introduced Fielding to Andrew Miller, who handed the book over to his wife to read. She discerned its merits, and advised her husband to keep it. Over a pleasant dinner, given by Miller to Fielding and Thomson, the bargain was made which secured Fielding, to his great delight, two hundred pounds for the story. Miller is said to have cleared eighteen thousand pounds by "Tom Jones," out of which he paid Fielding, from time to time, various sums to the amount of two thousand pounds, bequeathing him also a handsome legacy.—*Murray's Magazine.*

JOSS NOT CHINESE.—"Joss," so far from being, as I, among others, always imagined, a Chinese word, is merely the mispronunciation of the Spanish *Dios*, God. The discovery of this fell heavily upon me. It reduced my knowledge of Chinese from two words to one; but I have learned several since, but will not write them here, as I do not know what they mean. A. and the writer both started with the determination of studying Chinese, and the writer let A. buy a grammar; but on discovering that the single letter *i* had one hundred and forty-five ways of being pronounced, and that each pronunciation had an entirely different meaning, we said that there was no poetry about the Chinese language, that it was not worth learning, and A.'s grammar was secretly consigned to the river mud by being dropped overboard.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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Address THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"KING HENRY VIII."—Edmund Kean got his great effects in the scene of the Cardinal's humiliation and fall. Specially fine was his speaking of the lines

Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master,

and his rendering of the last words, "Had I but served my God," etc. Kean, however, did not play Wolsey until 1822, when he was past his zenith, and never made it one of his great characters. Charles Mayne Young was a good, if not a very inspired, cardinal; and Macready, who first played the part in 1823, made a considerable success in the character. He, like Kean, found his greatest effects in the more emotional and passionate passages.

One of the most amusing anecdotes of Macready's petulance of temper relates to a revival of "Henry VIII.," under the management of Maddox, at the Princess's. The part of Cardinal Campeius was assigned to a brother of Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose stage name was Wynn, for whom Macready had an inveterate dislike. The tragedian had implored the manager to see that Campeius was furnished with a costume which should not seem entirely ridiculous beside the splendid robes he himself wore as Wolsey; but Maddox, of course, disregarded the injunction. "At the dress rehearsal," says Mr. Edmund Yates, "Macready, enthroned in a chair of state, had the various characters to pass before him; he bore all calmly until, clad in scarlet robes bordered by silver tissue paper and wearing an enormous red hat, Wynn approached. Then, clutching both arms of his chair and closing his eyes, the great tragedian gasped out, 'Mother Shipton, by God!'"—*Longman's Magazine*.

ROSEMARY.—In the south of Europe the rosemary has long had magic properties ascribed to it. The Spanish ladies used to wear it as an antidote against the evil eye, and the Portuguese called it the Elfin plant and dedicated it to the fairies. The idea of the antidote may have been due to a confusion of the name with that of the Virgin; but, as a matter of fact, the "Rosmarinus" is frequently mentioned by old Latin writers, including Horace and Ovid. The name came from the fondness of the plant for the sea-shore, where it often gets sprinkled with the "ros" or dew of the sea,—that is to say, sea-spray. Another cause of confusion, perhaps, was that the leaves of the plant somewhat resemble those of the juniper, which in mediæval times was held sacred to the Virgin Mary.

In the island of Crete, it is said, a bride dressed for the wedding still calls last of all for a sprig of rosemary to bring her luck. And now we come to find rosemary in close association with both marriage and death, just as the hyacinth was, and perhaps still is, among the Greeks. It is interesting to trace the connection by which the same plant came to have two such different uses.

One of the earliest mentions of rosemary in English literature is in a poem of the fourteenth century, called "The Gloriously Rosemaryne," which begins thus:

This herbe is callit rosemaryn,
Of vertu that is gode and fyne;
But all the vertues tell I ne can,
Nor, I trowe, no erthely man.

All the Year Round.



READ EVERY WORD IF YOU HAVE A GARDEN

You will need not only Seeds, but also will likely be in want of Small Fruits, Flowering Plants, Bulbs, etc. Poor seeds and plants are an abomination; and if you have ever had any experience with them, once has been enough. It is our business to supply the best of everything in plant life, and to give some idea of our success, would say: Our 1892 book represents an expenditure exceeding \$41,000 for the first edition alone. From Oct. 1, 1890, to Oct. 1, 1891, we paid the Philadelphia Post Office, \$20,860.58, for postage. We mention these items simply to give you an idea of what we are doing in our special line. The credit for this business success belongs exclusively to *the superior excellence of Maule's Seeds, Plants, and Bulbs.*

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For 25 cents we will send any one mentioning LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, one packet each of the following five varieties of the Choicest Flowers.

Maule's Superb Camellia Flowered Balsam

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And, in addition, a copy of our '92 Catalogue.

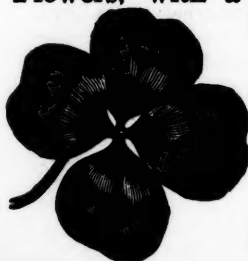


This book is a wonder, and is absolutely the finest ever published, *taking 7 cents to mail, while most other catalogues take only 2, 3 or 4 cent stamps.* This will give you an idea of its size. Besides a magnificent lithographed cover, it contains 10 elaborate Colored Plates of Vegetables, Flowers and Small Fruits; 732 illustrations, 58 of which are in colors; weighs over 12 ounces and is brim full and running over with the good things of plant life. Remember, we send these 5 packets, the regular price of which is 55 cents, and our handsome book for 25 cents, to readers of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, so don't fail to mention LIPPINCOTT'S when writing.

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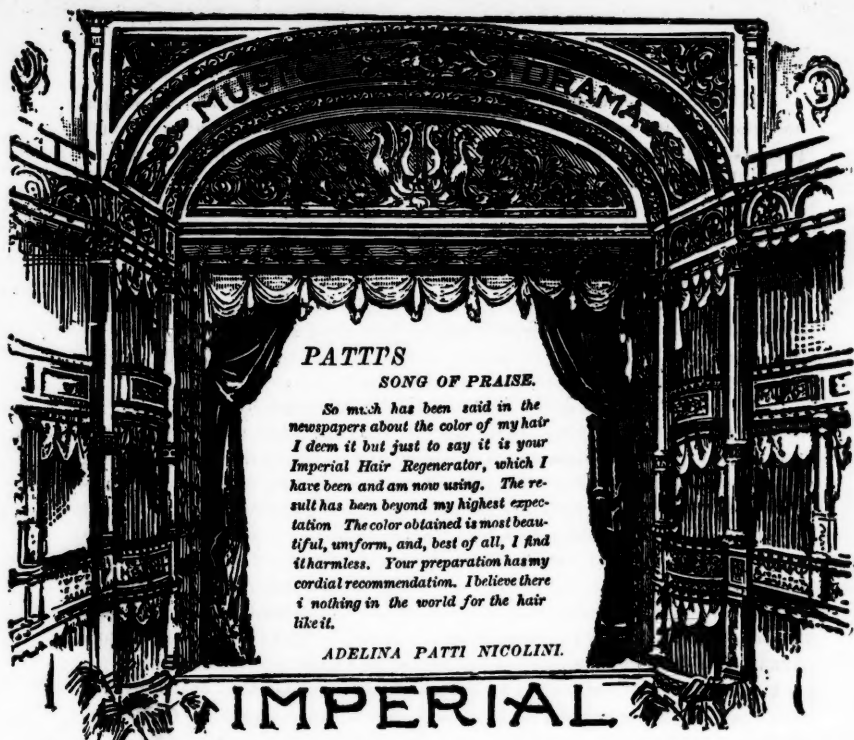
WM. HENRY MAULE,
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GLIMPSES OF BYRON.—Probably no man has ever suffered more from unhappy domestic antecedents. The son of a mother with whom he shared a temperament which made them mutually insupportable to each other, the son of a father whose early death was the best boon he could have conferred on his infant heir, Byron had no kin on either side to fill the void which nature abhors, and which an especially emotional nature like his craves to have filled. While from earlier ancestry a tangle of embarrassment was demised to him, and his noble guardian showed him the cold shoulder of distasteful superciliousness, he had "a heart which, though faulty, was feeling," and sensitively susceptible of all the mischief which this array of mischances could produce.

With manifold charms of person, voice, and manner, and with features which flashed a mobile mirror of emotion and intellect, he was dashed and marred by one malformation, which, while it mortified vanity, undermined physical health. Too conscious of his besetting corpulent tendencies,—these again being due to a maternal source,—he would persecute his constitution and exacerbate the pungency of his caprices by extreme dietary treatment, by fits of self-starvation and unwholesome counter-agents to the dreaded obesity. By means of tobacco-chewing, green-tea-drinking, breaking a long fast on biscuits and soda-water by an outbreak on potatoes, fish,—stale fish, one biographer states,—and vinegar, he carried on an unnatural self-coercion, a struggle between vanity and *avoiropois*. The loss of a stone of flesh-weight gladdened him more than all the sold copies of the "*Corsair*." It was Adonis—but Adonis *boiteux*—pitted against Sir John Falstaff, in the same capricious personality; and even if he for a while conquered the "flesh," he retained the "frailties." The consequences were stomach in rebellion, liver stagnating, and temper ever at full cock of rebellious versatility, while his minor habits were to the last degree vagrant and non-domestic. What a subject for matrimony, this risky mass of conflicting eccentricities!—*Murray's Magazine*.

SHIPS OF THE ANCIENTS.—Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, and some of the most roomy attained dimensions equal to ships of modern times. Nevertheless, they were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave, and utterly unfit to cope with the fury of a hurricane. Doubtless we are indebted to travellers' tales for the detailed descriptions that survive the lapse of ages. Constantius conveyed from Heliopolis to Rome an obelisk weighing fifteen hundred tons, and, in addition to this long-coveted monolith, the ship carried about twelve hundred tons of pulse stowed about the smaller end of the obelisk, in order to bring the ship on an even keel.

In 268 B.C. Archimedes devised a marvellous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Her three lofty masts had been brought from Britain, whereas our ships' masts are of iron, or obtained from New Zealand or from Vancouver Island. Luxuriously-fitted sleeping-apartments abounded, and one of her banqueting-halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Other floors were cunningly inlaid with scenes from the *Iliad*. Stables for many horses, ponds stocked with live fish, gardens watered by artificial rivulets, and hot baths were provided for use or amusement. Ptolemy Philopator possessed a nuptial yacht, the *Thalamogon*, three hundred and twelve feet long and forty-five feet deep. A graceful gallery, supported by curiously-carved columns, ran round the vessel, and within were temples of Venus and of Bacchus. Her masts were one hundred feet high, her sails and cordage of royal purple hue.—*Chambers's Journal*.



PATTI'S

SONG OF PRAISE.

So much has been said in the newspapers about the color of my hair I deem it but just to say it is your Imperial Hair Regenerator, which I have been and am now using. The result has been beyond my highest expectation. The color obtained is most beautiful, uniform, and, best of all, I find it harmless. Your preparation has my cordial recommendation. I believe there is nothing in the world for the hair like it.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

IMPERIAL

Hair Regenerator is the only perfect and safe preparation for coloring the hair; and in order to test its merits, send sample of hair to the Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company, West Twenty-Third Street, No. 54, New York, and it will be regenerated to the Patti, Cleopatra, or any other shade, free of charge. Write for information.

STREAKY HAIR.

How to Obviate it with Certainty.

There is nothing that detracts from the beauty of a lady's hair so much as to have more than one color of hair on the head. The number of ladies whose hair is like Joseph's coat, of many colors, is far greater than is generally supposed. In strong lights the objectionable features come out more strongly. Pronounced different shades in the hair are very annoying, but still they can be obviated with the greatest ease. No matter whether it is a light, dark, or medium shade that is desired, the hair can be made perfectly even by applying the Imperial Hair Regenerator. Only that part of the hair which it is necessary to change need be touched, as the color can be made to any shade and perfectly even. Patti says, "There is nothing in the world for the hair like it," and Fanny Davenport says, "In the dramatic profession 'tis invaluable." Ladies can test its merits by forwarding sample of hair to the reception-rooms. Sold by druggists and hair-dressers at \$1.50 and \$3.00, or direct by express. Refuse all substitutes, as they are dangerous.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

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One of the most annoying and irritating afflictions that a lady can be subjected to is that of superfluous hair. Many of the treatments for its removal have been both cruel and ineffectual; but there need be no further cause for annoyance, as the Imperial Hair Remover will effectually and safely remove all superfluous hair without the slightest pain or disfiguration to the most delicate skin. It is easily applied. Ladies who are sceptical can call and test its merits free of charge. Mailed, securely sealed, for \$1.00. The Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company, West 23d Street, No. 54.

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The most delicate and delightfully natural tint that has yet been discovered. It is practically impossible to detect it, and is guaranteed absolutely uninjurious. Easily applied, and unaffected by perspiration. No lady's toilet is complete without it. Sold by all druggists, at \$1.00 per bottle, or direct by mail from The Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company, West 23d St., No. 54, New York.

EARLY STEEL.—The Chinese, who in very early ages had attained to some degree of understanding in the elementary principles of science and their applications, possessed also a comparatively advanced amount of knowledge in the manufacture and use of steel. Of its origin among them we have no account; but it is quite conceivable that its discovery preceded that of the lode-stone, which, under the name of *tshe-chy* (directing stone), was in use among them fully 2600 years B.C. There is mention of steel in very ancient Chinese writings, and an account of the process of manufacture by one writer about 400 B.C.; and various descriptive allusions to it, implying a considerable amount of knowledge and power of discrimination in reference to its properties, occur at various subsequent periods down to the present day, when it is still a flourishing branch of their manufacture.

Inferentially, it is perfectly clear that the Phœnicians were acquainted with the use of extremely hardened iron (properly speaking, steel), as their numerous and beautiful works in ornamental metallurgy, and the cutting and engraving of precious stones, for which they were conspicuously eminent among the nations of antiquity, necessarily involved; as also do the inscriptions which exist in the Phœnician language. Phœnicia, as represented by its famous daughter-city of Tyre, was at the height of artistic celebrity in the time of David and Solomon (1050–1000 B.C.). With them, as powerful neighboring monarchs, Hiram, the ambitious young king of Tyre, found it wise to enter into a friendly alliance, and concluded an arrangement which proved to be for the mutual advantage of both communities, in the numerous works of art and value, especially in metallurgy, executed by his trained artificers for the furnishing and enrichment of the Temple, capitol, and palace at Jerusalem.—*Chambers's Journal*.

PLURAL OF TABLESPOONFUL.—I spent much of my early boyhood in a surgery, where I was allowed to assist in dispensing. I can remember being rebuked for venturing to write “tablespoonsful.” I was told that it implied the swallowing of the spoons as well as of their contents. In the *Tatler*, No. 2, 1709, we have “three spoonfuls take.” In John Smith’s “Art of Painting,” fifth edition, 1723, page 33, “two spoonfuls is enough.”

The difficulties of a plural for compound words are not confined to our own language. In the letter of the *Standard's* own correspondent at Vienna in the issue for November 21, I read that the members of the imperial and royal families knelt at *prie dieux*! This seems a very grotesque plural, owing its grotesqueness to the separation of the two component words. *Priedieux* does not strike one as improper, but if the words are used separately it seems equally clumsy to add the sign of the plural to either. The difficulty, as compared with tablespoonsful or tablespoonfuls, is complicated by the origin of the first word, which, in the French example, is derived apparently from the verb *prier*. Perhaps Dnargel or Dr. Chance can say whether the compound is commonly used in two separate words as quoted or, as seems more familiar, in one.

Common sense and the Post-Office take opposite sides, as is not infrequently the case. A short time ago my doctor prescribed for me a mixture, of which I was to take two tablespoonfuls three times a day. This I did with benefit to myself; but if I had swallowed six tablespoons a day, full or empty, you would not be troubled with this note.—*Notes and Queries*.

POND'S EXTRACT

Sore Throat,
Lameness,
Influenza,
Wounds,
Piles,
Earache,
Chilblains,
Sore Eyes,
Inflammations,

WILL CURE



FAC-SIMILE OF
BOTTLE WITH
BUFF WRAPPER.

Hoarseness,
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Soreness,
Catarrh,
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QUINA-LAROCHE.—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.



E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

VOL. XLIX.—26

CHAMPAGNE-CELLARS.—The temperature in these gloomy corridors cut in the native rock never varies from about 46° Fahrenheit. In winter the men enjoy it for its mildness, but in summer it seems far from genial. The excessive dampness, too, must be prejudicial in many cases. If you touch the heavy canvas screens which divide the galleries you feel that you could squeeze quarts of water from them, and the walls, of course, reek with moisture. Yet there is really not a degree too much of cold nor one drop too much of humidity in the cellars. All this is necessary to tame the high spirits of the champagne wine. The loss by bursting bottles is enormous, even under these conditions of discomfort for mortals and restraint for wine.

There is electric light in the cellars, but its lustre seems much abated by the prevalent gloom and oppressive humidity. The men working among the bottles thirty yards away are but dimly visible. And what tedious uninspiring work some of it is! Imagine, for instance, a person spending ten hours of continuous toil in lifting bottles from their racks, giving them a turn or two, and replacing them; this, too, in absolute solitude, in a slip of a gallery deviating from a main corridor, and curtained off from the hollow sound of his comrades' voices in the distance by the wet sackcloth at the opening. No doubt, with men of conscience and concentration this loneliness serves well enough in the interests of the firm. A dext workman will, it is said, turn from five-and-twenty to thirty thousand bottles daily.

This is his work day after day. It is one of the various processes which give us a wine clear as crystal, from which almost every particle of sediment has been coaxed and expelled. But it does not suit all men. Some cannot stand the dismal monotony, which really seems almost on a par with certain of the experiences of a Siberian exile. Life in the champagne-cellar does not tend to length of days. After a spell of years in such employment the man seems to have become unfitted for continuous existence above the ground and in a drier air. While he is daily in the damp atmosphere of 45° or 46°, and supported by a daily magnum or two of good red wine, he has not much to complain about. But afterwards he is apt to fall to pieces. Fifty-five is reckoned a good age for him to attain.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A GREAT MASTER'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH INSTRUMENTS.—Scarcely an instrument in the orchestra escaped Mozart's attention. A born violinist, he wrote *concerti* for violin and orchestra which, though without the emotional elements of Beethoven and Spohr, are greatly prized. To the tenor violin, which had been deemed worthy only of filling up *tutti* passages, he gave a voice and place of its own in the orchestra. The clarinet was raised to great importance by him, and forthwith took place as a favorite solo instrument. In nearly all his scores it received especial attention; while the fresh, beautiful, and exceedingly masterful work, the quintet in A major for clarinet and strings, and the fine clarinet concerto which he composed for Stadler, have imparted to the instrument an all-age reputation which can never be impaired. Then his sparkling genius spent itself in writing for that fine reed instrument, the basset horn, the splendid properties of which he deemed more suitable than even the clarinet for his "Requiem." For the oboe Mozart did much, according to a prominence which it had never reached with any previous composer. His "Opus 108" has a rare oboe part, and in the Mass "No. 12" is some fine, if difficult, music for it.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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45 sold in '88
 2,288 sold in '89
 6,268 sold in '90
 20,049 sold in '91
 60,000 will be '92

—A complete Steel Windmill and complete Steel Tower every 3 minutes during the working day. These figures tell the story of the ever-growing, ever-going, everlasting STEEL AERMOTOR. Where one goes others follow, and "we take the country."

Our record for perfect truthfulness and accuracy of statement requires us to say that though sold, we were, through lack of facilities, unable to make and ship all of the 20,049 Aermotors in '91. Orders frequently waited 8 weeks in their turn to be filled, but this year we hope to ship the day received, every order. We have vastly increased our plant and are now prepared to plant our increase in every habitable portion of the globe.

Are you curious to know how the Aermotor Company in the fourth year of its existence, came to make many times as many windmills as all other factories combined? How it came to originate the Steel Wheel, the Steel Fixed Tower, the Steel Tilting Tower, how it has been possible to do so many original things and make a success absolutely unprecedented in the history of the United States' unprecedented success in invention and manufacture?

1st. It is due to the fact that we commenced in a field in which there had been no improvement or intelligent effort in that direction for a quarter of a century, and one in which there seemed to be no talent or ambition engaged and none yet has been exhibited except in a stupid, feeble-minded sort of a way to imitate our Steel Aermotor and Steel Towers. Had the imitations been made with any intelligence or success these imitators could not possibly know and follow our very thorough and exhaustive revision of the Aermotor and Tower for '92. This includes the most perfect bearings that have ever been put in a windmill and an incorporation of all the little suggestions that our vast experience has produced.

2d. To the fact that before commencing the manufacture, exhaustive scientific investigation and experiments were made by a skilled mechanical engineer, in which over 5,000 dynamometric tests were made on 61 different forms of wheels, propelled by artificial and therefore uniform wind, by which were settled definitely many questions relating to the proper speed of wheel, the best form, angle, curvature and amount of sail surface, the resistance of air to rotation, obstructions in the wheel, such as heavy wooden arms, obstructions before the wheel, as in the vaneless mill, and numerous other more abstruse, though not less important questions. These investigations proved that the power of the best wind wheels could be doubled, and the AERMOTOR daily demonstrates it has been done.

3d. To the liberal policy of the Aermotor Company, that guarantees its goods satisfactory or pays freight both ways, and

4th. To the enormous output of its factory which has made possible a reduction of prices so that it furnishes the best article at less than the poorest is sold for.

If you want a firm Fixed Tower made of Strong, Stiff Steel, and a Wheel that will cost you less than wood, and last 10 times as long—**IF YOU WANT THE TOWER YOU DON'T HAVE TO CLIMB** (The Tilting Tower) and **THE WHEEL THAT RUNS** when all others **STAND STILL**, (The Aermotor) or, if you want a *wheel that will churn, grind, cut feed, pump water, turn grindstone and saw wood*, **A GEARED AERMOTOR THAT WILL DO THE WORK OF FOUR HORSES AT THE COST OF ONE (\$100)** write for copiously illustrated printed matter, showing every conceivable phase of Windmill construction and work, to the **AERMOTOR CO.**, Twelfth, Rockwell and Fillmore Sts., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., or Branch, 12 Main St., San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

The Aermotor Pneumatic Water Supply System enables you to supply every part of your house with water without an Elevated Tank.



After being completed the Steel Aermotor and Steel Tower are galvanized—absolutely protected from rust enough to make portions of the wheel of galvanized sheet metal. That leaves only the tower and the finished parts, galvanized together, make the whole practically one piece and protect the air, dampness and rust from all surfaces and places where two pieces of metal are joined. Our extensive galvanizing works, though an expensive necessity, perfect and complete the Aermotor.

GALVANIZED

THE STEEL TILTING TOWER.

WHO FIRST USED THE WEED?—To me it appears probable that even before the discovery of the fourth quarter of the globe a sort of tobacco was smoked in Asia. This conjecture being mentioned to the celebrated traveller M. Pallas, he gave the following answer: "That in Asia, and especially in China, the use of tobacco for smoking is more ancient than the discovery of the New World, I, too, scarcely entertain a doubt. Among the Chinese, and among the Mongol tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and become so indispensable a luxury; the tobacco-purse affixed to their belt so necessary an article of dress; the form of the pipes—from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs—so original, and, lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so peculiar, that we cannot possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe, especially as India, where the habit of smoking tobacco is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China. May we not expect to find traces of this custom in the first account of the voyages of the Portuguese and Dutch to China?" To investigate this subject I have indeed the inclination, but at present, at least, not sufficient leisure, and must, therefore, leave it to others. However, I can now adduce one important confirmation of my conjecture from Ulloa's "Voyage to America." "It is not probable," says he, "that the Europeans learned the use of tobacco from America; for, as it is very ancient in the Eastern countries, it is natural to suppose that the knowledge of it came to Europe from those regions by means of the intercourse carried on with them by the commercial states on the Mediterranean Sea. Nowhere, not even in those parts of America where the tobacco-plant grows wild, is the use of it—and that only for smoking—either general or very frequent."—*Beckman's Technology.*

A CENSUS OF DEVILS.—Of devils, Gulielmus Parisiensis has found, on an exact computation, that there are 44,435,556, but it has been said that they vastly exceed that number. Their external forms and internal characteristics have been minutely described. Their bodies are not terrestrial, but, according to the Church scholastics, something analogous. John Wier, a physician of Cleves, convinced that this world is peopled by crowds of devils, wrote, in 1576, a book of some thousand folio pages which is one of our chief sources of information on the subject. He makes seventy-two princes of devils, with 7,405,926 subjects. He may have owed this information to his master, Cornelius Agrippa. Collin de Plancy, in his "Dictionnaire Infernal," has given pictorial illustrations to supplement Wier.

The figure of a devil, generically, is that of a goat with two horns in front and two behind; but he also appears as a frog, a fly, a donkey, and a spider. Blake saw him as a swimming spider. He assumes, shortly, every shape except that of a dove and of a lamb. By Europeans he is commonly painted black. The Africans prefer a white devil. That old serpent Satan, the supreme prince of this world, of the powers of the air, and of darkness, Lucifer, the devil *par excellence*, is described as a great red dragon with seven crowned heads, ten horns, and a huge tail. He has two deputies, one of the sea, having three crowns more than his master, displayed with the body of a leopard, the feet of a bear, and the tail of a lion; the other of the earth, known as the beast, with two horns only.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

SPARE WOMEN

Thin women know how much beauty owes to plumpness. Beautiful women know how much it owes to comfort. Men do not think of these things very deeply; beauty does not seem to them to call for analysis.

What is thinness? Too little fat. You say you are losing flesh when you are getting thin. It is fat. You are losing fat; and fat belongs to health and comfort as well as to beauty.

If a woman imagines she cares more for beauty than for comfort and health, it is because she does not see that there is no beauty without comfort and health.

The means of beauty and comfort and health, to some who are thin, is CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

A book on CAREFUL LIVING will be sent free to those who write for it to Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

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THE MUSIC OF NATURE.—The bass of thunder is considerably lower than the lowest sound produced in an orchestra,—below the zero of music, we may call it, at which all positive apprehension of musical sound ceases and our senses are merely conscious of a roar. In observing the music of thunder, our attention, however, may be most profitably directed to the expression rather than to the notes. The musical diminuendo is more perfectly represented by thunder than by any other form of sound in nature. After the first clap is over, the ear will pursue with pleasure the rolling away and gradual fainting of the peal, until at immeasurable distance it sinks into silence.

The melody of rain dancing on the stones, or pelting down in its first drops on the dry soil of a forest or a heath, is a species of sound which the art of music has yet to imitate, if it would complete its at present very incomplete list of instruments. The Mexicans had some rattles made of very peculiar clay, with pips inside, which were intended to represent this sound. Certain tribes of the North American Indians have been similarly fascinated by the loud splash of water, to the beauty of which we have alluded before. They have instruments constructed accordingly with a view to reproduce this sound. Large buffalo hides are filled with water and sewn up in the manner of wine-bags. Drumsticks of cork, or with their heads covered by a very fine gum, are wielded by the player, and the gentle and monotonous splash of water is produced by the drumstick striking softly on the skin. The natives will sit and listen to these instruments for hours.

Certain tribes on the Amazon have in a similar way been fascinated by the music of the water-fall. Musical instruments were found in use among them consisting of a complicated mechanism by which water was poured from one bowl into another, in imitation of the cascade, and then returned by the receiving-bowl into the vessel which had poured it: so that by a repetition of this mechanism a constant murmur of a cascade could be kept up so long as the audience desired or the player was able to perform it.—*Good Words.*

BEN BUTLER formerly owned a large mastiff who became famous for continued depredations on various butcher-carts as they passed through the streets of Lowell on their morning rounds. The dog was so ferocious that none dared attack it: so, for a time, he was quite master of the situation. Finally, one victim decided to approach the general on the subject: so, one morning, accosting him on the street, he said, "General Butler, if a man's dog steals meat from my butcher-cart, what would you do?" "Why," said the lawyer, "I should make him pay for it." "Very well," continued the butcher, "your dog has stolen two dollars and a half worth of meat from my cart, and I want you to pay for it." "Certainly," said General Butler; "but I shall have to charge you five dollars for professional advice." It is said the case was not pressed.

BARBER'S SIGN.—There was in the old town of Lewes a painted sign outside a barber's shop of Absalom hanging by his hair in an oak-tree, and underneath the following lines:

O Absalom! my son, my son,
If thou hadst worn a periwig, thou hadst not been undone.

Notes and Queries.

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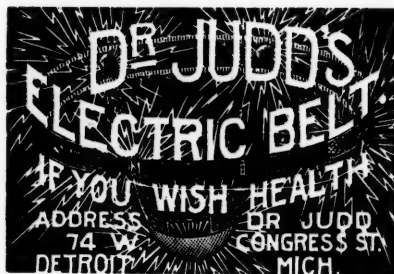
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BUTTE CITY, MONT., Jan. 16, 1892.

THE HEROINE OF THE TELEGRAPH.—In the Franco-German war of 1870 the Uhlans in particular played havoc with the French wires. On arriving at a village they would ride up to the telegraph office, cut the connections, and carry off the apparatus, or else employ it to deceive the enemy. They were outwitted, however, on one occasion, and by a woman. Mlle. Juliette Dodu, a girl of eighteen, was director of the telegraph station at Pithiviers, where she lived with her mother, when the Prussians entered the town. They took possession of the station, and, turning out the two women, confined them to their dwelling on a higher floor. It happened that the wire from the office in running to the pole on the roof passed by the door of the girl's room, and she conceived the idea of tapping the Prussian messages. She had contrived to keep a telegraph instrument, and by means of a derivation from the wire was able to carry out her purpose. Important telegrams of the enemy were thus obtained and secretly communicated to the sub-prefect of the town, who conveyed them across the Prussian lines to the French commander.

Mlle. Dodu and her mother were both arrested, and the proofs of their guilt were soon discovered. They were brought before a court-martial and speedily condemned to death, but the sentence had to be confirmed by the commander of the corps-d'armée, Prince Frederick Charles, who, having spoken with Mlle. Dodu on several occasions, desired her to be produced. He inquired her motive in committing so grave a breach of what are called the "laws of war." The girl replied, "Je suis Française" (I am a Frenchwoman). The prince confirmed the sentence, but, happily, before it was executed the news of the armistice arrived and saved her life. In 1878 this telegraphic heroine was in charge of the post-office at Montreuil, near Vincennes, and on the 13th of August she was decorated with the Legion of Honor by Marshal MacMahon, president of the republic.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MANX HUMOR.—Some funny stories are told about the marriage service. One of them relates how an old man, brought rather unwillingly to the altar, could not be induced to repeat the responses. "My good man," at length exclaimed the clergyman, "I really cannot marry you unless you do as you are told." But the man still remained silent. At this unexpected hitch the bride lost all patience with her future spouse, and burst-out with, "Go on, you old toot! Say it after him just the same as if you was mockin' him." The same difficulty occurred in another case. The clergyman, after explaining what was necessary and going over the responses several times without the smallest effect, stopped in dismay, whereupon the bridegroom encouraged him with "Go ahead, pass'n, go ahead! thou'rt doin' bravely." Upon another occasion it was, strangely enough, the woman who could not be prevailed upon to speak. When the clergyman remonstrated with her she indignantly replied, "Your father married me twice befoor, and he wasn't axin' me any of them imperent questions at all."—*Saturday Review*.

MAURICE THOMPSON is reading the proofs of his collected poems at his home in the beautiful village of Bay St. Louis, and is also at work on a short story for the Western number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Mr. Thompson is truly a representative and the foremost poet of the South, and the gems of verse which have appeared from time to time in our magazines are worthy of preservation in permanent form.

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COLUMBUS DRANK IT.—Or, at least, so they say. "It" refers to cocoa. There is a legend, none too well authenticated, it is true, but of sufficient interest to make it in point just here, to the effect that when Columbus had landed and sufficiently secured the confidence of the native American, he one evening approached the camp-fire of a party of Indians, and found them drinking. To show their good will for him, a dusky maiden presented him, in a cocoanut bowl, with a liquid now so well known to people of refined tastes, and he, fearing that something might have been mixed with it to cause his death or serious sickness, at first refused to drink it; whereupon the maiden, to induce his confidence, seized the bowl and drank its contents. Filling it again, she presented it to him with all the grace of a nature-taught refinement, and without hesitation he drank it, and liked it.

Well, whether this be true or not, certain it is that Spain, the country from which Columbus sailed, very soon learned to drink more cocoa (as it does to-day) than any other country in the world; and this is not remarkable, since Van Houten & Zoon have so perfected the manufacture of pure soluble cocoa as to make it not only delicious, but thoroughly digestible and nourishing. They are a Dutch house, but they supply cocoa for almost all the world. Mr. C. J. Van Houten was the original patentee of powdered cocoa, and his unapproachable method of manufacture is still in the possession of the firm of C. J. Van Houten & Zoon, Weesp, Holland, as its most valuable secret; for the Van Houten process, by eliminating the excess of fat, increases by fifty per cent. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements of this wonderfully nutritious article of food, thereby highly developing the digestibility, strength, and natural aroma of the cocoa.

MEN FAMOUS FOR UGLINESS.—The Duc de Roquelaure was far, very far, from being handsome. One day he met in the street an ugly Auvergnat who had some petition or memorial to present at Versailles. He immediately introduced him to Louis XIV., remarking that he was under a special obligation to the gentleman. The king granted the favor asked, and then inquired of the duke what was this pressing obligation. "But for him, your majesty, I should be the ugliest man in your dominions."

This reminds one of the story told of John James Heidegger, manager of the Opera-House in the Haymarket in the times when George was king. He one day laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that he would not find in all London an uglier face than his. After a long search, the earl produced a woman of St. Giles's who at first seemed to outvie the manager; but when the latter put on the woman's cap he was allowed to retain the palm of—ugliness.—*All the Year Round.*

THE CHILEAN SOLDIER.—The Chilean soldier is a peculiarly organized fighting-machine. He is pre-eminently and literally bloodthirsty, and he loves to see blood flow from wounds inflicted by his own hand. He uses the rifle, and even the bayonet, as it were, under protest, and can hardly be restrained, when at close quarters, from throwing down his fire-arms and hurling himself upon the foe, knife in hand. An Englishman attached to the ambulance told me that after the battle of Pozo Almonte scores of men lay locked in the death-grip, their knives plunged into one another's bodies.—*Dark Days in Chile—M. H. Hervey.*

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CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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THE INSTINCTS OF CATTLE.—Many habits of the lower animals can be explained by analogy with our own behavior in similar circumstances, and still more with that of savage men. Thus, the tenderness and ingenuity that a cow shows in caring for her calf, and the fierce courage that she displays in its defence against foes from which she would flee if alone, all find their counterparts in human life. Several instincts that are more difficult to account for are discussed by Mr. W. H. Hudson in a recent number of *Longman's Magazine*. This writer accounts for the angry excitement shown by cattle on the appearance of a red cloth as an outgrowth of curiosity. Were a red flag displayed in a field by itself, the animals would surround it with every sign of interest and curiosity; but should a man drape himself in it the bolder would attack him, not on account of the color, but because the man had drawn their attention irresistibly to himself. In regard to the unerring detection by cattle of the spot where blood has been spilled, the furious fighting over it by the stronger males, the strange anxiety of the whole herd to survey it, and, above all, the weird horror expressed in the discordant note that the bellowing at once assumes, Mr. Hudson supposes that "their inherited memory associates the smell of blood with the presence among them of some powerful enemy," and that their attacks on each other result from the lack of any visible foe. This seems reasonable; and it might be worth while for Mr. Hudson to consider whether a better explanation of the excitement caused by red objects could not be found by connecting the impression produced by the sight of red—the color of blood—with that produced by the smell of blood. To the same blind terror and the same invisibility of cause is attributed the impulse of cattle to gore or trample to death a disabled companion,—ability to discriminate between distress and the cause of distress being wanting. Of a very different origin is the persecution of the weakly members of a herd by the stronger. This comes from the instinct of self-preservation that prompts the individual animal to establish ascendancy over as many of the herd as it can.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE poet James Whitcomb Riley in his younger days had established a local reputation as a very clever amateur actor. He is remembered particularly by some Indianians for his impersonation of old Solomon in the play of "Solomon Probity," in which he scored a remarkable success. The play was produced in Greenfield, Indiana, about fifteen years ago, and was the event of the season there. To render his make-up effective, and to catch the tricks of manner of an old man, Riley picked out the most aged resident of the town, and for a week followed him about, carefully watching his movements and studying his mannerisms. The poet also constructed the stage fireplace used in the drama.

HOW POPULOUS WAS PARADISE?—At the consecration of the Cardinal de Retz, which took place in the Sorbonne, a large company of bishops were seated in a semicircle under the dome. A lady who had been invited to the ceremony exclaimed,—

"Oh, how beautiful it is to see all those bishops yonder! I feel as if I were in Paradise!"

A gentleman who was near her checked her raptures:

"In Paradise, madam? In Paradise there are not nearly so many."—*All the Year Round*.

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THE Shaw Stocking Co., of Lowell, Mass., have issued a neat brochure calendar for 1892, containing engravings of all the most famous castles of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with a short account of each. The Shawknit Castle Calendar will be mailed post-paid to any applicant on receipt of ten cents.

THE MAN WHO PICKS LOCKS.—In the lowest spheres of life the force of inventive faculty may be detected. The burglar himself as a mechanical genius may be a rival of nature. An honest genius of an inventive kind invents a lock; straightway another inventive genius of a dishonest kind picks that lock. A man, not a burglar, but a professed lock-picker, picked a subtle lock of a bureau for me because I had lost the key. The science the man showed, the resource, the ingenuity, formed a study, and his efforts were soon crowned with success. I was struck by the skill the man displayed, but still more by the philosophy. "They call the man who invented that there lock, sir, a gentleman, and they say he's made a tremendous fortune by it, but they gives no credit to them as has larned to pick it; not a bit of it! not they! and some of them as can pick it they calls burglars and gives 'em years of hard labor, though they was just as clever as the lucky un who set the thing a-going."—*Longman's Magazine*.

GERMAN WOMEN.—One of the most striking proofs of the backward state of civilization in Germany is the undoubted inferiority of the women to the men. This is to be noticed in all ranks and conditions of life, and is the more curious since the German girl usually receives an admirable education, not only in "book-learning," but also in cookery and needlework. Yet after her marriage she accepts her position as the "hausfrau" and "hausmutter" with few ideas or aspirations beyond her kitchen and nursery, and no topics of conversation except the iniquity of her servants and the extravagance of her neighbors. Her husband, on the other hand, is, as a rule, original and intelligent, and would be an agreeable conversationalist if he were not too argumentative and self-opinionated. In theatrical matters the same contrast may be noticed. The actors are invariably better than the actresses, the tenors and baritones outshine the sopranos and contraltos; even the male ballet-dancers are more agile and graceful than their short-petticoated colleagues.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

FAT KINGS.—The elderly King of Bavaria, of heavy build, with a dull, surly face, looked like a stout German farmer. The King of Württemberg made up for the smallness of his domains by the colossal bulk of his person. His stay at Vienna was cut short owing to an unfortunate incident. So enormous was his development that in all the dining-tables at home he had a semicircular space cut out to enable him to sit down to his meals with comfort. It seems that no preparation had been made for him at the Austrian court dinner-tables. One night a great banquet was given to which he was invited. In the course of the meal some remark was made which the king construed as a slight on himself. Wild with rage, he jumped up with such suddenness that the table, caught by his protuberant bulk, was overturned, and all the dishes, plate, glass, and decorations were hurled upon the floor with a fearful crash. His majesty fled from the room, pursued by shouts of laughter, and left Vienna that very night.—*Temple Bar*.

THE OLDEST BANK-NOTE.—Among the curiosities obtained by the British Museum there is none so interesting as a Chinese bank-note of the Ming dynasty, about 1368. No earlier example is known to be extant. It is, however, a comparatively modern specimen for China, although it was not till three hundred years after its issue that bank-notes were used in Europe.—*Notes and Queries*.



SON. "Mother, do you never weary with all your correspondence?"

LYDIA PINKHAM. "No, my son: these letters of confidence bring to me the joy that a mother feels, whose daughter throws her arms around her neck and cries, 'Oh, mother, help me!' The women of the world are my daughters, dear."

SON. "Yes, mother, and they love you."

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DURATION OF LIFE AMONG BIRDS.—The distinguished German biologist Weismann has pointed out that there is less exact knowledge on this subject than might be expected, considering how many in number are the ornithologists and the ornithological societies. Small singing birds live from eight to eighteen years. Ravens have lived for almost one hundred years in captivity, and parrots longer than that. Fowls live from ten to twenty years (and are then sold as spring chickens to young housekeepers). The wild goose lives upward of one hundred years, and swans are said to have attained the age of three hundred. The long life of birds has been interpreted as compensation for their feeble fertility and for the great mortality of their young. From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, twenty thousand young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected; and although this bird lays only one egg per annum, and is four years in attaining maturity, its numbers do not diminish. Obviously, as Weismann observes, such birds must reach a great age, or they would long ago have been exterminated.—*Spectator*.

SULPHUR IN SICILY.—According to the report of the United States consul at Palermo, there are now about three hundred sulphur-mines in Sicily. The deposits are estimated to amount to about thirty million tons, and the annual production to four hundred thousand tons. The royalties vary from twelve to forty-five per cent., according to the quality of the ore and the facilities for producing the sulphur, and average about twenty-five per cent. The external indications of the presence of sulphur are the appearance of gypsum and sulphurous springs. When the miners detach the ore from the surrounding material, vast cavities are often left, which have to be supported on pillars of rock, and frequently give way with disastrous results. Seven different qualities are recognized and determined by color. The mines have declined in prosperity since the extraction of sulphur from iron pyrites has come into use, and two-thirds of them are represented to be at the point of suspension.

THACKERAY'S AND A WAITER'S DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.—"It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessed of all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful manner," says the great novelist. A diner, who had been imbibing too freely, became so noisy that the proprietor directed his removal. The waiter who successfully accomplished this, on returning to the room, expressed his regret at having been obliged to put the individual out. "For," said he, with emphasis, "he's a perfect gentleman;" adding, after a pause, as if to explain how he arrived at so decided a conclusion, "he give me 'alf-a-crown."—*Notes and Queries*.

"ASK THE BROWNING SOCIETY."—It chanced that one of those injudicious persons whose name is legion on one occasion pressed through the circle gathered round Mr. Browning and incontinently asked him to explain there and then a difficult passage in one of his own poems,—a passage where probably the masterful thoughts elbowed each other for precedence. "Upon my word, I don't know what it means," said the poet, laughing, as he closed the volume thrust into his hands: "I advise you to ask the Browning Society; they'll tell you all about it."—*Temple Bar*.

"BUT MEN MUST WORK."

BY

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY,

AUTHOR OF

"NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS," "QUEENIE'S WHIM,"

"MARY ST. JOHN," ETC.

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